

# COMFORT

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*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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# COMFORT

The Key to

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."  
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March, 1909

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## March

Say, March, you're like some folks we know,  
And always will be knowing,  
You're mighty willing, when you're round,  
To do a lot of blowing.

## Crumbs of Comfort

Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.  
Don't try to butter your bread on both sides.  
Strength is born in suffering rather than in joy.

Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness.

A man without a smiling face must not open shop.

Trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our follies springs.

Never balance a moment between right and wrong.

A traitor is good fruit to hang on the tree of liberty.

Wise men never talk to make time; they talk to save it.

The purse strings are the most common ties of friendship.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery's the food of fools;  
Yet now and then you men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.

No pleasure is so innocent that the excess of it is not harmful.

A man has learned how to live when he has learned how to die.

Tender handed grasp a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.—Shenstone.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties.

If you deserve success, you will get it—in heaven if not on earth.

Money cannot buy happiness because nobody has enough to sell.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

The vows that lovers make are fit only to be written on air or on the swiftly passing stream.

Tolerance is a good thing in its place, but you cannot tolerate what will not tolerate you, and is trying to cut your throat.

To write a good love letter you should begin without knowing what you mean to write, and finish without knowing what you have written.

Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and boon of liberty; and without this, a people may have the name but not the substance of freedom.

## Four More Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT in February

Twenty-four in All Since We Began Last Spring

### DEAR FRIENDS IN CHARITY:

Thanks again, and God bless you for your generous support of the Wheel Chair Club which has enabled me to bestow during February four more invalid wheel chairs to brighten the sad lives of as many poor, deserving unfortunates.

This makes twenty-four in all given under COMFORT'S auspices since last May. It is indeed a noble achievement, a record to be proud of. But so long as there are so many hundreds, yes, thousands of destitute shut-ins yet unprovided for in this land of wealth and plenty, I shall not be satisfied even with four a month, because I feel sure that, with so many of you interested, a little more exertion on your part might double the number of wheel chairs given each month. Therefore in the name of charity I appeal to you all to double your efforts, not only to send in more subscriptions to the credit of the fund but also to interest your kind-hearted Christian friends in this noble work.

On Uncle Charlie's favorable report, I was very glad to send one of these February wheel chairs to seventy-nine-year-old Mrs. Satterlee of Berlin, N. Y., who has been crippled by a broken hip since a year ago and is too poor to hire help or buy a wheel chair. You will remember that she is the lady in whose behalf Mrs. Reuben Moon wrote such a pathetic appeal printed in February COMFORT.

The recipients of the other three February chairs are: Miss Lou Turner, Curtois, Mo. Mollie Bowman, Avena, Ill. Mrs. J. C. Bedford, 1713 Carpenter Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Club instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a first-class invalid's wheel chair to some worthy destitute crippled shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

I have taken so much space with my letter that you must excuse me for not printing more of the good letters from the friends of the shut-ins this month.

Again thanking you most heartily and with best wishes,  
Sincerely yours,  
W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

### Thanks from a Wheel Chair Recipient

MENDON, MICH., Jan. 2nd, 1909.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:—I received the lovely wheel chair nearly a month ago, but I have been too ill to acknowledge it. It is a beautiful chair, and it is very kind of you to send it to me. Just as soon as I am able to be taken from my bed and placed in it, I will have my picture taken and send it to you. You cannot realize what a comfort and blessing this chair will be to me, as I am so insufficiently strong to ride in it. God bless you all for your kindness. Gratefully, your sick friend,  
MRS. IRA TILLOTSON.

### Touching Letter of Thanks from Another Wheel Chair Recipient

CROSSVILLE, ALA., Jan. 9th, 1909.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:—I want to thank you for your great kindness in sending me such a beautiful wheel chair. I am so proud of that chair. It will sure be a help to me. When I wanted to go into the other room where my invalid sister was, my husband had to carry me (she has been confined to her bed for six years, and has to be turned over in bed, she is so helpless). I got tired of the bed, and the chair will be a great pleasure and help to me. I am glad there are such splendid chairs for our poor suffering ones who need them. I will never forget you or the cousins for your kindness. With love and best wishes to you all,  
Your invalid sister,  
MRS. ESTIE O. MITCHELL.

### Grateful Acknowledgment from Husband of Another Wheel Chair Recipient

EMERALD, ST. CROIX CO., WIS.

PUBLISHER OF COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:—We are under a debt of gratitude to you and Uncle Charlie and the cousins for the same. I put my wife into the chair, and wheeled her around the house, and showed her its various rooms which she had not seen for two years, on account of losing the use of her limbs. She can't raise her left hand or foot. We hope

with the help of the chair her health will improve so much that she will be able to walk again, and have the use of her chair to go out doors, and get subscribers to your good paper, COMFORT.

With gratitude to you all. Sincerely yours,  
CHARLES W. POTTS.  
(Mrs. Potts is over seventy years of age.—Editor.)

### Four Subscriptions and a Nice Letter from an Old-time Subscriber

Box 71, MORRILL, R. D. 1, NEB., Jan. 22, 1909.

MR. GANNETT, EDITOR COMFORT:—I have been a constant reader of COMFORT for several years, and have found it very interesting and helpful in many ways. I especially like it for the good work it is doing for dear shut-ins in giving wheel chairs wherein they may have the privilege of getting out in the blessed sunshine and get a glimpse of God's beautiful world. How thankful we should be, we who have good health, and how glad of the privilege to help those less fortunate than ourselves. I send four subscriptions to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club. Four seems a very little, but I send them along with my own renewal for two years. I hope to be able to send some more new subscribers in the near future. May God's blessing rest upon you, Mr. Gannett, for doing such grand and noble work for the unfortunate.  
Your friend,  
LURA SMITH.

### 21 Subscriptions to the Wheel Chair Club from a 12-year-old Girl Shut In. Extract from Her Bright Letter

WEATHERFORD, OKLA., Jan. 23, 1909.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:—Have you got enough room on your lap for a wheel chair and a twelve-year-old girl in it? I will make you a call this morning and bring twenty-one subscribers for the Wheel Chair Fund. A lot of my friends are helping me and I am going to try and get two hundred and fifty. I was glad to hear that Mary Kemp got a wheel chair. My folks got me one and I couldn't get along without it. Well I must close, hoping the cousins will do all they can to get wheel chairs for the shut-ins. I remain your affectionate niece and shut-in friend,  
WINNIFRED SHAFF.

## COMFORT'S Calendar for March

Moon's Phases.	Eastern Time.	Central Time.	Mountain Time.	Pacific Time.
FULL MOON.....	D. H. M. 6 9 56Even.	D. H. M. 6 8 56Even.	D. H. M. 6 7 56Even.	D. H. M. 6 6 56Even.
LAST QUARTER....	14 10 42Even.	14 9 42Even.	14 8 42Even.	14 7 42Even.
NEW MOON.....	21 3 11Even.	21 2 11Even.	21 1 11Even.	21 0 11Even.
FIRST QUARTER....	28 11 49Morn.	28 10 49Morn.	28 9 49Morn.	28 8 49Morn.

Calendar—N. States, Lat. 42°+	Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+
SUN SUN SUN MOON	SUN SUN SUN MOON
Rises. Sets. Rises. Sets.	Rises. Sets. Rises. Sets.
H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Light and Dark Moon.	Moon's Place.	Calendar—N. States, Lat. 42°+	Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+
SUN SUN SUN MOON	SUN SUN SUN MOON	SUN SUN SUN MOON	SUN SUN SUN MOON	Rises. Sets. Rises. Sets.	Rises. Sets. Rises. Sets.
H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.	H. M. H. M. H. M. H. M.
1 Mo				6 36 5 50 3 36	6 27 5 57 3 4
2 Tu				6 34 5 52 4 28	6 26 5 58 3 57
3 We				6 32 5 53 5 11	6 25 5 59 4 43
4 Th				6 30 5 54 5 49	6 24 6 0 5 25
5 Fri				6 28 5 55 6 21	6 23 6 0 6 1
6 Sat				6 27 5 57 rises	6 21 6 1 rises
7 Sun				6 25 5 58 6 27	6 20 6 2 6 37
8 Mo				6 24 5 59 7 30	6 19 6 3 7 30
9 Tu				6 23 6 0 8 27	6 18 6 4 8 22
10 We				6 20 6 1 9 32	6 17 6 5 9 19
11 Th				6 19 6 2 10 37	6 15 6 5 10 19
12 Fri				6 17 6 4 11 41	6 14 6 11 18
13 Sat				6 16 6 6 12 45	6 13 6 12 17
14 Sun				6 13 6 7 13 47	6 12 6 13 19
15 Mo				6 12 6 8 14 53	6 10 6 14 22
16 Tu				6 10 6 9 15 54	6 9 6 15 23
17 We				6 8 6 10 16 52	6 8 6 16 21
18 Th				6 6 6 11 17 40	6 6 6 17 12
19 Fri				6 5 6 12 18 21	6 5 6 18 4 58
20 Sat				6 3 6 13 19 55	6 4 6 19 5 39
21 Sun				6 1 6 14 21 56	6 2 6 20 6 13 sets
22 Mo				5 59 6 15 23 6	6 1 6 21 7 19
23 Tu				5 58 6 16 24 43	6 0 6 22 8 32
24 We				5 56 6 17 26 2	5 59 6 23 9 43
25 Th				5 54 6 18 27 16	5 57 6 24 10 50
26 Fri				5 53 6 19 28 5	5 56 6 25 11 56
27 Sat				5 51 6 20 29 25	5 55 6 26 12 59
28 Sun				5 49 6 22 1 29	5 53 6 28 1 58
29 Mo				5 47 6 23 2 25	5 52 6 29 2 53
30 Tu				5 45 6 24 3 11	5 51 6 30 3 42
31 We				5 44 6 25 3 52	5 49 6 31 4 25

### Is March Your Birthmonth?

March is the third month of our calendar, and has thirty-one days. In the old Roman calendar it was the first month of the year, and was so in France till 1566, when January became first, by decree of Charles IX. Scotland followed in 1590, and the English ecclesiastical calendar did not change until 1752. The Romans called the month Martius, from Mars, god of war, and the Anglo Saxons called it Hyld Month, that is loud and stormy month. An old saying used to be that a bushel of dust in March was worth a king's ransom, which came from the fact that if March were a dry month all crops on clay lands were bounteous. Therefore a "dusty March" was as good a sign as a "wet March" was not. The Saints' days in March are St. David, on the first; St. Gregory, 12th; St. Patrick, 17th, and Lady Day (quarter day in England) on the 25th.

Historically March has no days on which unusually important events have occurred, the bad weather, no doubt, being the chief cause of this lack. St. Patrick's on the 17th has become to be a generally observed day in this country as a compliment to our large number of Irish citizens. The only legal holiday in the month is found in Texas, which is Texas Independence Day for that state. On the 4th of March every four years, a President of the United States is inaugurated, and the hope of the entire country is strong that this day will be taken away from March and given to some month of better weather manners. The Presidents born in March were Madison, 18th, 1751; Jackson, 15th, 1767; Tyler, 29th, 1790, and Cleveland, 18th, 1837. However, more Presidents were born in March and November, four each, than in any of the other months, and they are the two worst weather months of the year. Fillmore was the only President who died in March. Spring is supposed to begin on the 21st of March, but it rarely does except where it is spring most of the year.

### What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in March

Astrologically March is ruled by the sign Pisces (Fish) up to the 19th inclusive, and to the close of the month by Aries (The Ram). The former is the sign of the feet, the latter the head, thus March birth affects the extremities of humankind. Persons born in the first sign, that is up to 19th, are apt to be of variable disposition, of rather feminine fancies, but are practical though inclined to be nervous in temperament. They are pessimistic rather than otherwise, and will look on the dark side. Literature, science and the fine arts appeal to them, and their moral nature is hard to define, as they may be moved by their feelings rather than their judgment, or by the written law. As a rule though, they are honest in their dealings and will be fairly successful, though not enough to satisfy them.

Persons born after the 19th will have simple, unaffected manners, with plenty of courage and a lofty soul. They will have many enemies, one at least among their closest friends, but they will overcome obstacles and rise to high positions if they will exert themselves, which they may not do as their wills are not constant. Love affairs will be sudden, fanciful and soon be over. They will be high tempered, but easily forgive and forget. They are apt to be religious in a spasmodic way, and their political opinions are strong only for the moment. At seven, nineteen, thirty and forty-four there will be trouble for

the person or for his family. There is a tendency to suicide. The man will own much real estate in the country, and the woman will have few children. They will marry too young and their marriage relations will not always be pleasant. The 3rd, 15th, 20th, 24th and 31st are the best days for all purposes. The 8th, 17th and 26th are bad days. The 3th, 6th and 13th are especially bad for women. The best months for those born before 19th, are November and May; their good day is Wednesday, their bad day, Friday. Those born after the 19th find lucky months in June and July; good day, Thursday; unlucky, Monday.

## Picture Puzzle Prizes Paid

Our Dissected Picture Prize Puzzle Contest announced in January COMFORT closed on the fifth day of February. This proved to be a very popular puzzle and we received quite a number of very carefully cut out, neatly put together and beautifully mounted answers. I wish that we could reproduce some of the best in COMFORT, but their distinctive features would not show up in a picture.

We have paid to the following named persons the 17 cash prizes in accordance with our prize offer:

1st Prize \$5.00.	Mrs. Jacob Hare, No. Kaukauna, Wis.
2nd " \$3.00.	Janette L. Norman, East Christian, Miss.
3rd " \$2.00.	O. L. Truckenmiller, Stonington, Ill.
4th " \$1.00.	Mrs. Olivia Wahl, Fergus Falls, Minn.
5th " \$1.00.	Katherine Kauffman, Safe Harbor, Pa.
6th " \$1.00.	E. H. Galligan, San Francisco, Calif.
7th " \$1.00.	Miss Mattie Hines, Benson, N. Car.

### To Each of the Following Ten Persons, 50 Cents

Mrs. Lee Harris, Gallatin, R. D. 4, Tenn. Miss Ella Rock, Lucasville, Ohio. E. M. Naramore, Bradford, N. H. Tracy Shikes, Uman, Mo. Robert DeJarnette, No. 213 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md. Walter Henderson, Rural Valley, Pa. Miss Myrtle Jahn, Hempstead, Texas. Miss Verie, Maxwell, Resaca, N. C. Mrs. B. G. Long, DeGraff, R. D. 1, Ohio. Mrs. Chas. W. Bushong, Saint Marys, Ohio.

We have also paid two special extra cash prizes of \$1.00 each, not promised in our prize offer, as follows, because the answers sent in by these two persons were deserving.

Special Extra Prize \$1.00	O. J. Pennell, Williamsport, Pa.
Special Extra Prize \$1.00	Mrs. Cora T. Lewis, Stonington, Ill.

To each of the 25 persons who sent the next best answer we sent a package of 12 of our elegant Souvenir Post Cards, which we have in endless variety of new and beautiful designs, Easter, Birthday, Floral and many others.

Remember these are the prizes on the January offer. We made a new prize offer on this same puzzle for a new list of prizes in February COMFORT which does not close until March 15.

Don't fail to try your skill on the Dissected Picture Puzzle on page 33 of this paper because we shall give a Prize to Everyone who Tries.

Don't throw it away,  
Don't lose by delay  
The chance to renew  
That is open to you,  
Before the price rises in May.  
(See Page 6).

## FOR WOMEN ONLY

### 100 Extra Cash Prizes in March

WE SHALL PAY ONE HUNDRED (\$100.00) DOLLARS in consolation prizes of ONE DOLLAR EACH to one hundred of the women who enter our subscription prize contest for March and fail to WIN A MONTHLY PRIZE.

READ OUR GREAT PRIZE OFFER ON PAGE 30, and see how the ladies win the big prizes also.

The following named 100 Ladies received a consolation prize of \$1.00 each for January in COMFORT'S GREAT SUBSCRIPTION PRIZE CONTEST:

Miss Turney B. Cooper, Lexington, Ky. Mrs. A. Sissen, Detroit, Mich. Mrs. James S. Spake, Litchfield, Mich. Mrs. Lizzie Galiger, Oldtown, Miss. Minnie Hesterlee, Arp, Mo. Mrs. C. W. McDaniel, Kansas City, Mo. Laura Bennett, Long Lane, Ma. Mrs. J. W. Bowles, Palmyra, Mo. Mrs. G. Schefer, Jersey City, N. J. Mrs. E. J. Crissom, Roanoke, Va. Martha L. Hoffer, Willow, N. C. Mrs. Etta E. Smith, Wauwata, Kans. Sallie Rutledge, Buena Vista, Ky. Nellie Purker, Corbin, Ky. Lillie Thornton, Franklin, Ky. Mrs. Mary Shouse, Joy, Ky. Mrs. Norman Reed, Miola, Pa. Miss Pearl E. Bierly, NeElhattan, Pa. Miss Katie Hall, Stewarton, Pa. Mrs. George Evans, Wilkes Barre, Pa. Mrs. E. C. Welborn, Eastley, S. C. Miss Lizzie Porter, Union, S. C. Mrs. J. S. Wagner, Morristown, Tenn. Miss Minnie Sadler, Springfield, Tenn. Ada Eddins, Bailey, Texas. Mrs. James Bryant, Rm. 10, Texas. Miss Ellen Binstrom, Clayton, Wis. Rose Scheider, Wapacc, Wis. Miss Mary Lowell, Dothan, Ala. Mrs. Ethel Dellinger, Brownstone, Ark. Martha Hartman, Forrest City, Ark. Ruby Cramer, Sisson, Cal. Miss G. B. Blackburn, Stafford Springs, Conn. Mrs. Ophelia Holliday, Carlisle, Ill. Mrs. Chas. Jackson, Litchfield, Ill. Mrs. Mary L. Munn, Clarence, Iowa. Mrs. H. A. Bishop, Fredericksburg, Iowa. Hattie Dodd, Bridgeport, Kans. Helen M. Taylor, Chanute, Kans. Mrs. Wm. Verdner, Rimersburg, Pa. Mrs. E. T. McLeroy, Eastport, Ga. Miss Bernice Brown, Martville, N. Y. Sadie Galloway, Cooper Hill, Polk Co., Tenn. Mrs. Addie Sperlock, Newberry, S. C. Mrs. J. F. Seales, Kilton, S. C. Miss Lalla Wise, Silverdale, Kans. Mrs. Wm. Miller, Beaver Dam, Wis. Mrs. J. E. DeKore, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mrs. Daisy L. Helt, Dodge, Ohio. Blanche Cunkelman, Tunnellton, Pa. Miss Edith V. Perigo, Marathon, Ga. Mrs. M. E. Barton, Almgordo, New Mexico. Nina Kellar, Medina, N. Y. Minnie Pierpont, Smithfield, W. V. Mary Jane Clawater, Okene, Okla. Mary E. Shepard, Washington, Ind. Eva Clair Moon, Jamestown, N. Y. Mrs. Bessie Schoonmaker, Johnston, N. Y. Miss Nettie Brooks, Petersburg, Va. Gracie Wickman, Clinton, Ky. Nannie Capp, Benton, Ill. Lena Russell, Echols, Ky. Mrs. Mary A. Thomason, High Point, N. C. Mrs. E. C. Dewell, Petersburg, Va. Mrs. Willie Frye, Cullen, W. Va. Belle Moore, Ira, W. Va. Marguerite Riggs, Clay City, Ind. Virginia Chunn, Blue Springs, Miss. Mrs. Eucice Hinkle, Bloomington, Ind. Mrs. Minnie Bland, Bird's Point, Mo. Mrs. L. D. Tonne, Cambridge, Ohio. Mrs. Annie Tesar, Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Vesta Ogle, Dudley, Ohio. Mrs. A. C. McCune, Crooksville, Ohio. Anna Bookman, Glouster, Ohio. Mrs. Lizzie Wolf, Hartsville, Ohio. Mrs. John Jackson, Jefferson, Ohio. Mrs. Geo. Ramsey, London, Ohio. Mrs. McFarland, Lowell, Ohio. Miss Vida Perkins, Lisbon, Ohio. Mrs. L. B. Madara, Ohio. Mrs. J. C. Boerman, Murray, Ohio. Mrs. Audrey Hampton, Napoleon, Ohio. Mrs. Stella Latham, Point Pleasant, Ohio. Mrs. Wm. H. Fitzer, Portsmouth, Ohio. Mrs. Ida Brunstrap, Rockford, Ohio. Mrs. Bertha Mead, Springfield, Ohio



# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HIS is the inauguration number, and on another page we print an interesting and instructive article especially written and illustrated for COMFORT which gives a graphic description of a present-day presidential inauguration and a historical sketch of those of the olden times.

The inauguration of a President of the United States is a great event, a momentous occasion, which is solemnized by a simple but impressive official ceremony and is celebrated unofficially with extensive and beautiful decorations, a splendid parade and magnificent social functions.

All this is well worth a trip to Washington even from the remotest corner of the Union, to say nothing of the privilege of seeing the capital of our country, which with its many grand public buildings, beautiful parks, monuments and streets is one of the finest and most interesting cities in the world. It has but few rivals and no superior in point of interest and beauty among the famous capitals of Europe.

Washington, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, would be classed as a large city in any part of the world, and yet it has neither commerce nor manufactures to support this large population which depends for a living directly or indirectly on the salaries paid by the federal government to its officers and employees. The sole reason for its creation was for the purpose of providing a national seat of government: the only cause of its continued existence, growth and prosperity consists in its being the capital of the nation, and its business is that of government. In this remarkable respect it is unique, because the capitals of all other nations of any considerable importance are large commercial or manufacturing cities, usually the largest in the country, and dependent only to a comparatively small extent on government patronage. They were made capitals because they were great cities and would continue to be great if they should cease to be capitals. The numerous government buildings among the finest in the world, constitute more than half of the total valuation of the city of Washington, and new ones are always in process of construction to furnish necessary accommodations for the rapidly increasing business of the various departments of government. The increased expenditures of the government keep pace with the growth of the country, and this results in a steady growth in the size of Washington.

Besides the many government buildings varying in architectural style from the Capitol, unsurpassed in majestic grandeur to the exquisitely decorated Congressional Library, there are the innumerable departments of government, the botanical gardens, growing an endless variety of rare trees and plants, and the government's museums filled with curious and scientific collections from all over the world, all which combine to make Washington the most interesting as well as the most beautiful city in America. A week's stay in Washington is quite an education, the more so if you make it take in inauguration day. The day before you may see Congress in session and enjoy the rare sight of the U. S. Senate under the necessity of winding up the affairs of a closing administration actually do business instead of idling its time in

purposeless discussions of useless matters or purposely talking against time to prevent the enactment of important and necessary legislation. You can hardly believe it, but it is true, that according to the Senate rules any senator can talk day after day as long as he likes on any matter that the Senate is trying to take action on, and so prevent it from ever coming to a vote during the entire session of Congress. This privilege is frequently abused, and in such cases the talk is nonsensical, the purpose most reprehensible and the result inimical to the interests of the country. This is the so-called senatorial dignity which enables unscrupulous members to successfully filibuster a meritorious matter to death and mean time fiddle away the time of the Senate and blockade all legislation. Such an absurd idea of dignity would be ludicrous were it not attended by such serious consequences, and the fact that the Senate shows no disposition to amend its rules and mend its ways has aroused the indignant protest from business men and sensible people and resulted in a widespread and growing movement to have the U. S. Senators elected by the direct vote of the people instead of by the legislatures of the states.

You would also see the House of Representatives doing business in a businesslike manner under the business rules devised by that great Maine statesman, Thomas B. Reed, when he was Speaker of the House.

The next day you would see the great men of the nation, including the governors of many states assembled to do honor to the new president.

If you have never been in Washington, by all means go, see and learn for yourself. If possible arrange to go at inauguration time. Make up your mind that you will attend the next inauguration and save up your money for this purpose during the next four years and go, and you will say that it is well worth it.

It is worth something to see a live President and hear him talk; to see a plain citizen who has been chosen by his fellow citizens, sworn in as the most powerful ruler over the most powerful nation on earth, and hear him tell the people how he thinks the government ought to be administered during the next four years.

Perhaps you are surprised that I call the President of the United States the most powerful ruler in the world, but I say it advisedly. Perhaps you think that the monarchs of Europe have greater powers. Theoretically they have, but practically they have all lost their powers. They have become mere figure heads and dare not attempt to exercise any decisive governmental function. This is because they are all hereditary sovereigns and do not represent anybody or anything. By custom England has become a democracy governed entirely by the House of Commons elected by the people, and all that King Edward does or dares to do is to sign every bill that is passed by Parliament and sign all the commissions that the prime minister elected by the House of Commons passes up to him. The prime minister of England is the real ruler. The king or queen of England has not dared to veto a bill passed by parliament for more than a hundred years.

It is just the same with all the other monarchies of

Europe except Russia. Russia is neither governed by the Czar nor by a representative parliament, but Russia and the Czar are both governed by a small company of corrupt nobles to the unutterable misery of the country.

The President of the United States is given great powers by the constitution, and as he represents the people and is elected by them to exercise these powers, he is expected to do so without fear for the benefit of all the people, and we can take pride in saying that most of our presidents have governed conscientiously, fearlessly and to the best of their ability in the interest of the whole people.

I wish that everyone of COMFORT'S readers could be in Washington on the fourth day of this present March to cheer that noble hero who is about to retire from the White House, whose name will be written on the scroll of fame second only to Washington and Lincoln. Like them, he is "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Like Washington, nothing but his most resolute refusal prevented the people from forcing upon him a third presidential term. Physically and morally he is such a fearless fighter in the cause of justice, honesty and good government as the people love and idolize; not only the American people but the whole world, for today he stands the foremost citizen in America, the most powerful and influential ruler on earth,—not merely because he has the constitutional power nor because he rules the mightiest nation; but because on every occasion he has proved himself the true servant of the people, with far-seeing wisdom he has judged rightly, acted prudently and fought successfully against tremendous odds for the people's rights, and in doing so has displayed an unfaltering devotion, a tireless energy and a moral courage that even surpasses the splendid gallantry with which he led the famous charge at San Juan Hill.

Of course he has enemies, and they are the enemies of the people, and we love him the more for the enemies he has made.

His enemies say that he has trespassed on the prerogatives of Congress. But I notice he has come out a winner in all his conflicts with Congress, and history does not record any case of conflict between the President and Congress in which the President has won out unless he was right.

We wish him health, happiness and long life, and hope that as a private citizen he will continue to exert his tremendous personal influence in fighting for the people's rights and interests. The country needs his aid, he knows it, and he will not quit the fight so long as he has life and strength.

We have faith in his successor. We believe that his mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders. He has worked for Mr. Taft, and Mr. Taft has given his solemn promise to carry out President Roosevelt's policy. If he does it vigorously and fearlessly we can ask no more. But if he does not the people will be most grievously disappointed.

This is COMFORT'S inauguration toast: "Thanks and best wishes to President Roosevelt. Hopes and best wishes for President Taft."

Comfort's Editor.

## CHARLIE'S FORTUNE

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### CHAPTER XX.

#### EXIT MR. TWITTERTON AND A BRAVE BOY'S FORTUNE

**P**ERHAPS Charlie was more astonished than anyone else at the conversation that had taken place in the carriage. In years past he regarded himself as a waif from the sea, and accepted Job's explanation that his parents were lost.

Mrs. Seagrain was surprised also at what her husband had said, and she looked with a degree of respect on the young man which she had never felt before. Mr. Lynmore was a millionaire, and the Seagrains, including Charlie, regarded him with a sentiment of awe which did not permit them to express what they felt. Job seemed to possess the key to the situation, and he was anxious to tell all that he knew. Mr. Subtile and Mr. Cornelius had arrived at the town residence of the senior partner when the carriage containing Mr. Lynmore and the Long Islanders drew up to the door. Mr. Vanderwent senior was in his library, and the son of his father was with him, setting forth the details of the conspiracy which had been sprung upon him. The merchant listened to him with attention, and his indignation had begun to gather when the carriage arrived. He was not ready to receive his visitors, and they were ushered into the drawing-room; Mr. Subtile was allowed to wait in the hall until his testimony was needed.

Mr. Vanderwent, although a kind-hearted, fair and just man, was disposed to be obstinate. He was tenacious of his consistency and having done a thing, he insisted that it was rightly done. It had been very difficult for him to accept Mr. Cornelius as his son, and he had done so only when the evidence seemed overwhelming. The scar on the left temple, the shawl, the night-dress, and the story of Tom Twitterton, the sailor, and the general resemblance of the young man to his son had absolutely convinced him, as they had his friends, to whom he had submitted the testimony. Having reached the conclusion that his clerk was also his son, it would be humiliating to acknowledge that he had been deceived and imposed upon. In fact he almost preferred to deny the deception, and submit to the imposition, to acknowledging the fact.

Mr. Vanderwent, senior, was ill that day, and, perhaps, he was more credulous than usual, and more disposed to be obstinate and unreasonable. To ill treat his son was to insult himself, and he could even break with Mr. Lynmore on such an atrocious issue.

In the next room, unconscious of the volcano warming up for an eruption, were the Lynmores and the Seagrains. Miss Fanny was delighted to see Charlie, and Job and Betsy Ann were struggling to be all that the momentous occasion required of them. Presently the servant said that Mr. Lynmore's presence was desired in the library.

"What does all this mean, Lynmore?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent, senior, as his partner entered the room.

"Simply that this young man has robbed the firm of at least six hundred dollars; and it may be a thousand."

"This young man!" growled Mr. Vanderwent, "Is that the way you speak of my son?"

"There seems to be some doubt whether he is your son or not."

"Doubt! I have acknowledged him as my son; and expect my friends—if I have any—will do the same. It seems very strange that any doubts should be raised on a question that concerns me alone, before I have heard a word about the subject."

"I am perfectly willing that you should decide that question for yourself, Mr. Vanderwent; and I am as willing to abide by your decision. Admit that he is your son, and I repeat that Mr. Vanderwent, Jr., has robbed the firm of from six hundred to a thousand dollars."

That's a grave charge to bring against my son," said Mr. Vanderwent, savagely. "I know it, sir, and I should not make it without the most convincing evidence."

"Have you had any suspicion of him before today?"

"For several weeks, sir?"

"You have suspected him for several weeks!" exclaimed the excited millionaire. "Have I any claims upon your friendship, Mr. Lynmore? If not upon your friendship, then upon your consideration?"

"Undoubtedly, upon both," replied Mr. Lynmore, amazed at the hostile attitude of his partner.

"I did not expect such conduct from you, sir. Why, Lynmore, if you had a son suspected of a crime, I should have told you of it. I wouldn't entertain suspicions of him for weeks, without hinting the matter to you. At least, I would not expose him before the clerks and junior partners."

"It is a foul conspiracy, father!" sniffed Mr. Cornelius.

Mr. Vanderwent, I should not be willing to accuse your son of a crime, unless I had good evidence to substantiate the charge," replied Mr. Lynmore, with dignity. "It was only this afternoon, that such evidence was obtained; but now we have it in abundance, from several different sources."

"But you permitted yourself to suspect him, without saying anything to me about it."

"I was on the point of discharging him for this very thing—robbing the money drawer—before he claimed to be your son."

"So much the worse! And you have watched him as a wolf does his prey ever since!" said the exasperated parent.

"Mr. Vanderwent, I am not accustomed to hear such language from anyone," added Mr. Lynmore, gently.

"You were watching and dogging my son for weeks, without hinting to me that anything was wrong."

"Mr. Vanderwent, I have nothing more to say," replied Mr. Lynmore, bowing and moving towards the door.

The heart of Mr. Cornelius leaped higher still. The insulted partner passed out of the library into the hall.

"Where is my prisoner?" asked Mr. Subtile.

Mr. Lynmore pointed to the door of the library, and then joined his wife and daughter in the drawing-room. Mr. Subtile was not satisfied with the situation. He had been left in the hall while his prisoner had conferred with his father. He was indignant, and he opened the door of the library, and entered.

"Who are you?" demanded the irate millionaire.

"My name is Subtile; I am the detective that has worked up this case," replied the chief shadow.

"You may go—leave," said Mr. Vanderwent, pointing haughtily to the door.

"I am willing to go, but I must take my prisoner with me," added the shadow, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

Mr. Cornelius retreated to the side of his

father, as he still fondly insisted that he was.

"What do you mean, you villain! That young man is my son."

"Perhaps he is; I don't know; I am not called to investigate the paternity—only his crime. He is under arrest. Stolen property was found upon his person. I had no business to bring him here. I ought to have committed him to the Tombs. He is an uncommon scoundrel for one so young."

"You—; will you leave my house?" gasped Mr. Vanderwent.

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir; but not without my prisoner!"

The merchant sprang to his feet and placed himself between his son and the detective. Mr. Subtile drew from the folds of his coat a small bill.

"The majesty of the law must be vindicated," said the shadow. "I must do my duty, sir, however painful it may be."

"Do I understand that you mean to take my son out of my own house by force and arms?" asked the merchant, turning to the officer.

"By force and arms, sir, if necessary," answered Mr. Subtile, bowing.

"What is the charge against him?"

"He has been robbing the money drawer for weeks and months, and conspired to cast the guilt upon the other young fellow who writes at the desk with him."

"Who is that, Cornelius?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent.

"Seagrain; but he has been the cat's paw to ruin me," growled the son of his father.

"But this young man paid two passages to Brazil with the money stolen from the cashier's desk, on the steamer. He wanted to get the old oysterman out of the way," added Mr. Subtile.

"What old oysterman?" asked Mr. Vanderwent, whose curiosity was excited in spite of himself.

"Why, the old man in the other room," and the detective told his story about the old man and the marked bills. The merchant's curiosity was excited still more, and he sent for Job, who presently appeared, attended by Betsy Ann and Charlie. Mr. Vanderwent gazed earnestly at the young man as he entered the library, and kept his eyes fixed upon him for sometime.

"Is this the old man?" asked Mr. Vanderwent, turning to the detective.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Subtile.

"Did my son pay your passage to Brazil?" demanded the magnate, sharply.

"I don't know whether he did or not," replied Job, who confined himself to the literal truth within his own knowledge. "I don't know anything about the passage, but I know he gulled me into going aboard the steamer."

"What for?" asked Mr. Vanderwent, savagely.

"To get me out of the way. I'll tell you all about it. He got that shawl and night-dress out of me. I gin 'em to him."

"You?" gasped the merchant, springing to his feet.

"I did. He gin me twenty dollars for 'em, but he shall have the money again."

"This is all a lie, father," groaned Mr. Cornelius, desperately. "He never had the shawl and night-dress—and never saw them."

The magnate was intensely interested in the case by this time, for the articles mentioned were the only satisfactory evidence of the identity of his son.

"He never saw them?" he added.

"Never!" protested Cornelius.

"Haven't I had those things in the house for

the last fifteen years?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain. This answer gave rise to a suggestion in the mind of the merchant. He sent Job out of the room, and when he was gone, he asked Betsy Ann to describe the articles. She did so, with the utmost minuteness, giving an accurate description of the peculiar figure of the shawl, and of the monogram on the night-dress. Then Job was called in, and required to do the same thing.

He was less successful than Mrs. Seagrain had been in giving details, but his delineation was intelligent enough to convince the merchant that he had seen the articles. The monogram he said was "one letter top of 'other,'" and he made something like it on a sheet of paper with a pencil. Mr. Vanderwent was amazed, for he was certain that the old man and his wife had both seen the shawl and the night-dress.

"Where did you get the shawl and the night-dress?" demanded the merchant, as he turned to Job.

"I took 'em from the child when he came ashore, lashed down to the grating in the stern sheets of the whale boat," replied Job, much excited.

Mr. Vanderwent rang his bell, and the servant opened the door.

"Has Mr. Lynmore gone?" he asked.

"No, sir, he's in the drawing-room."

"Ask him to step into the library."

"Don't let them entangle you, father," pleaded Mr. Cornelius.

"Lynmore, pardon my rudeness," said Mr. Vanderwent, extending his hand, as the partner came into the library. "Forgive me, I am ill and petulant."

"Don't mention it, Vanderwent," said Mr. Lynmore, grasping the offered hand.

The senior explained what had just transpired in the room, and Job was invited to tell the whole story of the wreck, which he did in all of its details.

"This ship was the 'Albatross' you say?" asked Mr. Vanderwent, musing.

"Yes, sir; the 'Albatross'."

"But my wife and son sailed in the 'Gladwing'."

"I don't know nothin' about that," added Job. "All I've told you is just as true as a book."

"You may depend on't," said Betsy Ann. "We brought up the child, just as though 'twas our own; and here he is."

She pointed to Charlie, and Mr. Vanderwent looked at him earnestly again. The features were not unlike Mr. Cornelius.

"My son had a scar on his left temple," continued Mr. Vanderwent.

Job dragged Charlie out of his chair. Brushing aside the hair, he exhibited the scar.

"It's very strange that both of these young men should have the scar in exactly the same place," added Mr. Vanderwent, looking from one to the other.

"No, 'tain't nuther," protested Job. "Tim Twitterton gouged his head a-purpose to make his'n, and I know when he done it. 'Twas last September, when he had his vacation. He had a plaster on it, and he told me that he tumbled off the fence."

"I remember that the scar looked very fresh when I first saw it," added Mr. Vanderwent. "I see the expression of my first wife in the face of the young man."

"What was your boy's name, Mr. Vanderwent?" asked Job.

"Cornelius Charles, the same as my own. We called him Charlie."

"Betsy Ann knows, and I know that the child gave us his name, and we have allers called him Charlie ever since."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



# THE ACCURSED PLOT

## An Inauguration Romance

Copyright, 1909, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

The Story of Booth's First Attempt to  
Assassinate Lincoln

By Paul C. Neville

"THAT tyrant will never be inaugurated, mark my words, Edward Thompson." "Not inaugurated? Booth you are talking rank nonsense to give it no harsher name, but then the speaker laughed, although there was a flash in his clear, blue eyes. "Lincoln has escaped his cowardly enemies and would be murdered and is now in Washington safe under protection of General Scott, who has the situation perfectly in hand."

"I am not theatrical, Ned," the first speaker said earnestly bending his wild, dark eyes upon the face of his companion as they stood half way up the steps of the capitol, that bright morning, March 2, 1861. "I am speaking in sober earnest when I say that Abraham Lincoln will never be permitted to assume control of the Nation. If he were to be inaugurated, there would be war, bitter, cruel war."

"Then war there will be, Jack, for as surely as the sun rises on the fourth of March, Abraham Lincoln," here he saluted, "will be inaugurated President of the people who elected him."

The other shook his head mournfully, then raising his right hand, of which he was always so inordinately proud, he said gravely, while his dark eyes seemed almost starting from his head:

"So said another tyrant who fell by the hand of the inspired assassin. When it is all over, Ned, remember the Ides of March," and with these words, which later were to form a part of the diary found upon his person when he was miserably shot and captured, the speaker flung the end of the military cape much affected in those days across his shoulder and strode rapidly down the broad, white steps.

His companion who wore the uniform of a Lieutenant of Company C, First Regiment, District of Columbia Militia, stood looking after him muttering:

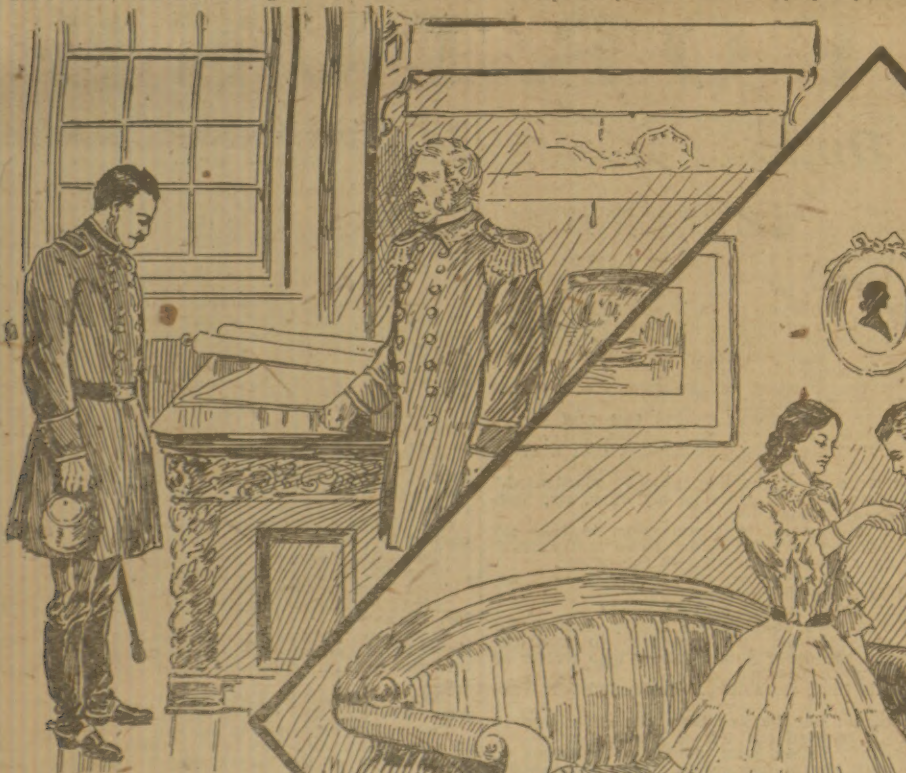
"Poor Jack, his head is fairly turned by his acting and Southern sentiments," but he was interrupted by a clear, silvery voice which cried in his ear:

"And can anything interest this Son of Mars aside from the lovely Clarissa?" and turning his eyes met a pair of saucy ones peeping from among a confusion of golden curls.

Instantly the gallant young officer doffed his cap and stood bareheaded in the soft spring breeze. He was handsome enough to attract the attention of any woman, but the one who thus addressed him cared little for his manly beauty, for already she was deep in conspiracy, for she was one of those women who were to worry President Lincoln and his advisors nearly out of all reason during the mighty struggle which ensued.

"Do you know Jack Booth?" the young officer asked, a smile breaking over his face, for she was very lovely, and dainty, and his heart was tender towards all women on account of his love for fair Clarissa Leclergue to whom he had been betrothed for nearly a month.

"Slightly," returned the future spy, "and I have heard the lad act, isn't he an ideal Romeo? Eh?" and her silvery laugh rang out, reaching the ears of a gloomy appearing young man who wore the uniform of a captain in the same company as Lieutenant Thompson, in fact he was his superior officer. Clinging to his arm was the girl who had assumed control of young Thompson's heart, Clarissa Leclergue.



"MAN, DO YOU KNOW WHOM  
YOU ARE ACCUSING?"

"And what are they doing together?" the captain asked between clenched teeth, then hurried on his lovely charge in time to interrupt the conversation with a brusque:

"Lieutenant will you take my sister home? She would come down with me. The streets of Washington are not a fit place for ladies these stirring days," and while he bowed low to the golden-haired girl, the frown remained on his face.

Clarissa Leclergue's sweet face flushed slightly as she greeted the other woman, for her womanly instinct warned her against the fair one of whom she could not approve, although she knew nothing against her.

Lieutenant Thompson needed no urging to act as the escort of his lady love, and so giving her his arm he carried her off, his handsome face beaming with pleasure.

As they passed out of hearing, Captain Leclergue said with stately courtesy:

"May I not take you to a place of safety," but the girl shook her head and returned for the benefit of those who might be passing:

"No, Captain, but I wish you would take me to the top of the Capitol, I have the fancy to view this fair city from a height," and without a word the man obeyed for he recognized in her one of those high in the confidence of the conspirators with whom he was consorting. Yes, he an officer in command of the militia who were to guard the safety of the president-elect, was conspiring against his life.

Silently the two climbed up the winding steps

until they reached the very top and emerged on the platform, from which could be seen the beautiful city lying out before them like one in miniature.

"Well?" the officer said tensely. "Although there had been but the mildest of spring breezes on the Capitol steps, here up so far above the city the wind was so strong that the girl was forced to place her lips almost against his ear in order to make herself heard without raising her voice.

"All is in readiness. The deed will be done here, if other means fail."

"How here?" the Captain whispered back, his face through the closely cut beard showing ghastly white.

"Listen, for these are the only instructions you will receive. Today is Saturday, March 2. Tonight you will be handed a forged pass to Sergeant Brown. He is one of us and can be fully trusted. It will be your duty to admit John Wilkes Booth through the tunnel which you will be guarding. See that he may get a place on the platform behind Lincoln. All interest will center upon this Illinois rail-splitter, and Jack can shoot him from behind and escape in the confusion which is sure to follow. The very audacity of the plan gives best promise of success. Old Scott is so careful who he issues the passes to that no one will look for trouble from the speaker's platform."

Desperately as he was in sympathy with this

when he is known to be so bitter against the principles advocated by the Republican party?"

A strange, bright smile flitted over the girl's beautiful face.

"One question at a time. You remember that Jack is an actor? You remember that he can assume almost any part, yes and act it to perfection. He is an expert at disguises and make-ups. Now it is proposed that he shall be disguised as a beautiful young woman; one who comes with a pass signed by Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott. How are you to penetrate the disguise or suspect that the pass is forged?"

And the soft, golden curls blew about the young man's face.

"But—this—is awful!" he finally stammered.

"I never planned for murder, I only thought of abduction," he faltered.

The girl drew back a little her eyes flashing a living flame.

"Are you a coward? What good would it do to abduct Lincoln? He would soon be rescued and we should hang or go to prison for it. Have you no conception of what is involved? Let this man be inaugurated and war will result. The whole land will be drenched with blood. Brother will rise against brother; fathers against sons; families will be divided, and the whole world will stand aghast, and you and John Wilkes Booth can prevent it all. What is one life against that of thousands? George Washington Leclergue in the name of the great Virginian for whom you were named, I command you to remember what lies within your power. You are given the destiny of a nation to make or break. Will you be false to the trust reposed in you?" and then as though this appeal, false to the very core in its ingenious sophistry, were not enough to sway the inflamed disloyalty of the young man by her side, she leaned still closer and whispered:

"You have spoken to me of love. Do you think I would not know how to reward the man who was brave enough to dare? Do you imagine what my contempt will be for the man who was a coward?" and then as the man started and tried to clasp her in his arms, she said softly:

"Remember George the whole of Washington is looking at us," pointing laughingly at the city beneath them.

"If I carry out my part of the bargain you will marry me?" he cried, his voice broken, his face mad with love of her and the strange fanaticism that is never fully understood by those

who have been loyal and level-headed enough to keep without the pernicious influence of conspiracy.

"My hand and heart will go to him who succeeds," was the quick reply, and Captain Leclergue had to be content with that oracular reply, and maddened, lost to every sense of honesty, manhood and loyalty, false to his country, his oath as an officer, and his citizenship, George Washington Leclergue bent his head and pressing a kiss upon the ungloved hand of the woman who was tempting him, and said in a deep, low voice:

"Wherever you direct my lady, I will go, even if it be to the gallows," and her eyes flashed forth a triumphant light, for she had conquered.

"But," she told him as she gave him a few more instructions, "we must keep Booth's lips sealed. Warn him to stop his indiscreet predictions. He was ranting today to that precious brother-in-law-to-be of yours, as I interrupted."

"Ned?"

"Surely. Captain you must keep a watchful eye on that gentleman who is about to enter your family. If he should in any way get an idea of the way the straws are blowing, he might send us all to the state of that instrument of martyrdom you so lately mentioned. You may be willing to mount it for my sake, but I do not think you would care to be sent there by him, eh?" and her laugh had an airy sound. The man shuddered and he felt strangely angered against Edward Thompson who he knew was beyond any suspicion, a gallant, true-hearted officer, proud of his country, and loyal to his duty.

While these two were planning murder, Lieutenant Thompson was tending his beloved home to the stately mansion which had been the home of the Leclergue family for nearly half a century. As they passed into the house an aged darkey came into the hall bowing and pulling at his forelock.

"Hody Missie, Hody Massa Ned," he kept saying until Clarissa asked with some astonishment:

"Why Cato how is it that you have not gone as I ordered you to? I want all the Jassamine I can get. I'm going to trim the whole house in it for the Fourth, that glorious day, Ned. I'm going to have Cato run down home to the old plantation and get me wagon loads. What do you think of it?" and her soft dark eyes glowed at the thought of it.

"Then my gown is to be all yellow, just like the dear flower, and I will put my whole heart into the entire ceremony. Still Cato why is it you did not go?" and she turned towards him, but displaying no anger. It was said of her that she could not lose her temper.

The old man explained that he had been fixing up the horses, but that he was going that very afternoon or "evening" as he called it, and after the Lieutenant had tossed him a coin he left bowing and bestowing thanks enough to overpower one not used to the enthusiastic exaggeration of the simple blacks, and the two lovers strolled into the elegantly furnished parlor, where they had spent so many happy hours. As they walked back to the old-fashioned black horse-hair sofa, there was a scuffle at the door and then several yelps of joy and two immense bloodhounds came bounding in, to jump about the two, who fondled them, and spoke to the intelligent dogs as though they understood every word spoken to them. These two, Brune and Rex, loved Ned as much as they did Clarissa, and obeyed both equally. When Clarissa told them to lie down, they stretched themselves between the two, and lay there, with eyes half-closed, their tails beating a regular melody on the Brussels carpet, where immense pink roses in great wreaths stood out boldly on the gray background.

"And to think they could be so fierce," Clarissa whispered, for not two weeks before her brother had used them to hunt an escaped negro, who had taken refuge in the Great Dismal Swamp.

"Never think of that darling," the young officer pleaded, stopping to reverently raise her chin and gaze into her sweet eyes, "because I want to plead my cause today."

"What cause, Ned?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"I want to beg you to tell me when I can put another ring on your hand?" he whispered, raising her right hand to his lips, the little hand upon the forefinger of which gleamed an exquisite ring set with a large flawless diamond of the first water. This jewel was an heirloom through generations in the Thompson family and Clarissa prized it next to life and love. It was her engagement ring.

"The other little hand looks lonely," he whispered, drawing it into his own. "I want to put a plain gold ring on it. When can I? Tell me, my love. What date shall be engraved inside it?"

The girl hesitated. She loved the boy who had grown up with her, who had fought all her battles, who had given her of his best ever since when a child of five he had seen the tiny girl of one. She recognized the fact that once they were engaged he wanted to claim her as his bride, but she felt too young, too immature, and she tried to explain to him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

TWO IM-  
MENSE BLOOD-  
HOUNDS CAME  
BOUNDING IN.  
"I WANT TO  
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dreadful cause, Captain Leclergue could not help shuddering, as he asked hoarsely:

"How can he escape? How can I admit Booth

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"Then my gown is to be all yellow, just like the dear flower, and I will put my whole heart into the entire ceremony. Still Cato why is it you did not go?" and she turned towards him, but displaying no anger. It was said of her that she could not lose her temper.

The old man explained that he had been fixing up the horses, but that he was going that very afternoon or "evening" as he called it, and after the Lieutenant had tossed him a coin he left bowing and bestowing thanks enough to overpower one not used to the enthusiastic exaggeration of the simple blacks, and the two lovers strolled into the elegantly furnished parlor, where they had spent so many happy hours. As they walked back to the old-fashioned black horse-hair sofa, there was a scuffle at the door and then several yelps of joy and two immense bloodhounds came bounding in, to jump about the two, who fondled them, and spoke to the intelligent dogs as though they understood every word spoken to them. These two, Brune and Rex, loved Ned as much as they did Clarissa, and obeyed both equally. When Clarissa told them to lie down, they stretched themselves between the two, and lay there, with eyes half-closed, their tails beating a regular melody on the Brussels carpet, where immense pink roses in great wreaths stood out boldly on the gray background.

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"What cause, Ned?" she asked, blushing prettily.

"I want to beg you to tell me when I can put another ring on your hand?" he whispered, raising her right hand to his lips, the little hand upon the forefinger of which gleamed an exquisite ring set with a large flawless diamond of the first water. This jewel was an heirloom through generations in the Thompson family and Clarissa prized it next to life and love. It was her engagement ring.

"The other little hand looks lonely," he whispered, drawing it into his own. "I want to put a plain gold ring on it. When can I? Tell me, my love. What date shall be engraved inside it?"

The girl hesitated. She loved the boy who had grown up with her, who had fought all her battles, who had given her of his best ever since when a child of five he had seen the tiny girl of one. She recognized the fact that once they were engaged he wanted to claim her as his bride, but she felt too young, too immature, and she tried to explain to him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

TWO IM-  
MENSE BLOOD-  
HOUNDS CAME  
BOUNDING IN.  
"I WANT TO  
PLEAD MY CAUSE  
TODAY."

dreadful cause, Captain Leclergue could not help shuddering, as he asked hoarsely:

"How can he escape? How can I admit Booth

when he is known to be so bitter against the principles advocated by the Republican party?"

A strange, bright smile flitted over the girl's beautiful face.

"One question at a time. You remember that Jack is an actor? You remember that he can assume almost any part, yes and act it to perfection. He is an expert at disguises and make-ups. Now it is proposed that he shall be disguised as a beautiful young woman; one who comes with a pass signed by Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott. How are you to penetrate the disguise or suspect that the pass is forged?"

And the soft, golden curls blew about the young man's face.

"But—this—is awful!" he finally stammered.

"I never planned for murder, I only thought of abduction," he faltered.

The girl drew back a little her eyes flashing a living flame.

"Are you a coward? What good would it do to abduct Lincoln? He would soon be rescued and we should hang or go to prison for it. Have you no conception of what is involved? Let this man be inaugurated and war will result. The whole land will be drenched with blood. Brother will rise against brother; fathers against sons; families will be divided, and the whole world will stand aghast, and you and John Wilkes Booth can prevent it all. What is one life against that of thousands? George Washington Leclergue in the name of the great Virginian for whom you were named, I command you to remember what lies within your power. You are given the destiny of a nation to make or break. Will you be false to the trust reposed in you?" and then as though this appeal, false to the very core in its ingenious sophistry, were not enough to sway the inflamed disloyalty of the young man by her side, she leaned still closer and whispered:

"You have spoken to me of love. Do you think I would not know how to reward the man who was brave enough to dare? Do you imagine what my contempt will be for the man who was a coward?" and then as the man started and tried to clasp her in his arms, she said softly:

"Remember George the whole of Washington is looking at us," pointing laughingly at the city beneath them.

"If I carry out my part of the bargain you will marry me?" he cried, his voice broken, his face mad with love of her and the strange fanaticism that is never fully understood by those

who have been loyal and level-headed enough to keep without the pernicious influence of conspiracy.

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# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Baby's Dress

THE little dress here shown is a dainty example of what can be done without much expense, as the materials required are only two yards of lawn and two spools of thread Mrs. Ida Jester, who made and sent in this little gar-



BABY'S DRESS.

ment, adds that the total cost was only thirty cents, which is surely very little. Either knitted or crocheted lace could be utilized, and this, of course constitutes its chief beauty.

## Knitted Insertion for Baby's Dress

Fine knitting needles should be used and No. 40 thread.



KNITTED INSERTION.

as first, repeat each row, making every other row plain. It is very simple and easy to do.

## Knitted Edging for Baby's Dress

Cast on 14 sts., knit across plain. 1st row.—K. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 2nd row.—K. every other row plain as in insertion, except 12th row.

3rd row.—K. 4, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 5th row.—K. 5, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 7th row.—K. 6, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

9th row.—K. 7, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 11th row.—K. 8, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

12th row.—K. 1, n., o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 14th row.—K. 1, n., o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

16th row.—K. 1, n., o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 18th row.—K. 1, n., o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2.

20th row.—K. 1, n., o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n. 2, k. 3, o., n., o., k. 2. 21st row.—Repeat from 1st row.

Both the insertion and lace are original patterns of the sender.

## Butterfly Sofa Pillow

The materials required to make this pillow are a square of white muslin, one and one half yards Turkey red calico, one half yard each of green, orange and lemon-colored sateen. Make six butterflies in the following manner: Draw the pattern of a butterfly on paper and cut out separately the body, front, back, wings. Cut material a quarter of an inch larger than pattern to allow for turning under. Cut the bodies of the butterflies from the green sateen. For the four corner ones cut two front wings from the red, for each of the four butterflies, making eight wings. Then cut eight wings of the orange yellow from the back wing pattern. For the two center butterflies cut four front wings of orange yellow and four back wings of lemon yellow. Baste on muslin square to form butterflies, as illustrated. Turn all edges under and overcast down neatly. Finish the outside with small button-

KNITTED EDGING.

tonhole stitch in yellow silk finish cotton. Make a plain border of red one and one fourth inches deep around pillow. Make double of red and finish with ruffle of red.

MRS. LIDA M. DEARBORN.

## Linen Collar

As illustrated the collar is made of two thicknesses of India linen buttonholed to-



LINEN COLLAR.

gether around the edge, the other decoration consisting of the cutwork. Any design can be drawn on simply with straight lines, then cut with buttonhole scissors and turn the raw edges in, cat stitching from end to end.

MRS. F. S. SKIDMORE.

## Top for a Sofa Pillow or Tidy

(For illustration see page 7.)

To make this top black and white mercerized cotton should be used. When changing from one thread to the other catch the hook in a double crochet and bringing the thread up in a loop, crochet two stitches to make even with the color previously used, then proceed as before until another chain is required. Keep the thread dropped on the under side beneath the color you were using instead of breaking each time. In the following directions W will indicate when the white should be used and B the black, and the change each time from one to the other should be made as per directions. Beginning with the white make a chain of one hundred and forty-five stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 6th st. of chain, ch. of 2, 1



BUTTERFLY SOFA PILLOW.

By Mrs. Lida M. Dearborn.

d. c. in 8th st. This makes a space. Make 46 more sps., turn. 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th rows are each of a W, 47 sps.

7th row.—W, 25 sps., change of thread, B, 22 d. c., W, 25 sps.

8th row.—W, 23 sps., B, 37 d. c., W, 12 sps.

9th row.—W, 11 sps., B, 43 d. c., W, 22 sps.

10th row.—W, 22 sps., B, 27 d. c., ch. of 2, 1 d. c., W, 16 sps.

11th row.—W, 14 sps., B, 16 d. c., W, 3 d. c., B, 36 d. c., W, 22 sps.

12th row.—W, 22 sps., B, 11 d. c., W, 6 sps., B, 24 d. c., W, 2 sps., B, 9 d. c., W, 9 sps.

13th row.—W, 8 sps., B, 25 d. c., W, 2 sps., B, 23 d. c., W, 23 sps.

14th row.—W, 23 sps., B, 33 d. c., W, 3 sps., B, 8 d. c., W, 9 sps.

15th row.—W, 14 sps., B, 36 d. c., W, 22 sps.

16th row.—W, 22 sps., B, 33 d. c., W, 15 sps.

17th row.—W, 16 sps., B, 33 d. c., W, 21 sps.

18th row.—W, 21 sps., B, 33 d. c., W, 16 sps.

19th row.—W, 15 sps., B, 36 d. c., W, 21 sps.

20th row.—W, 21 sps., B, 45 d. c., W, 12 sps.

21st row.—W, 12 sps., B, 45 d. c., W, 21 sps.

22nd row.—W, 21 sps., B, 49 d. c., W, 11 sps.

23rd row.—W, 11 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 4 sps., B, 34 d. c., W, 20 sps.

24th row.—W, 20 sps., B, 31 d. c., W, 6 sps., B, 4 d. c., W, 11 sps.

25th row.—W, 10 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 6 sps., B,

40 d. c., W, 17 sps.  
26th row.—W, 15 sps., B, 46 d. c., W, 7 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 9 sps.  
27th row.—W, 9 sps., B, 4 d. c., W, 8 sps., B, 52 d. c., W, 13 sps.  
28th row.—W, 12 sps., B, 55 d. c., W, 18 sps.  
29th row.—W, 17 sps., B, 3 d. c., W, 2 sps., B, 76 d. c., W, 8 sps.  
30th row.—W, 10 sps., B, 67 d. c., W, 16 sps.  
31st row.—W, 16 sps., B, 80 d. c., W, 8 sps.  
32nd row.—W, 10 sps., B, 6 d. c., W, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., B, 29 d. c., W, 1 sp., B, 18 d. c., W, 14 sps.  
33rd row.—W, 12 sps., B, 19 d. c., W, 2 sps., B, 28 d. c., W, 3 sps., B, 19 d. c., W, 10 sps.  
34th row.—W, 12 sps., B, 16 d. c., W, 4 sps., B, 22 d. c., W, 4 sps., B, 17 d. c., W, 10 sps.  
35th row.—W, 9 sps., B, 11 d. c., W, 7 sps., B, 16 d. c., W, 7 sps., B, 10 d. c., W, 14 sps.  
36th row.—W, 15 sps., B, 4 d. c., W, 9 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 10 sps., B, 4 d. c., W, 9 sps.  
37th row.—W, 16 sps., B, 4 d. c., W, 3 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 25 sps.  
38th row.—W, 25 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 3 sps., B, 7 d. c., W, 15 sps.  
39th row.—W, 15 sps., B, 22 d. c., W, 25 sps.  
40th row.—W, 26 sps., B, 16 d. c., W, 16 sps.  
The next six rows are each of white, 47 sps.  
MRS. BESSIE DEVAULT.

## Eyelet Embroidery

This work which our grandmothers enjoyed, is still seen on all kinds of dainty articles, and



EYELET EMBROIDERY.

the handsome design here presented we feel sure many of our readers will be able to copy

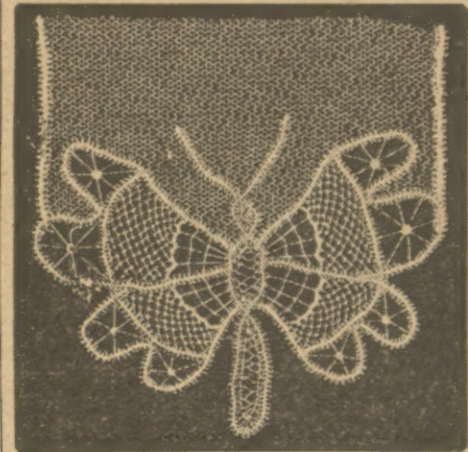
## Pearl Edge Braid Lacework

The three illustrations given this month show a few of the numerous ways in which pearl edge braid may be used in making attractive and useful articles. This braid should



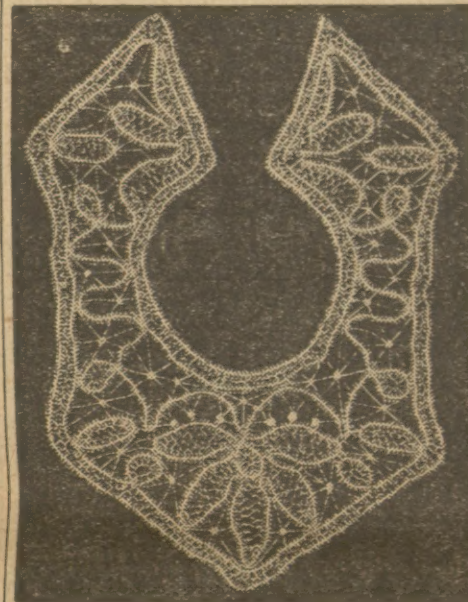
INSERTION LACEWORK.

be basted carefully upon a pattern and the intervening space filled in with any of the lace stitches usually employed in making Battenberg or other lace.



BUTTERFLY NECKTIE END.

The insertion illustrates a pretty pattern which can be used as an edging, insertion or applique on sheer or heavy white goods, gingham, linens, etc. To make the butterfly end for the necktie first complete it and then applique it to white wash net or thin lawn, finishing the sides with a straight row of the braid.



BABY YOKE.

The baby's yoke is very lacy and pretty as illustrated, or could be made a little more substantial by filling the background with closer stitches.

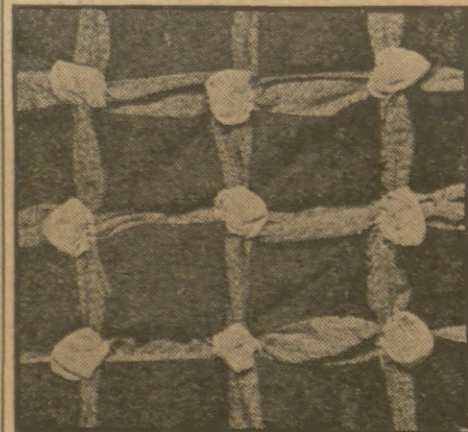
## Clothespin Apron

Take a piece of mattress ticking fourteen inches wide, sixteen inches long. Take another piece of ticking fourteen inches wide and twelve inches long. On this piece make a hem about one inch deep; then baste this piece on to the large piece with hem to the top as this forms the pocket for the clothespins. Mark scallops and embroider with buttonhole stitch. After this is done cut out scallops. Then lay two backward turning plaits on both sides of the apron. Put on the band, making this about one and one half inches wide and thirty-two inches long. Place button and buttonhole so that the apron will fit. Trim the band with a row of feather stitches. In the pocket of the apron stick the monogram of the person it is intended for or a few clothespins will do.

## Popcorn Cushion

For this cushion one yard of the largest blocked gingham is necessary. Count the white squares in the width, and count the same number in the length to make your square. Start at one corner and gather the white squares, each separately, on the left side and knot them. When you have gathered all the white squares you have completed the top of cushion.

For the back use solid color gingham corresponding with the color of top of cushion



POPCORN CUSHION.

and for the ruffle use solid color gingham with lace of same width to cover it. Three yards and one half of lace will be sufficient.

MISS ELIZABETH GROENINGER.



# A SPECKLED BIRD

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage.

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-zealous, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Egbert Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Egbert. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Egbert. She hears her grand-mother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Egbert. Two years later Mrs. Kent is seen only in the "Father's Temple," a cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Egbert and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy soldier, had been spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Egbert recognizes in a dash boy the soldier of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nina Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St. Noel and Egbert drive to a department store. Egbert makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type. A note is left and the message to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Egbert the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Egbert realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers her determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for her boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Egbert's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Egbert questions Noel why her father resigns his senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Egbert's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Egbert goes to work. Herriott finds her in the old Gros-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Egbert break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Egbert and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Egbert fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herriott from his proposed trip. Egbert receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herriott's future plans. Egbert hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Egbert will be home soon." Herriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dries exerts an oath from Herriott that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Egbert's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he will break her heart, go with her. He will take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and he no wife. He requests the ring. Will she allow him to throw it away. He has no right to it—it is hers. He places it back. It is the badge of her loyalty—not his. Nothing avails to abate the rage of his disappointment.

Noel receives a telegram announcing Duncan Keith's death, and her father's shame is shielded. Judge Kent receives a telegram requesting him to meet Egbert at Philadelphia. Mr. Herriott takes Egbert to his old home. Amos Lea meets them at the door. Going to Noel's room, Egbert realizes for years he has been entirely hers. She begs for one word of forgiveness—he shall never be out of her life.

Egbert returns to her home. Her father avoids all mention of Herriott, except to rail at the imbecility of Arctic explorers. Egbert receives a parcel from her husband and a note without any address. His words sting her. Mrs. Mitchell refuses to believe she wronged him. Egbert notices the frequency with which her father falls asleep. He is stricken with paralysis. Recovering a little he asks Egbert to remember that no other man ever had such a daughter and how precious she is. Judge Kent dies and Egbert carries his body to his native State in New England.

Egbert is called to Noel's home. Amos Lea is ill, and he worries over Noel's continued absence. His news of Noel is the latest Mrs. Herriott hears.

## CHAPTER XXIV. (CONTINUED.)

HER voice quivered, and replacing the flowers in an envelope, she laid the unread letters on the cot.

"Was your last letter from him the same date as mine?"

"No; it was earlier."

The cold, light-gray eyes in their deep, sunken sockets probed her like steel.

"Madam, it was your fault he went away."

"No, his word was pledged before our marriage, and I am not responsible for this journey. I did all that was possible to keep him."

Amos leaned forward and grasped her wrist.

"You know you are to blame. What was it you did to him? That night you came—a bride—I saw when he took you from the carriage everything had gone wrong with him. I knew what that grip of his mouth and that red spark in his eyes meant. You did him some wrong."

She shook her head, and even in his wrath, the hopeless sorrow in her eyes touched him.

"You struck him a bitter, hard blow somewhere. You see, since he was a year old and his mother died, I have watched him. His father was away with his railroads and his mines out West, and Susan and I had the care of him till he was put to his books and had a tutor to teach him Latin. They set him at that stupid business too early. I made his kites, and played marbles with him, and called his little boats, and tried to be his voice broke, and he paused and steady if."

"He was always truthful, and honorable, and generous, but—may the Lord have mercy on him—he was born with the temper of Beelzebub. Not from his mother did he get it, but from his hard old father, Fergus Herriott, who somehow managed to keep himself under check-rein and bit. He never punished the lad but once, and that was when the devil possessed the child. He was barely ten years old. He fell into a terrible rage with Susan about the fit of a bathing suit she made for him, and kicked the clothes into the lake. Then he turned on her like a son of Babel with rough, ugly, sinful language. He cried. His father happened to be in the boathouse near by. He came out, took him by the shoulders and shook him, ordering him to

apologize instantly to his nurse. The boy set his teeth and shook his head.

"If you do not apologize properly to her, I shall thrash you."

"The lad's eyes blazed.

"As you are my father, you will do as you like, sir."

"Then and there he thrashed him, Susan howling, but not a sound from him. Mr. Herriott sent him to his room, and ordered Susan not to go near him. There were several railroad officials to dinner that day, and they staid late. Susan sat yonder by the window, crying fit to break her heart, when the lad walked in and went close to her. She held out her arms, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Susan, I am sorry I was such a beast. I am ashamed of what I said, and I beg your pardon. Dear Susan, forgive me."

"My poor wife, how she hugged and petted him, only he never would let anyone kiss him on his lips. As he sat in her lap, with one arm around her neck, his face was deadly white and his eyes looked like two red stars; the devil had not loosed his grip. Then his father called at the doorstep, 'Amos, is Noel here?' When the old man came in, the boy was standing in the middle of the floor, with his hands behind him, and Susan ran forward.

"If you please, Mr. Herriott, I am sure he is not well. I thought so at the lake side, and he is feverish. His head is hot."

"Yes, Susan. Truly his head is too hot. Come, my son."

"He held out his hand, but Noel did not move. His father went to him, put an arm around him,

"I am glad to see you here, doctor. Knowing Mrs. Orr was called away, I have a trained nurse, who will help you get Amos Lea out of bed. I shall send her at once to you for instructions."

Without attempting to analyze her complex emotions, Egbert surrendered herself to the strange new comfort of wandering hour after hour about the house, where every nook and corner bubbled of the owner. Despite her efforts to placate and win the dogs, they sullenly rejected her overtures, echoing the repudiation of their master, and watching her with suspicious enmity. On the second afternoon the doctor and nurse assured her the gardener would soon be relieved by electricity, massage, and tonics, and when a letter from Mrs. Orr to Hawkins announced her expected return two days later, there seemed no reason for prolonging Egbert's visit. She wished to avoid an interview with the house-keeper, and arranged to start south a few hours earlier than the time fixed for her arrival. In the stone cottage she spent a portion of each day; had gone carefully over Arctic maps and charts with Amos, outlining the probable course of the exploring party. She explained some terms, and gave him a duplicate of the calendar she had made for herself, whereby he could tell when and how long the moon shone, what day the sun set, and when, after months, it would rise again. As the old man watched through his silver spectacles the sad, worn, pallid face, and realized that she too suffered, his resentful antipathy diminished, and Mr. Herriott's farewell charge began to invest her with an unexpected sanctity.

The last day of her stay was unusually warm

She fell on her knees, bowed her head on the seat, and prayed as never before for his safety.

The wind freshened from the south, and far away in some mountain lair thunder growled. Egbert looked long at the beautiful curve of the land, at the shivering poplars turning white in anticipation of storm, at the irregular outline of the old stone pile projecting its spectral shadow on the shining water lapping the terrace wall. Two hours later a gale swept the lake, and under bluish glare of lightning the waves showed their flashing teeth.

With fine feminine instinct that penetrates far below the surface, yet gives no hint of the depths, Eliza divined that the unhappy woman desired unbroken solitude, and her foster-mother went early to her own bedroom.

Slowly Egbert mounted the spiral stairs that led to the billiard room and thence to the tower. The former was dark, and as she placed her candle on the table something fluttered and fell. It was a Chiriqui quetzal, perched upon a small siab brought from Palenque and fastened as a bracket above the fireplace. She picked it up, smoothed the brilliant, drooping feathers, and set it securely on the table, but a legend she had associated with it made her shiver as she opened the door and stepped into the tower.

High above her, and just under the roof, the great lamp with its reflector threw light far out over the tossing waste of water, kindling crowns of fire where the wave crests broke. She sat down on a wooden bench at one of the open arches, and watched the departing cloud fringe of the storm rushing from the far, sweet, melting South, to the icy silence of a more distant North. Persistent study of Northern travels had so completely filled Egbert's mind with Arctic images, that by an inevitable magnetism every change of atmospheric conditions pointed to the Pole.

As the night waned, the moon emerged from ragged clouds, and gradually the lake quieted to its wonted crooning monologue, broken only by the strophe and antistrophe of startled water-fowl scattered by the storm. Egbert heard the clock strike two. She hurried down-stairs and locked herself in the den, the master's favorite room. Cabinets were sealed, busts shrouded in cambric hoods, pictures veiled. Only Mr. Herriott's desk remained as she remembered it, and here, with her arms crossed on the morocco cover and her face hidden upon them, she watched the night depart, saw the dawn of the day that would take her away forever from the home she had learned to love too late.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"I WAS SO CLOSE TO HIM—AND YET."

Heavy are the brakes with which suspense and anxious longing clog the wheels of time, yet seasons end; the spokes spin and come again, insistent reminders to waiting watchers of the endless, inexorable procession of years.

An early frost had hastened autumnal effects usually due a month later, and the atmosphere was crisp and sparkling. White oaks, maples, and sweet gums rustled their amber leaves sprinkled with red, black gums swung scarlet torches from every bough, wild grape vines festooned supporting trees with fluttering lace-of-gold, and crimson and bronze berry-brambles had colored warmly under the first frost kiss. Close to the little wye gate of the Dingle a tulip tree shook its burnished, broadened banners, and in and around its branches coiled a muscadine, hung with glossy, purplish-black clusters that filled the air with delicious, challenging fragrance.

With an unopened roll of newspapers in her hand, Egbert leaned for some moments on the gate, admiring the superb vestments of yellow and red that nature hung out to bar the cold—a small cloud island of ruby near the horizon against which an acacia etched its slender lines, and listening to the song of a mocking-bird, that rose like a flute above the whistle of a partridge astray in feathery broom sedge. On the rounded slope Mrs. Mitchell, basket in hand, groped and peered amid tufts of golden-rod, hunting a belated brood of young turkeys. Egbert passed through the gate, went into the mill, and found a seat on one of the circular grinding stones. The wall had partly fallen on the west side, and the glow of a sinking sun lighted the dusty, cobwebbed rafters that upheld what remained of the rolling from mossy rocks to the ruined, sluggish race was low and soothing as a lullaby.

It had been a sad day, marking two years since the evening in the library when Judge Kent had been stricken; the beginning of a slow death. Dwelling upon the indelible incidents, an acute pain was added to the chronic ache from which his daughter's heart was never free. While missing her father sorely in her sorrowful isolation, she realized that death had come at the behest of mercy. As long as he lived his enemies could assail him at any moment; now he was comparatively safe under the snow of his native hills. If it were possible to recall him, she would not; she preferred to suffer alone that he might rest in peace. Two days before she had gone for a few hours to Y— to see in his favorite church the recently completed tall, arched window, ablaze with rose, purple, crimson, and emerald glass, erected by her. To the glory of God and in memory of Allison Kent.

Depressed and heart-sick, she often sought the solitude of the mill, but in the gray gloom of the rafters above her head a pair of wrens had dwelt for several seasons, and now resented her presence, twittering their protest. Opening the New York and Boston papers, she glanced over one and laid it aside. Unfolding another, her fingers clutched the sheet, where headlines had been reprinted from an English journal:

## "RETURN OF THE 'AHVUNGAH'."

"After an absence of more than two years, the 'Ahvungah' has brought back the scientific explorers who, having investigated the phenomena of Arctic midnights, are glad to return to less rigorous temperatures. The second winter the vessel, while frozen in, was lifted upon ice hummocks in Whale Sound. Deeming the 'Ahvungah' fast until early summer, some of the party, availing themselves of a continuously shining, two weeks' moon, and in order to avoid sun glare later in the season, made a sledging trip inland over the 'Great Ice'—the *Sermitssak*, but the loss of their dogs cut short the journey. During their absence the floe holding the vessel had been broken from the shore-ice by some upheaval unusual at that season, and had drifted many miles. While traveling on the 'ice-foot' to overtake the 'Ahvungah,' the members of the sledging party suffered very severely. Only two deaths occurred during the long voyage; a sailor was drowned in attempting to jump across a lead that closed suddenly after he fell, and the meteorologist, Herr Spitzmund, succumbed to heart disease while climbing a glacier. The 'Ahvungah' touched here only long enough to land the surgeon, Dr. Klinehurst, and the mail for America, then went on to The Hague. It was learned from the surgeon that two gentlemen of the party preferred to remain in Polar regions at least another year—Professor Roy, the paleontologist, and Mr. Herriott, of New York, who is much interested in ethnography. Having studied the Eskimos of the Greenland coast, they crossed to the west shore of Smith's Sound, and will make their way slowly through Ellesmere Land, hunting traces of an Inuit tribe they believe to be the descendants of the Onkolon of Siberia. These gentlemen expect to meet whalers next year somewhere along the west coast, but should their plan fail, still another winter will imprison them."

Until this spasm of pain seized her heart, Egbert had not realized or acknowledged that she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

## None of Your Business!

If you are not a subscriber to COMFORT this does not concern you.

But if you are a subscriber, it is important for you to know that COMFORT'S subscription rate jumps up to 25 cents a year next May.

You still have a chance to renew or extend your subscription two full years from date of expiration for 25 cents, if you attend to it at once. This is just half what it will cost a new subscriber after next April.

If your subscription has run out or will expire any time within a year, don't fail to send us a quarter immediately and have it renewed or extended two full years from date of expiration.

We Make this Offer only to our Present Subscribers

Again let us call attention to those buff envelope folder subscription blanks which went out wrapped in January COMFORT to such of our subscribers as were nearly at the end of their subscription rope at that time.

It was a warning, which most of them have heeded by sending us a quarter for a two years' renewal. But a few are still missing.

If you received it, hunt it up, fill it out, put in a silver quarter and mail it to us now, for it is your last chance to renew for two years at this present low rate. If you have lost it, use the subscriber's special rate subscription coupon below, and do it now, or you will not receive

## BEAUTIFUL EASTER COMFORT

next April, and will lose track of all those interesting stories, puzzles, prizes and awards.

Our price jumps up in May, but we shall make COMFORT enough better the coming year to more than make up for the advance in price.

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Easter COMFORT next month will be a very pretty and interesting number, with numerous attractions including a beautiful full page new Resurrection picture, a special Easter article and charming Music and stories written exclusively for COMFORT.

Easter commemorates the Resurrection which is the distinctive tenet of Christian faith.

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## Do It Now on the Blank below before You Forget It

The coming advance in price makes it easy for you to get some new subscriptions now at 20 cents a year and earn some nice premiums and a good cash prize. Our great cash prize offer is still open for March and April.

See what you can do in this line also this month.

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I enclose 25 cents for renewal of my subscription for two full years from date of expiration.

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and forced him away. Next morning the doctor was sent for, found him in a raging fever; said it was measles, but Susan knew better. For a week Mr. Herriott never left that room, even for his meals, and he chastised him no more. Each day he was prouder and fonder of the boy. Madam, I am telling you all this that you may be sure I make no mistakes about him. He was hard hit the day he went away. There is a place far around the beach bend, a stone bench, where he has fought battles with himself since he wore frilled shirts. It is his stamping-ground when his blood is up, and the devil squats at his ears. Now I want to know why he spent his last night at home down there alone?"

His bony hand tightened its grip like the claw of an eagle on her wrist, and beneath the shaggy white brows his keen, fiery eyes demanded answer.

"Madam, you drove him there."

"Mr. Herriott was very angry with me. Unintentionally I had wounded him, and he did not forgive me; I fear he never will. He is not to blame. I did what seemed right and necessary at the time, but afterward I found I had made a terrible mistake. It is all my fault, not his. Amos, I am very unhappy, far more so than Mr. Herriott; but some matters I discuss with no one, and you must ask me no more questions."

"Of course he was not to blame; he never is. You did not read his letters." He held them toward her.

"No, they were intended solely for you."

"But I am more than willing you should see what he says about the God-forsaken den of bears and wolves where he is blundering around in the dark."

"Thank you, Amos, but they would only distress me."

Watching her pale, beautiful face, the old man sighed.

"Madam, if you are not to blame for his going on this wild, godless chase, I must not feel so bitter against his young wife as I have done. Dear lad! The very last words he spoke to me that day at the gate were, 'If I never come back, do all you can for Mrs. Herriott, for my sake. Amos, I have loved her since she was ten years old.'"

There was a tap at the door, and the doctor entered. Egbert rose and drew her veil over her face, but Amos clutched her sleeve.

"Doctor, this is Mrs. Herriott, the lad's wife."

for the season, and after reading to the sick man and leaving a bunch of Jonquills near his cot, Egbert went quite late in the afternoon for his farewell walk along the beach. She coaxed the dogs unavailingly. Pilot, the collie, followed as far as the stone stile, and then deserted her. Beyond the end of the curve where silver poplars came to the water's edge, she found a white marble seat, shaped like a horseshoe, with broad arms and an arched back elaborately carved. Winter rains had rippled and drifted the d over its feet, and across one corner a bramble strayed. It was here Mr. Herriott had spent his last night at home. She brushed aside dead leaves, sat down, and plucked away the encroaching vine. Deep in her heart sang his final words to Amos—"I have loved her since she was ten years old." Living or dead, he was hers; angry and estranged, but hers—always hers.

She thought of what life might have been with him here, remembered the warm, close clasp of his hand, the lover light in his fine eyes that was a caress that first hour on the cars; and recalling the last moment, when he strained her to his breast, her fair face flushed, her sad heart thrilled. Now that beautiful "might have been" lay irrevocable as the "lost land of Lyonesse," under its transparent shroud, and haunting echoes of tender tones tolled faintly, like buried bells of Folge Fond.

The day had been sultry, but the wind rose with the full, red moon that swung now above the cliffs, a globe of burnished copper, taking on the glory of gold as it climbed higher, and from some distant belfry a vesper benediction, low and sweet, slowly drifted over the great lake. The water, glassy an hour before, thrilled and swelled in answer to the fingers of the wind, as a viol to the touch of its bow, and wavelets widened, shimmered as they ran. An eastbound schooner, all sails set, midway from shore to horizon, followed the path of light like a gigantic white moth fluttering upward to the moon. Where did her rays find Mr. Herriott tonight? Sleeping his last sleep in the wind-carved marble sepulchre of glittering *sastrugi*, with that white moon of the "Great Ice" silencing the face now so dear to his abandoned wife? Or frozen and embalmed under the lee of towering blue hummocks, in the grim shadow of looming iron-bound shores? Or dying of starvation in a lampless, rent, ruined, igloo-yah, with only Inuit corpses encircling him?





## Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as you receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. S. D. Pearl. Will you kindly send your address to Mae Brown, Clinton, Ark.?

Will any of the readers who in the long ago knew May Verheggen write to May V. Wickless, No. 1728 Second St., Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Will someone send me tried remedy for enlarged tonsils? I will give cure for moles and warts. Moistened them frequently with castor oil.

Mrs. D. W. McCULLOUGH, Marvell, R. D. 1, Ark. Mrs. Jane Wells, Palmer, R. D. 1, Kans., would like peacock in either cross-stitch or block crochet.

Clara G. Moore, Spartanburg, S. C.—You better have your little son examined for worms. I think this is his trouble. S. K.

Will Florida readers please send me information, prices, etc., about land in Florida?

Mrs. J. M. McELVEEN, Effingham, R. D. 2, S. C.

Mrs. R. J. Orris, Box 65, Millerstown, R. D. 1, Pa., living in the country, but preferring town life, would like to hear from any of the sisters. She is the mother of five little ones, two boys and three girls. She particularly requests Mrs. Amy Hart, Catharine Becker and Mrs. Emma Parish to write.

Mrs. G. wants the old poem entitled, "How Katie Knocked at Heaven's Door." Please send direct and postage will be returned if requested. She adds, if the sister who complains of a rusty boiler, will rub it thoroughly with kerosene each time after using, and then turn upside down on something so the air can pass under it the kettle will soon be free from rust.

Mrs. MINNIE I. GARRISON, Norris City, Ill.

The following is from a boy of nineteen and some brotherless girl will surely be glad to write him:

He says, will you kindly allow a lonely boy to peep into your charming circle just this once? I should call at Uncle Charlie's door but, I have all the cousins I wish for and I have brothers. What I want is a sister, I thought how delightful it would be to pretend I had a sister for even a little while, and here where there are so many it seems as if I might have one.

JAMES G. COTTON, Genoa, Nebr.

Mrs. H. Huntley asks the sisters to remember two dear old ladies who live far away in the foothills of Cal. One is nearing her ninetieth birthday and is somewhat of an invalid and the other is well along in the seventies. Letters will be gladly welcomed as they have no near neighbor and rarely get out. Their address is Mrs. E. J. Woods and Mrs. L. Jarvis, Raymond, Med. Co., Cal.

An old subscriber makes her first appearance, bringing these suggestions:

Wash an infant's head with water to which has been added a pinch of baking soda: it will prevent crust from forming. Soda just wet with water is fine for burns, too.

To rid a hen-roost of mites, saturate once or twice with kerosene and this dreaded pest will disappear.

I am forty-one years of age and a busy housekeeper. I should be pleased to receive letters at any time.

Mrs. EVA WHEELER, Memphis, R. D. 5, Mo.

A lifelong sufferer sends this appeal which should not be overlooked:

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

May I remind you that it is five years since my

**THE RESURRECTION** beautifully pictured on title page of **EASTER COMFORT** in April. Renew your subscription now 2 years for 25 cents. Price goes up in May.

letter appeared and in response you visited me.

I am still in the room in my bed by the window, and it is twenty years since I stood on my feet. Now I am sixty-two, and according to nature I cannot live many more years, but while I am here pray for me that I may be patient and at all times able to say, "Thy will not mine be done." Please visit me again with letters and reading matter which will help to pass the time. I will answer all letters containing stamps if strength permits.

Mrs. RHODA SMITH, Bear, Ark.

Miss Lillie Murdock, Sidney Center, N. Y., has not sent cards as promised on account of illness, but will do so soon.

Mrs. Annie B. Jones, Valentine, Va., an almost disheartened invalid asks for cheer, promising to answer all letters containing stamps.

Mrs. Mattie Davis, Harves, Ark., would like to hear from someone living in Boone Co., Texas.

A curly-headed girl comes with the following for flower lovers:

Let me tell you how to root roses, cape-jasmines and geraniums. Get a box about one foot deep and fill with good sand, set in a sunny place wet with water, put cuttings about three inches long in sand about one third or one

half up on cutting. Keep wet for about a month, and in this time I think you will have some nicely rooted cuttings. If not let me know.

Mrs. Wilkinson and J. A. "D. I was so glad to see your photos. I wish some could appear every month."

MISS ANNA DEARING, Waldo, R. D. 2, Miss.

E. M. Arless. For ringworm wash and apply white wood ashes from the fire, rubbing on a little frequently.

Success and long life to COMFORT and all its editors is the wish of a sister from sunny Kan. We live on a farm of six hundred and forty acres and usually are very busy. How many housewives use a small brush for cleaning milk pails and dishes? I always keep one hanging near the sink. Try putting apples and squash through your meat chopper? It is much quicker. Those having the long neck squashes may like them prepared in this way:

Cut in thin slices, dip in flour and fry in hot fat, season with pepper and salt. Write me sisters and I will come again and tell you more of this part of the country.

Mrs. W. A. OWENS, Ness City, Kans.

From Mrs. S.'s letter I clip a portion: I've been married nearly fourteen years and have five children, two boys and three girls. I find them lots of help and company. We live in the good old state of Pennsylvania. I think each one is apt to think their own state the best. I have lived here all my life and would not care to live anywhere else.

A real remedy for earache is onion juice. Fry the onion a little, put in a cloth and let the juice drip in the ear.

I would love to receive letters or cards from any of the sisters and I would return all I could.

Mrs. EDITH STANTON, Clark's Summit, R. D. 1, Pa.

A new sister of one hundred and twenty pounds, having brown hair, blue eyes, five feet tall, and nineteen years of age, comes next.

I have been married two years, but have no children, though I love them dearly. It seems to me a mother by patient and intelligent living could mould the character of her child into that of an ideal man or woman. What a pure, sweet, innocent thing a young baby is! I often wonder if the home is happier before these little darlings enter it, or is the happiness doubled by their presence? Do they strengthen the husband's and wife's love for each other? How pleasant and interesting it could be, if all the sisters would write expressing their opinion upon this subject.

I would be grateful if someone would tell me how to have beautiful house pants. Mine never grow to be very large, and then they die.

Mrs. ELSIE DAY, Millgrove, Mo.

A Southerner asks why more of this band



TOP FOR SOFA PILLOW OR TIDY.  
Sent in by Mrs. Bessie De Vault.

living in the South do not write and continues, saying:

I am a great flower lover, have a beautiful pink which begins blooming in June and is very sweet, perhaps it is the kind Mrs. Stowe was inquiring for, if so write and I will send some.

Miss Alexander. I have beautiful pansies but they were not as varied in color as yours.

I do all kinds of fancy work and would gladly exchange samples with anyone. How many crocheters use a piece of court plaster to prevent scratching the forefinger?

My husband is a music teacher; we have had five happy years together and are blessed with one little daughter. My parents live within seven miles of us and my mother-in-law so near she can hear if I call from our yard. I sympathize with everyone who is far away from dear ones.

All white wool garments can be beautifully cleansed by washing with flour, just as one would use soap and water. Articles will look like new. If very dirty add to the flour part of a cake of any good white soap, very finely shaved.

Mrs. HETTIE BEARD, Nome, Miss.

Kindness and a desire to be helpful prompted the following offer, taken from an interesting letter:

It is several years since I have had the pleasure of reading these columns regularly. I always did until my time was so fully occupied by taking up a course in shorthand and typewriting, which, of course, compelled me to leave the dear home "down on the farm." After a few years' success in my chosen line of work, a pair of bonny brown eyes, black curly hair, and five feet eleven inches of manhood changed my course in life. That was two years ago, and now as I write this, a little curly-haired boy who seldom cries, is crawling at my feet, and trying, oh, so hard to talk and walk!

Happily married, a loving husband and child, I find leisure to write and have had several stories and poems accepted. My greatest aim and desire now is to correspond with some of the young people who contemplate earning their own living, either as stenographers or with the pen, as I am sure a great many readers of COMFORT would appreciate a word of advice gratis from one who

"started at the foot of the ladder" and who has not as yet found a stumbling block too great to be surmounted by determined effort and established purpose. I trust I may be of use to some of COMFORT's admirers.

Mrs. EUNICE WEBER, 4411 9th Pennsylvania Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Vera Cooks. Your long letter was good, but I am compelled to condense somewhat. I am sure all will agree with your sentiments and much good would result from practicing them.

How often are we deterred from acting freely for fear of criticism or public opinion, and how apt we are to express our thoughts when we know little or nothing of the circumstances.

This is a subject on which I have thought long and vigorously. If our chance of Heaven was based on what others thought of us, few of us would ever get there.

See where the prizes went;  
See where the money's spent;  
See the big checks we sent  
To the prize-winners.  
(See Page 30.)

If we would only stop and think seriously of how little we really know of others' affairs, we would say nothing, as in the following case. Two gentlemen were walking along the street, one attired as befits a man of wealth, the other shabby and pale of face. An observer remarked, I cannot see why Mr. A. associates with that fellow, they are so often together. Yes, I replied, and why not, Mr. B. though poor, is honest and also brave, perhaps you do not know that years ago he saved Dolly A. from immediate death, by clinging to the bits of a runaway, thus receiving injuries which have ruined his life. The man of the remark was silent, as we would often be if we but knew the whole story.

There is but one God and we are one people. I believe in brotherly love and Christian charity. If we can live keeping our conscience clear, we can be absolutely fearless of the results or what may be said. So let us all re- judge not, but scatter love, kindness and sunshine.

I hope the sisters will extend a welcome to me by sending me a few lines.

Mrs. VERA COOKS, Laredo, Mo.

GOOD MORNING SISTERS:

I have come in to chat a while. We live four miles northwest of Waynesboro, which is a thriving little town of about two thousand inhabitants, there is talk of two new railroads going through here.

I would like to hear from some of the Western and Northern sisters, as Texas is my native state. This is a nice country to live in, but I like the West better, on account of my health I have to say here. I suffer with asthma and do not know what a good night's sleep is. I am

autumn and a farewell to sweet fragrant fruition. The leaves so fresh and green in early June are falling and in saddened tones are speaking that harvest time is near.

Mrs. SUSIE HANNA, Martinsville, Wacogdoches Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just received the jubilee number of dear old COMFORT. Isn't it grand! How can we thank the dear editor and publisher for their unceasing efforts to give us the best magazine published, in which they have succeeded beyond our greatest expectations. We ought to show our appreciation by getting them long lists of subscribers. I am going to try and get everyone I know to subscribe. I came here nearly two years ago from Quincy, Fla., from which place my last letter was written. I long to get back to the dear land of flowers. I guess you will wonder why we left a place I praised so highly, but the truth is we were forced to leave because the man that owned the place we lived on sold it and there was not a vacant house in the town we could rent and real estate was so high we were not able to buy and build and as our only living child lived in Mobile we came here and bought, thinking we would be satisfied, but dear old Florida will always seem like home to me. But to return to COMFORT, I so much enjoyed the good things it contained and also enjoyed seeing so many of the sisters' and cousins' pictures, especially J. A. D. It saddened my heart when I read Mr. Gannett's description of dear Uncle Charlie, whom we have all learned to love so well, who would ever have imagined him to be a shut-in. Now let us all try to help him in his great work he is doing by trying to get every subscriber to join the League of Cousins so he can have the pleasure of distributing lots and lots of wheel chairs. Let's get to work and give him the needed twenty thousand to make the fifty thousand he had set his heart on. I so enjoyed Uncle Charlie's description of COMFORT and its publisher, he and his entire family are all so nice looking and their home is certainly lovely, but for all of Uncle Charlie's praise of Maine it cannot compete with our Sunny Southland where the birds and flowers abound all the winter to gladden our hearts.

If any of the sisters have the June and December numbers of COMFORT for 1907 and January number for 1908 and will send them to Mrs. S. S. Wilkerson, No. 465 South Conception St., Mobile, Ala., she will appreciate it. With best wishes for COMFORT, its editor and publisher and all its readers, your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. A. A. RANDALL, Whistler, Ala.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if in this wide circle of friends there are any who know me under my pen name of "Jasmine"; if so I shall be glad I am taking the time to reach out my hands in greeting to you all. The years have been long and "many a summer the grass has grown green our faces between," since I wandered through the columns of this paper, and oh! the changes, the thorns and the roses, the tempests and sunshine, I've known as the waves of time beat about me!

For some six years I have been with and writing to the sick and sorrowing; owing to ill health I was compelled to shut it out the past year and went down to the beautiful "Valley of Evangeline" early in the "month of roses," for a complete change and rest. You no doubt know—have read at least how the "fire fiend" swept over our lovely little city of Chelsea last March and left it wide and desolate, like a tree in winter waving its empty arms in the breeze under the pitiful skies. Such sights and such sounds! The wild roar of living flame, the black smoke curling up, crash of falling buildings, sobbing women—and little ones, all mixed in one great anguish of soul has left a memory in my heart that will linger until I die, for though my little home was spared I was out in it all, helping what little I could and fearing the worst as the horrible flames came nearer and nearer, from dawn until dusk, and until ten that night I was in the heart of it all.

You can guess what a heaven it was to see instead of blackened ruins, the green beauty of wildwood and meadow! I have heard that God smiled when he created California but I am sure he did when he finished making that beautiful picturesque country, for never have I seen such sun-kissed valleys and blue mountains smiling in the golden sunshine; such wide fields of grain swaying in the scented breezes; such orchards, miles and miles in length and such wide expanse of silken tasseled corn like an emerald forest stretching over acres and acres and dotted here and there with yellow squash and pumpkin. And the forests—fir, hemlock, spruce, hactmatack and pine—tossing their plumed heads under the tender skies and filling the air with spicy, pungent odors. Such mountains in all their rugged glory, as I have climbed up and up until the valley shimmering and shining like a broad ribbon lay before me dotted with villages and farms as far as the eye could reach.

I have seen the sun set over the mountain's rim in one gorgeous mass of scarlet and gold splendor paling into soft cool tones of exquisite beauty no pen could express. I have seen the same sun dip almost down into the green sea and held my breath in ecstasy at the rare, rare picture. I have seen the "storm king" in all its terrible majesty sweep over the mountain crest and against the dusky clouds a rainbow bend its roseate, pansy-hearted purple arch. And I have seen the moonlight on the hilltops and the spire of a little church set against the mountain's base while the soft and entrancing notes of an organ floated out on the still air. Such moonlight and such starlight, with roses dew-wet and such sighing pines as one dreams of and reads about but seldom looks upon.

The length of my letter has made up for the years of absence and I will now wish you all that life holds sweet and dear and close for the present. I am with you to remain now and at some future day will come again if I can steal the time and you give me welcome.

Yours in friendship and love,  
ANGIE L. FAIRCHILD, 47 Orange St., Chelsea, Mass.

For Mrs. Abbie Grant and others:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Your letter appeals so much to me I must write a little. I am not a sister but I am a mother with a heart full of sympathy for every sad and longing soul on earth. I have been through a little hell myself to speak strongly, and I have learned sorrow by heart. I have also known the joy of getting acquainted with Jesus, and felt the sweetness of His peace and communion. My friend, I understand the longing of your soul for a closer walk and touch with God. I have been there. I have struggled along in the dark and prayed for years and years for light and wisdom. Don't give up. Pray on. God's ear is

**A CHARMING EASTER ROMANCE and Easter Music in April COMFORT. 25 cents paid now renews or extends your subscription two full years from date of expiration. New subscribers now have to pay 30 cents for one year. After May they will have to pay 25 cents for one year of COMFORT.**

not deaf nor His arm shortened that He can't hear nor reach you. His love that saved me from sin and death can save you. Remember faith is the direct gift of God. It is not something springing up within us. It is given by our Father in answer to prayer. If you are not in as close touch with God as you desire, remember He said: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

This has been worth more to me than any other promise and "God is not slack concerning his promises." They "shall be filled." See how positive He makes it. "Who hunger and thirst." See the condition you must get in before you are filled. Study your own heart. What is in it? Is it a true, hungering for righteousness, or is it merely a simple longing for your loved one you miss so much?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



# A Fateful Wedding Eve

## or, The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Moonlight everywhere, and Aunt Hope Hastings declares it's bright as day and there is no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village and she asks Carlyn if she's afraid. She is not, but takes Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely. Fifteen minutes pass and Carlyn not in sight, Aunt Hope calls again and again. She is startled by Jack Devere, who tells her that King Carl is off the coast and there is a chance to make a cool thousand if they catch him at his old trade. Carlyn, heedless of her danger, goes on her errand. A tall powerful man places his hand on her shoulder, asking, "In the name of heaven, who are you, girl?" In an instant Duke is at his throat. Carlyn hears the muttered oath and springs to defend Duke when she catches the stroke of the keen blade. She begs to be carried to Aunt Hope and swoons, and the man mutters, "What have I done?" He takes her to the cavern of the cliff. "This once, if never again can I hold you to my heart. I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips and before God and my lonely heart call you my own."

Dame Trotter throws open her parlor to Captain Jack Devere. Pat Burns declares he sees King Carl carrying off Carlyn Durham. If harm comes to the girl, neither God nor man shall save Burns from Devere's vengeance. Aunt Hope wonders how he came to claim his child? Captain Devere offers four thousand dollars for the captor of Carlyn Durham alive or dead. He springs forward—loses his footing, the earth opens beneath him, and he falls down. Regaining consciousness he finds himself the center of a group of men. He hears Pat Burns' voice. A keen dirk is raised. A strange spasm of pain darkens King Carl's countenance, and he orders Dallas to take the prisoner into the inner cavern. His life is the forfeit of their laws. Jack appeals in the name of God and man that their law may reach the villain who has Carlyn Durham in his power. Jack Dallas enters. The men swear Devere shall never leave the place alive. King Carl has reason to hate the name of Devere, and he exacts an oath from his prisoner that he will never reveal aught he sees or hears, and he seals his oath with Carlyn Durham's loving heart, so may heaven deal with Carlyn Durham's loving heart.

Carlyn regains consciousness. The old hermit bids her sleep and a bearded man bends over and kisses her with the purity of a father's farewell.

Squire Devere calls for his niece, Hortense, he hears from Jack. He has a fall and is at Dame Trotter's delicious from his sickness. Hortense goes to him, and falling on her knees prays for his life. Jack's lips move and he whispers, "Poor little Carlyn. Is she safe?"

Aunt Hope tells Carlyn of the curse upon the hut of Jonas Devere, and his warning himself in with the Durhams. She means the Durhams, of Mrs. Dunham being timid when he was near, and Master Carroll's dislike for him, and of Mrs. Dunham too old and feeble to be left alone. Aunt Hope, as a young girl goes to Oakdale to be company for the aged woman. She questions Mrs. Dunham what are in the great boxes, and she begs her not to ask—they are her husband's. Time goes on, and the woman is slowly dying and looking for a sail that never comes. She whispers a word in Aunt Hope's ear, and she knows where the strange foreign things come from. Master Carroll brings his father to his dying wife. The end comes. Aunt Hope goes to the man's call. It is not in his power to render the last sad rites. Devere awaits him in the hut on the cliff and the pirate goes out to his death. Dying he prays the hut may stand in the face of winds and wave until the vengeance of God and man falls on the villain who betrays him.

Carlyn's heart follows Jack Devere. If she could but see him. Aunt Hope advises Carlyn to take a run over the hills. She enters the churchyard and stands beside a moss-stained headstone and reads the inscription:

CARLYN  
Beloved wife of Carroll Durham  
Aged 20 yrs.

Carlyn knows a strange mystery shrouds her father's fate. Unconscious of any observer she starts as she hears the old hermit's voice and he begs her to tell him her grief. He knew her mother—he loved her—for her sake he is her friend, and she promises to call on him if she needs aid. Carlyn goes on her way. She meets Abram Hemperly, the deacon's son. He grieves her more than she can tell—he cannot be his wife. Someone else takes the loaf when he only asks for the crumbs. Jack knows his uncle's disappointment—the failure to capture the pirate. How can Hortense tell Jack of his uncle's plans—their marriage. Jack admits the reverence in which he holds Carlyn Durham, and Hortense catches a glimpse of Jack Devere's soul.

### CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

"A"ND Hortense, dear Hortense, Carlyn is the angel to guide me right! I felt it as a boy—I feel it as a man. I might marry for wealth or position, but the only thing to make the right sort of a man of me is a marriage for love. And, and I have been thinking, Hortense, that you're just the person to help me along.

"Help you! How can I help you, Jack?" "Poor little Carlyn," he went on, "she is so timid, so helpless, so friendless, if you could be her friend, Hortense! She is afraid of me, as yet, but she would trust you, she would learn to love you and think of you as—as my sister, and—"

"Enough!" said Hortense, in a strange, husky voice, as she rose from her seat at his feet. "I promise, Jack. I will help you all in my power. I will be her friend and yours—your sister. I must go—go to uncle. He needs me, you will not see me any more tonight. I am tired and want rest," and tearing her hand away from his affectionate clasp, she fled hastily from the room. Another word, another breath, and her impulsive heart would have betrayed all his secret—she would have stood before Jack Devere, shamed by the confession of an unsought, unrequited love.

She had escaped, she scarce knew how, from the darkened room, and stood without, in the kindly darkness, panting and trembling with the emotion she had so bravely repressed.

He did not love her—nay, he loved another; and she had promised to help him to a happiness that must bring her despair. She tried to be strong, proud, womanly; but for the moment, thought and reason alike failed her.

She wandered up and down the terraced walks, as if in weariness she hoped to find peace and rest. In the darkness and solitude she battled with herself and came forth victorious from that night's struggle. A sudden sound aroused her. She looked up hastily.

The terraced walks, extending to the brow of the hill, were terminated abruptly by a mighty rock, which every effort made by the skillful gardeners had failed to dislodge from its foundations. Hence, as it had not been possible to remove the obstruction it had been decked with vines until it seemed a fitting shelter to the little spring that sparkled from the broken urn of a marble nymph at its base.

Hortense had reached this fountain, when, startled into sudden consciousness, she looked up and saw a strange figure standing upon the bare summit of the Dryad's Rock.

It was an old man, whose stature, in the changing, misty atmosphere, seemed almost gigantic. Long silvery hair fell about his still unbowed shoulders. He might have passed for some hoary prophet, gazing with far-seeing eyes upon the desolation to come.

"Who is it comes?" he asked, in a quick, low voice, as Hortense appeared. "I did not know that youth and loveliness could flourish in so cursed a spot as this. Girl, if you love life, begone! The very ground on which you tread is accursed! It is rotten with crime, and perjury and blood. Begone from Devere Manor!"

The momentary shudder that passed through the girl's frame was over. She remembered having heard of this man from good Dame Trotter. It was the wild fanatic who called himself the hermit of the cliff.

Her uncle's rules were stringent upon trespassing, and it would be only kind to give the old man a hint, ere someone resented his intrusion more rudely.

"I am Monsieur Devere's niece," she said, quietly, "and these are private grounds."

"His niece!" interrupted the stranger, "his niece! Listen then. It is meet that, since his blood flows in your veins, your lips shall take him a warning. I thought to be less merciful—I thought to let his doom come on him unaware—but even as the wicked city of old could have been saved, if one innocent life could have been found within its walls, so Devere Manor, for the sake of the young hearts within, shall not be destroyed without a sign. Girl, go to your uncle. Say to Jonas Devere the vengeance that has been gathering and growing for fifteen years is ripe at last. The bloody seed scattered on yonder cliff has fructified a hundred-fold. The witness of the dead awaits him—the hour has come! Neither his gold nor his power, the gold that is rusted with blood of the dying, the power that he perjured his soul to win and hold, can save him from vengeance! The storm that now is gathering its forces, and will burst in less than an hour over land and sea, will scarcely be swifter in its sweep—cannot be as deadly in its destruction—as the doom whose shadow already darkens Devere Manor."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE HAND OF FATE.

"But I say that it shall be! I say that I will hear of no nosing. What did I bring Hortense to Devere Manor, if not to marry you? What for did I have her taught all sings, music and singing, de dance and de play? What did I tell her that she would have nosing, nosing



"LOVE," SHE ECHOED IN BEWILDERMENT. "I—I LOVE ANOTHER?"

from me, but that she might get all sings from you? What for, eh? What for did I bring you up that I should defy your will, that you should mock me?"

And old Jonas Devere fell back in his chair, from which his rage had given him strength to rise, and sat glaring at his nephew, like some hideous corpse galvanized by its own evil passions into some semblance to life.

"My dear uncle," said Jack, manfully, "I don't deny my obligations to you; but this is a matter that concerns me alone, in which I can allow no one to dictate to me. As for Hortense, she is like a sister to me. My wife! Why, the idea is preposterous!"

"Preposterous, eh?" stammered the old man, wrathfully. "I say you are to make Hortense your wife—your wife! You understand? I say so."

"And I say," replied Jack, with kindling eyes, "that on such a subject I will brook no interference. You forget, sir, that I am no longer a boy."

"Listen to me," said old Devere, striving to control his rage, so as to speak emphatically. "You are not a boy, you say. Well, verra well; I speak to you as a man—as a man who can comprehend that words are not mere wind—that they have meaning, life, death. Poverty and riches can come from men's words. Eh, you understand that? Call Hortense, the bell-ropes is near you."

"For God's sake do not outrage the sisterly affection my cousin bears me, by driving her into such an interview as this!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"Call Hortense, I say!" repeated the old man, "Am I to be defied in my my own house? Call Hortense, or must I call her myself?"

"I will ring the bell, if you wish, sir," replied the young man, "but I will not insult my cousin by remaining in the room during the discussion of a subject that I know will be repugnant to her. Hortense knows that I love another."

"Ah!" the old man's manner suddenly changed, the dull, bearded eyes twinkling with low cunning. "Ah, you love another? That's a different thing

altogether. A lover should be faithful, a lover should be true, and a lover should be unchangeable in all things. Who is this other, Jack? Nay, you need not fear to tell me, I speak in your interest. I want to live to see your little ones playing around my knees. You have been gay—fast perhaps, I thought you had no desire to marry. I pick a charming wife; you will not have her. Ah, well, pick a wife for yourself."

"I scarcely understand you, sir," replied the young man, hesitatingly. "Do you mean that it is your wish only to see me married—that my choice is a matter of indifference to you?"

"Not indifference!" was the wily answer, "but I was incensed because I thought you would not obey me, that you did not intend to ever settle down. Who is she, the lady that you have so honored by your choice, who is she—that Devere Manor may be prepared to give her a proper welcome?"

"You are laughing at me, sir," said Jack, "but I shall treat the matter seriously. With your consent I shall woo, and with heaven's help, win, the girl that I have loved since childhood. She is the one woman in the world for me. I would settle down, uncle, as you would wish, with Carlyn Durham for my wife."

A violent fit of coughing seemed to seize old Jonas Devere. Wheezing, choking, his warped frame shaking in every limb, he was drawn nearly double in his chair by a momentary convulsion.

"Well, verra well!" gulped the old man, as he slowly regained his breath. "I have nosing to say; you understand, nosing! I choose your wife you would not have her. You choose a wife for self, eh! I know not this Carlyn Durham, but woo her, win her, I have nosing to say."

The handsome face of the young man lighted up with pleasure and hope, as he clasped the yellow fingers of the hand extended to him.

"You are very good to me, better than I deserve, but I will strive to show you that Jack Devere knows how to be grateful. Now that I can go to Carlyn with your approval, my hope

intrude upon your domestic duties. If you can give my cousin a seat for a few moments, he is far from strong, as yet and he must rest often, and keep on with your ironing, we will not disturb you in the least."

"There's no hurry," said Aunt Hope, grimly, "I suppose you have some business with me or you would not have come."

"It is not my first visit, Miss Hope," said Jack, with characteristic boldness, "I am afraid I owe you an apology for my rudeness the other night, but I was so troubled at Carlyn's—Miss Durham's absence that I did not pause to choose my words."

"I never quarrel with folks for doing what I always do myself, I alius say what I mean, and nothin' more."

"An excellent principle," said Hortense, "but a little sociability is good for all of us. That pretty little niece of yours must be lonely. Why not let her run over to Devere Manor sometime and keep me from getting so tired of my own company?"

"She can't go, her head is not too stiddy on her shoulders now, an' she's got to stay to hum till she's settled."

"Settled!" ejaculated Jack, quite unable to repress his feelings, "settled! Is she—is she thinking of marriage already?"

"Ef she ain't thinking of it, there's others that is," she answered, evasively, "I have as good as promised her to one that will make it rather rough for them that stops him."

A new light sparkled in Hortense's eyes. Aunt Hope's stern fiat was like the whisper of returning hope.

Alas for Aunt Hope's mistaken wisdom, she had stung love into the wild, defiant madness of unsparring jealousy! For Jack Devere, gazing moodily over the sunlit sea, swore that Carlyn Durham should be his, in spite of aunt, in spite of lover, nay, in spite, if need be, her own timid heart.

He would compromise no longer, he would not stoop to parley with this grim guardian of his happiness, he would be master of his own fate.

"Come Hortense," he said abruptly breaking in on the conversation that Hortense had skillfully turned from the delicate subject of Carlyn's prospects into the housewifely current, on which Aunt Hope could spread full sail, "if you have settled about the wine, it is time that we were going, the ponies are getting restless."

"Good by, Miss Hastings," said Hortense, laughing. "Cousin Jack and his ponies are equally impatient. Do not be too strict with little Carlyn, let her come up to see me sometimes, I will take care of her, I promise you. I am sorry that she was not home, as I would like to ask her myself."

Aunt Hope did not tell the cordial girl that Carlyn had fled to the cliff when she had seen them coming. Hidden in the leafy covert of a stunted pine tree, she buried her rosy face in her little hands, and strove to think. She understood Aunt Hope's half-expressed wishes well, she knew that all her influence and authority would be exerted to forward her marriage with Abram Hemperly. Poor Abram! He rose before her delicate fancy like the huge hairy dragons of old before the eyes of the hapless maidens condemned to their prey.

His broad, honest face, his staring eyes, his tallowy locks, that only the most strenuous care could restrain within the limits of neatness and propriety! How she shuddered at the thought of a bond that would drag her out forever from her beloved dreamland, and link her to such an uncongenial companion, in a loveless home.

But what hope had she of a brighter lot? He—even in her thoughts Carlyn dared not give a name to the idol that was ever present to them—was not dreaming of her. She had heard the village gossip, how Jack's cousin had nursed him back to life and how he intended to wed her very soon. Her vivid imagination pictured the relentless future before her. He would marry his beautiful cousin. And she? She would go her hard, cold, loveless way, stung into silence by Aunt Hope's biting words and stern reproaches, until—

Would she be desperate enough to marry Abram Hemperly? At least he loved her. He would be devoted and tender in his own rude way. She might learn to—oh, no, no, a thousand times, no,—she could never learn to love him.

Great sobs were rising in her throat but she choked them back bravely. She must learn to be a woman, she must be brave! If she had but one kind eye to look upon her in sympathy. If she had father, mother, brother or sister—

"Carlyn!"—was that low, deep voice, tremulous with feeling, only a mockery of her woe?—"Carlyn, my own little love, look up at me! Nay, nay, you shall not fly from me! I will be heard!"

The little hands were drawn gently but relentlessly from the glowing cheeks, and had in the clasp of fingers at once strong and tender, the tearful, blushing face was lifted to meet the dark, flashing eyes that seemed to read its secret at a glance.

Carlyn stood like one frightened at her sudden happiness, before the idol of her worship, Jack Devere himself, pale, eager, but earnest, was at her side.

"You must stay, you must hear me!" he repeated. "I must know the truth from your own lips. Carlyn, what is this I heard about your marriage—your marriage to some country clodhopper? Nay, nay, forgive me. I speak rashly, madly, but it seemed to me so impossible, so cruel, so—oh, my darling, my own little wood-blossom, say that there is no truth in your aunt's words? You do not—you cannot love another?"

"Love!" she echoed in bewilderment. "I—I love another?"

"I knew that she lied!" exclaimed Jack, triumphantly. "She would bind you, if she could, but she cannot, she dare not! By heaven, my love would sweep a thousand boorish suitors from your path. I would claim you from the marriage altar, although the yows were on your lips. I would—but you are trembling like a leaf. Am I so terrible to you? Surely you do not fear me, Carlyn?"

"You must leave me," she faltered. "I must not listen to you. It is not right for you or me!" "Not right?" he echoed, indignantly. "I come to you with the purest, holiest love man ever gave to woman; I come to you with the knowledge and consent of those who are nearest and dearest to me, and ask you to be my wife. I come to you with a devotion that implanted in our childhood, has grown with my strength until life has but one purpose, but one aim, one hope—that of making you my own! Oh, Carlyn, Carlyn, have you never guessed how much I loved you? They will tell you harsh things about me, they will warn you that I am trifling with you. Ah, perhaps, they have already poisoned your mind against me, and you have lost all affection, all kind memories of the reckless Jack of old. Have they taught you to hate me, Carlyn?"

"Oh, no, no," she whispered; "not to hate you." "But to fear me! Is it so, darling? Tell me, though it will be a bitter thing to hear from your lips."

"I can believe no evil about you," she answered. "But I heard that you were to marry your beautiful cousin."

"Hortense, my wife! Carlyn, you must be dreaming. She is a dear sister but I never thought of her as a wife. I want you, and only you, Carlyn, say 'yes,' darling."

"But Aunt Hope!" faltered Carlyn, "she would like me to fancy Abram. What shall I say to Aunt Hope?"

"Oh, you will have to circumvent her, my pet, for she is equal to anything that is disagreeable to keep us apart. Do you understand me, darling?"

"I—I don't think I do, Jack," she whispered, reluctantly.

"Well, you must say nothing to your aunt

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT EASTER? April COMFORT tells us all about it and has a beautiful new full page picture of the RESURRECTION and a lovely Easter romance and Easter Music. Don't let your subscription DIE because it will cost you double the price to RESURRECT it. 25 cents paid now will keep it alive two years more.





## LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.

To be kind to dumb animals.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

WELL, here's March. We are making a big hole in the New Year, with one quarter of it nearly gone already. Old man winter is packing up his trunk and is preparing to skidoo to the North Pole. Billy the Goat has been eating two spring mattresses. I am preparing to write a spring poem for publication in our April issue. I hope you are all feeling happy and good, and that pneumonia and grip germs have not taken up a permanent residence in your midst. The C. L. O. C. is booming and doing finely, but I should like to see a Comfort Sunshine Club in every village and town in the land. Several have been formed and are doing great work. These clubs can be made to have a very delightful social side. You could meet for business, and after business was transacted you could devote the rest of the time to recreation and pleasure. You will find plenty of people willing to join you in this work, if you will only start the ball rolling.

We have a waiting list for invalid chairs a yard long, and that shows what a terrible need there is for these indispensable articles. Every invalid who wants a wheel chair must send references. A letter from a physician and the local postmaster are absolutely necessary. I am glad to inform you that over one hundred dollars was contributed by our readers for the aid of Delia Simpson, for whom I made an appeal some months ago. That ought to convince you that this organization is doing some pretty good work.

So many of you seem to be in a terrible quandary as to how to reach me by letter. Again I must beg you all in writing me to address your letters to Uncle Charlie, Care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Some of you know where my chicken coop is located and persist in sending your subscriptions there instead of in care of COMFORT, with result that it costs me a lot of trouble and postage to forward them to Augusta, Maine, where they all have to go. I am pen pushing for the best magazine in the world, its name is COMFORT, its address, Augusta, Maine, and that ought to satisfy you, as any letter addressed to me in care of COMFORT will mighty soon find me.

This is my first opportunity to thank those who contributed so gloriously to my Christmas. It was the best Christmas I ever had, so different from seven terrible consecutive Christmases I once spent in hospitals. To all those good souls who got up clubs, and also those who purchased Uncle Charlie's Poems, I wish to extend my warmest thanks, and heart-felt gratitude. Some three hundred of you obtained this premium during the holiday season. The result was 1,500 members were added to our family and I had a glorious time on the 25th of December and we stuffed ourselves with real turkey and real plum pudding. If you had seen Billy the Goat eating the turkey feathers for dessert you would have been simply tickled to death.

Those who didn't get their books by Christmas must not blame me. The mail bags were piled mountains high in the COMFORT office, and the overworked staff was a week behind with its routine work. The same opportunity to get this beautiful premium book is still open. Mrs. Whitney of Colusa, Cal., writes: "I greatly enjoyed your book. We could not think of buying such an elegant book in this state for less than a dollar." Remember one hundred and sixty-eight pages of roaring fun, beautifully printed on elegant paper, superbly bound with silk ribbed cloth, the best that money can buy, for only five yearly subscriptions to COMFORT. The best book of funny verse in the world, and sixty great glorious numbers of COMFORT, and all for one little dollar, the greatest bargain ever offered in the world. All subscriptions for the book will count in the prize contests.

If you want your name in our correspondence list, you must write it on a separate piece of paper, and give your age. Never write to a person who does not give some kind of age. You might be writing to an infant or to Pharaoh's grandmother. We print a correspondence list of several hundred names, and send a copy out with the card and button to each new member on joining. The C. L. O. C.'s old members can have these lists, by sending a stamped addressed envelope.

I want all the members of COMFORT's great family to join the C. L. O. C. This League is not for young folks only, it is for all of you. Never consider yourself too old to join in any work that is good. Keep the child's spirit in your heart no matter what your age is. I am a bigger child today than I was when I brought Christopher Columbus to these shores in 1492. Toby says it was 1492. He is great on dates, but I don't give a fig for dates. Anyway, join the League, do good, and let's have lots of fun while we are doing it. That is the vital part of my religion. It is the practical part of any religion worth while. You believe in it; then just practice it. A magnificent grand upright piano, mahogany case, superb tone, practically new, has been placed at my disposal for sale for the benefit of a bedridden shut-in. Those who want a dazling bargain write me at once.

Now for the letters.

LONG BOTTOM, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND ALL OF THE COUSINS: I wrote one letter some time ago but did not see it in print and am going to try it again. I am fourteen years old, five feet nine inches tall, weigh one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Do any of the cousins at that age weigh that much? I live in the beautiful little town of Long Bottom, on the banks of the beautiful Ohio river. I live just a few steps from the schoolhouse. I go to school and am in the highest grade we have. I am taking music lessons on the organ of the U. S. School of Music, and it keeps me busy practicing and studying. Will not write much for fear it reaches the same fate that my other letter did. Wishing Uncle Charlie and all the cousins good cheer, I will close. Your loving cousin, GOLDIE LAWRENCE. (No. 22,188.)

Goldie, I am delighted to hear from you, and must congratulate you on your height and weight. If you keep on at the rate you are going, you will certainly be some on the girl line. I don't think I would dare to ask you to visit my chicken coop, unless you could unscrew yourself in the middle, and crawl through the door in sections. I think I should put my feet in my pocket, if you lived in the house with me. I should not care to have you put your one hundred and ninety-eight pounds on one of my toes. I have a niece, a real sure one, who is about

ten pounds lighter than you. You can hear the sidewalk creaking when she comes within two miles of the house. When she visits me I always make her sit on the floor. We have only one chair, and I am not going to run any risks with it. I am quite startled, Goldie, by a statement which appears in your letter. You say you are kept busy practicing and "studying" music. I should like to see you, Goldie, filled with inspiration, desperation and perspiration, with a frenzy rolling in your beautiful eyes, "studying" music. A good many things have been done to music, a good many dreadful things I might say, but this is the first time I ever heard of a young lady being guilty of the awful crime of "studying" music. I have seen a plasterer putting studs on a wall, and nailing laths to them, but I have never seen anyone nailing studs to music. I have often had an idea that it would be a good thing, if we could nail a few studs on to some of the songs that the cousins send me, songs which they have paid some music printer (not publisher) to produce for them. Maybe that is what you are doing Goldie, when you tell us that you are "studying" music. When Billy the Goat gives forth some of his beautiful music, I should love to have you come and do some "studying" on it. If you could drive a few nails into some of Billy's vocal effusions I should be very grateful. Goldie, you must write and tell us how you perform your remarkable and unheard-of operation of "studying" music.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I live in the country with father and mother; they are getting older; past their sixtieth birthday. I like the country, where so many wild flowers grow and the birds sing so sweetly, but I can't see much of this world for I am "shut in." When I was small I enjoyed my life as well as any child, but as I grew older, the dark clouds began to settle around me. While only a child there were great pains in my body, which the doctors called rheumatism. They grew worse day after day, until I could not go out. In Dec. 1903, I began to use crutches, and for three long years I used them. I thought it was bad enough to have to use crutches all the time, but in Dec. 1906, I got worse and could not even go on crutches. So since Dec. 1906, I have been confined to a wheel chair. Not being able to buy a chair, a good woman loaned me the chair her husband used before his death. Oh! I was so very, very glad to get the chair. I was twenty-one years of age the 13th of Aug. 1908. Dear cousins, do you have any idea how dark and dreary your life would be if you were a "shut-in" at the age of twenty-one? I can tell you, for I know by my own life. Oh! I do get so lonely sitting here day after day and suffering so much. I have to take medicine to ease my pains so I can rest, and it costs so much. I suffer so much more in cold weather. Please spare a little of your lovely time, I will let you all hear from me if you will inclose stamps. Hoping that I will not be forgotten I am your shut-in cousin, T. H. PARRISH.

Here is a chance for you all to help a worthy shut-in, and I am sure you will all do the best you can for me. It is a sad case to see the aged sick and unable to get about, but it is terribly hard to be cut down in one's youth, and I'd to a wheel chair for life. You bet I know that. I wish the medical profession could discover something that would cure this fiendish rheumatism. About seventy per cent. of our shut-ins are rheumatists. I don't know, but it strikes me that a great deal of rheumatism is brought on by carelessness. People sit around in damp clothes, come into the house with their feet all wet, and let the wet shoes dry on their feet, instead of changing them. Let me warn you of you who are free from rheumatism, to do all you can to avoid it. Medical science is now all directed towards preventing disease instead of curing it. Prevention is better than cure, and far easier. Help Brother Parrish, and make his life as comfortable as you can. Send him bread, not tracts. You look after his body, he will take care of his soul. Tracts are cheaper than bread, and that is why some of our religious friends are so liberal with them. Christ said that man could not live by bread alone, and he had known some of the people who could not live by tracts alone. A good many of the shut-ins have complained bitterly of this tract deluge. I will wager the people who send them have their stomachs well lined. If anybody handed them a tract instead of a meal, there would be war all right. Christ fed the multitude before he preached to them, you do the same. If you hand out food for the soul with one hand, hand out food for the body with the other. Even when you have your head in the skies, it's best to keep your feet on the earth. One word at a time. Shut-ins will get to heaven in good time, you don't need to push them there with tract diet.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, am five feet three and one inch tall and weigh one hundred and fourteen pounds, am fifteen years old. I like COMFORT fine, and I certainly enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your answers. I am a little country girl, living one mile from the little town of Center Point. I have a sister named Lesta, but say uncle, I enjoy country life better than I do city life. I can sweep, wash the dishes, iron, and milk the cows. Say uncle, do you ever milk? You must come to see me and we will go fishing. Do you like to go fishing? I go when I can catch lots of fish. I would like to get paid from all the cousins, I will answer the same. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am your niece and cousin, VIRGINIA HOBBS.

Let me compliment you, Virgie on your writing. It is beautiful. I have always wondered where Center Point was, I did not know that it was in Arkansas. When Billy the Goat puts tacks in my chair, I am inclined to think that center point is half way between my head and my toes. Country life is far better than city life. I know a country girl who came to New York two years ago. For the first year she went regularly to church and Sunday school, just as she did when at home, but the city taint has got in its demoralizing work, and now she stays home on Sunday, sews, or reads, or goes off on pleasure jaunts, and the church knows her no more. No one cares what you do in the city, and you do things without hesitation that you would not think of doing at home, where all eyes are upon you, and note your every action. Better be a big frog in a little puddle, than a little frog in a big puddle. Virgie you ask me if I ever milk? Yes, I milk my coffee and my tea, when I have

any to milk. As regards fishing, I am not very much on the fish. I went fishing the other day in a river where fish were so plentiful I was able to walk across the stream on their backs. Once upon a time I went fishing with dire results to myself. I bored a hole in the middle of the river and put a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole, and then waited for a fish to put his head up. The first fish that I saw, his appearance I made a grab for, missed him, fell in the hole, and hit my head on the river bed, and it was a pretty hard bed all right, and I don't think the mattress had been turned in a million years, and the springs were awfully wet. When I was in the river a fish bit off my left arm at the knee. No more fishing for me.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Although I have read the letters from the cousins for two years, I have never seen a letter from Vermont. I am seventeen years old, six feet tall, have light hair and brown eyes, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds.

I attend high school in a near-by town, and am in my junior year. Last spring we had a base ball team, and played ten games, of which we won seven, lost two and tied one. My position is first base, and my "length" aids me a great deal. Haven't we got any high school students in our League? We've seldom hear from them. They ought to have good things to write about if anybody had.

Here in Vermont, after having a very dry summer, we had a late fall, and are now having our first sleighing, nearly a foot of snow having fallen last night, Dec. 12th.

Irassburg is a small country town of about one thousand inhabitants, of which perhaps a quarter live in the village. We have three stores, a post-office from which two R. D. routes run, a harness shop, two blacksmith shops, two churches and a hotel. The village is situated near a river from which water is obtained to run a steam sawmill, and a gristmill. The soil is good and farming is the leading industry, several fine farms being situated in the town.

As to personal accomplishments, I have (?) several. I sing bass in the church choir, and play first cornet in a very good country band. I am somewhat of an actor having taken a part in several plays. At present I am preparing a part for a drama which our school is "getting up". The play is entitled, "Dot, the Miner's Daughter." It is a temperance drama, and I am the miner.

As a member of the League I have pledged myself to "be kind to dumb animals," so don't let Billy the goat eat this for in spite of his extraordinary internal organs, he would be forced to endure more pain than would be good for him if he should swallow this.

With love to Uncle Charlie, the cousins, Billy the Goat, Toby and Maria, I remain your cousin, HENRY B. PHIST (No. 23,722).

Henry, I regret deeply that I neglected Vermont, as some of my dearest friends live in that state, and I would not willingly neglect it for the world. I am glad you attend High School, I should imagine from your height that you never attended any other kind of school. If all scholars were as high as you, Henry, they would have to get their instruction out of doors with the skies for a roof. With reference to your games, you say you won seven, lost two, and tied one. I am sorry you lost those two games, but hope you will find them sometime. I suppose if you had not tied that last one, you would have lost that too. The next time you have a ball game you had better see all the games are tied, then you will not lose any, unless they get untied. Glad to hear you have position at first base and hope you will keep it, as good positions are hard to get these days. I am glad to hear you had a late fall in Vermont. If you get a fall at all it is better to fall late than early. Of course it is better not to have a fall at all if you can stand up straight. You say that several fine farms are situated in your town. I cannot imagine where you find room to accommodate a bunch of farms in a small town. I suppose you have one farm in the blacksmith shop, and a couple in the hotel, and locate the remainder in the harness shop. As long as you don't put any farms in the church I will not kick. I regret, Henry that you regard singing bass and playing the cornet as accomplishments. Where I come from we consider them as crimes, and if you started playing the cornet within ten miles of where I reside, you would be waited on by a band of night riders, and made a star performer in a necktie social. I deeply regret to hear that you have taken a part in several plays. I hope you did not take yourself apart before the whole audience. I don't think that any young man, or any young lady either has a right to take apart on the stage. Always hold together as long as you can. I am very much interested in the play you are appearing in: "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," and am much relieved to find you are the miner, and not the daughter. I am glad that your drama is a strictly temperance one, it is about time the drama sobered up. Cousins don't you wish you could all be in the audience, when Henry appears as the miner. I don't know anything about the plot of the piece, but it is ten to one he has to go down the mine, where he dis covers the villain of the play has hidden Dot the heroine in a bed of coal about three thousand miles thick. Dot is cold, and wants somebody to put a couple of sheets and a crazy quilt over the coal bed so she can sleep "comfy." Henry goes down to the mine and after working for a few hundred thousand years he digs her out of the coal bed. Thus when he gets her up on the stage, she is so black that she looks like a colored lady from Georgia. Then we would have to turn the hose on Dot, when her head came out of the coal mine. Then when Henry popped up his head, we could present him with a bunch of hen fruit, as a compensation for his prominence as a theatrical genius. At the finish Billy the Goat could marry Dot, and we could drop down to the coal mine, and put on the lid tight, and keep him there for a hundred years as penance for playing the cornet and singing first base in church.

MR. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS: MY DEAR SIE.—Is your time so at a premium that you cannot spare me a few minutes? If not please listen to my plea. I have extensive paper to write poetry, and wish to dwell on the poetry of today. Will you please send me a brief discussion of the present day poetry? In return shall be glad to do any of the noble things always occurring to your mind, provided I am able. Yours very truly, ONIS SHELTON.

Onis, I regret that I could not accede to your request to write you personally, and send you an essay on modern poetry, as it would take two days at least to do justice to the subject, and I don't see what right you or any other man has to two days of my time without at least offering me ten dollars a day for it. If you would not ask the butcher, baker or undertaker for two days of their time, why should you ask me for two days of mine? Don't you think that my time is as valuable as theirs? Don't you think that I have to live, pay rent, etc.? What if it costs me for glass bottles to feed Billy the Goat would make you open your eyes. If I were to write you an essay on pottery only you could enjoy that essay. I will answer you publicly so that six millions of people can get my views on pottery. If you wish to dwell on the poetry of today, let me make a suggestion. Get about five thousand volumes of Uncle Charlie's Poems and build a house on them. You will then have a very substantial foundation, and you will be dwelling on the poetry of today without paying rent for it. In digging amongst the ancient archives of our family I have discovered an essay I wrote on pottery when I was ten years of age, and as I could not improve on it if I tried, I will give you the benefit of this essay of my youth. Here goes: Pottery is a disease. It usually attacks men, women, girls,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

FLORENCE McLELLAN, Charlevoix, R. D. 3, Mich. I were to write you an essay on pottery only you could enjoy that essay. I will answer you publicly so that six millions of people can get my views on pottery. If you wish to dwell on the poetry of today, let me make a suggestion. Get about five thousand volumes of Uncle Charlie's Poems and build a house on them. You will then have a very substantial foundation, and you will be dwelling on the poetry of today without paying rent for it. In digging amongst the ancient archives of our family I have discovered an essay I wrote on pottery when I was ten years of age, and as I could not improve on it if I tried, I will give you the benefit of this essay of my youth. Here goes: Pottery is a disease. It usually attacks men, women, girls,

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## A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

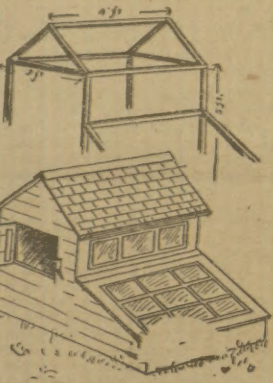
**M**ARCH winds are blowing keen and sharp but that will not keep the live boy indoors, especially after he reads the articles here given. It is a great month in which to work. The days are just right length and the cool air is invigorating. I think you will find this list of good things inspiring and helpful. If everything is not as clear as you wish write a letter to Uncle John in care of COMFORT.

### To Tell Any Number Thought Of

Here is a new way of performing that time-honored arithmetical trick. Bid the person to add one to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by three; then to add the number thought of, then to subtract three and the remainder will be ten times the number required. If the cipher on the right be cut off from the remainder the other figure will indicate the number sought. Example: Let the number thought of be 6, the triple of which is 18; and if 1 be added it makes it 19; multiplied by 3 equals 57, and if 6 be added it makes it 63, from which subtracting 3 the remainder will be 60. Now if the cipher on the right of 60 be cut off the remaining figure 6 will be the number sought. Let me know how you like this trick and tell me if you know any similar one.

### A Neat Bantam House

Perhaps no class of pets are more satisfactory to a country boy than bantams. The design given here will provide shelter and comfort for a good-sized flock of the little beauties. The dimensions are height to eaves five feet, width three feet, length four feet. The lower coop covered with the window has no floor but the ground, the sleeping house has a tight vermin-proof floor and should be painted on the underside with tar. This will keep rats away. Hinge the sash on like a cellar door so that it can be raised and the place it covers cleaned. The work of caring for the little fowls can be done from the outside through the door "h" in the side. Shingle the roof, put on a weather board and eave trough and it will look very neat. Paint should be applied on the outside and whitewash into which some kerosene has been put should decorate the inner walls. The cut on the top shows the construction of the frame clearly. Common flush joints are used. The house is portable and may be moved from place to place while the chickens are in it. It is an admirable abode for a young flock.



A NEAT BANTAM HOUSE.

### Foreign Particles in the Eye

Dirt or sand in the eye may be flushed out by squeezing from a sponge a small stream of lukewarm water, or still better if it has been in the eye any length of time drop in a few drops of castor oil. To wash lime from the eye it is very important that you use water to which has been added a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice. Water alone will slack the lime and may destroy the sight. Cinders or other hard particles may be removed generally by touching them with the moistened corner of a soft linen or silk handkerchief, or by using a loop of human hair. Metallic substances are best removed by a magnetized needle or knife blade.

### Golf on a Small Scale

Select a level spot, preferably in the shade and mark out a circle about twenty feet in diameter. Upon the border of the circle space out twelve holes as shown in the drawing, and one small hole on the inside about midway between 3 and 4. This latter hole is the point from which you start and at which you must finish. Two players play the game and the loser drops out giving his place to a new player. For



GOLF ON A SMALL SCALE.

sticks use an old cane or umbrella handle with the right crook on top, or fashion one out of a tree branch. To begin, the ball is placed in the starting hole and the first player taps it with his stick, endeavoring to send it into hole number one. If he fails in three blows he marks the point where he left off and surrenders the ball to the other player who tries it. When

the first hole is reached each contestant is allowed only three taps before giving the ball to his opponent. When 12 is reached the ball must be again returned to the starting point. The first one around the clock wins the game. An easy way to make the holes is to stand on one heel and whirl rapidly. This game provides great exercise and is good sport. Try it as a means of amusing your visiting city cousin.

### A Game for the Home

Here is one of the simplest and most fascinating guessing games that ever appeared in this department. You may call it the "Bright Idea" game. One of the company leaves the room and during his absence an object in the room is chosen for him to guess upon his return. He is to be helped to guess it by others giving suggestions; thus if a stove is the object chosen, someone will say, "I have a bright idea." The guesser asks, "What is it?" Answer, "Just like you." "In what way?" "A stick makes it warm," or "It has legs," or "It is bright." The one who gives the suggestion that finally divulges the object to the guesser must leave the room and become the guesser. This game gives you a great chance to use your wits.

### The Home-made Sling-Shot

I would not recommend this sling-shot as a weapon for city lads but it is really practical for small farmer boys who have plenty of open space and crows and other destructive birds to shoot at. Select a forked limb, whose branches are about three quarters of an inch in diameter, cut a furrow in each end of the "V"-shaped part and tie on each a strong, double, well-oiled cord about three inches long. Next tie on your rubber bands, and lastly a leather sling in the manner shown. The picture shows it loaded with a small stone. If you use shot or tacks or nail heads your charge will easily hit objects at a distance of a hundred feet. The longer and heavier the rubber bands are the more force will the shot be propelled by. It is an old-fashioned weapon but by all odds the best that can be readily made by an ordinary lad. In making this apparently harmless weapon great care should be exercised in using it. The skill of the user could be determined by setting up a target.



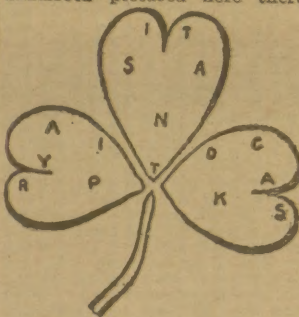
THE HOME-MADE SLING-SHOT.

### A Novel Way of Coloring Eggs

If you have no regular egg stains but happen to have some colored ribbon about the house you can utilize in this way. Bind the ribbon closely and neatly around the eggs covering all parts, this may be done by stitching with a needle or tucking in the ends. Boil the egg thus bound for ten minutes and when cold remove the ribbon. The coloring will be left upon the shells. The eggs may now be varnished which will add much to the beauty of their appearance. Any scraps of colored cloth will do for this process and several colors may be wrapped on one egg. I sincerely hope this bit of information will make some of my dear nephews happy and that they will write me a nice letter and tell what fun they had trying it.

### The Shamrock Puzzle

March is the month of the shamrock. In the shamrock pictured here there are sixteen letters. Arranged properly they spell out in full the name of a festival occurring this month. Can you by drawing three straight lines through the leaves divide them into sixteen sections, so that each letter will be in a section for itself. Now, dear nephews put on your thinking caps and try to solve this puzzle. If the boys cannot do it, maybe the little sister will help them to sharpen their wits. Full analysis and picture of how it is done will appear in next month's COMFORT. Get it by all means.



THE SHAMROCK PUZZLE.

### Answers to February Puzzle

The answers to the festival and anniversary picture puzzles published last month are as follows: (link on S) Lincoln's; (wash in G, tea on S) Washington's; (Y, ale, inn, tie, N) Valentine; (ma in E, ax, eye, den, tea) Maine accident.

### Home-made Perfumes

The perfumes of different flowers may be extracted by a very simple process and without any apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible and place them in a jar three quarters full of olive oil. After twenty-four hours turn them out into a coarse cloth and squeeze all the oil from them. Throw away the old flowers and repeat the process three or four times according to the strength of the perfume you desire. The oil being thoroughly impregnated with the volatile parts of the flowers is then mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirit and shaken every day for two weeks. It is then ready to use and will be found beautifully scented.

### A Trio of Problems

The problems published last month brought me so many enthusiastic letters that I decided to continue that feature permanently in this Boys' Corner. Common arithmetical methods are all that is required for any given. I will be glad to help out backward boys. Write a letter to COMFORT and put "Uncle John" on the upper left-hand corner. Answers appear next month.  
 1.—I am now twice as old as you were when I was your age. When you are as old as I now am the sum of our ages will be one hundred years. Requires the age of each.  
 2.—If potatoes are planted in rows three feet apart, how many miles of rows to the acre?  
 3.—A boy walking behind a plow that makes a furrow sixteen inches wide will walk how far in plowing an acre?  
 Here are the answers to the problems published last month:  
 1.—Height of church 121.5-7 feet. 2.—Value of second farm \$10,326, first farm \$10,165. 3.—A 50, B 30, C 20, marbles.  
 There now boys, in the space allowed me I trust you all I possibly could to amuse and instruct you. I think next month's articles will be even better and brighter than those and would advise you all to get that number without fail. Good by till balmy April.

UNCLE JOHN.

## Great Suit Offer

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This fine suit is made of soft, newest or blue wool thibet or gray cheviot weighing 20 ounces to the yard and is suitable for wear at any season of the year. The coat is cut in the latest three-button sack style with outside breast and two side pockets and slightly shaped to figure, broad shoulders and roomy sleeves. The trimmings and linings are first-class. The body lining is good strong venetian cloth; button holes are silk stitched. Vest and trousers cut in very latest style. All sizes—youths' or men's from 26 to 48 breast measure, 26 to 48 waist measure and 26 to 35 inseam. We guarantee to fit you perfectly. Order one of these outfits now.

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## How to Become a Ventriloquist

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FRED T. DARVILL.

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Persistence and practice will enable one, with written lessons, to become a Ventriloquist. There are two kinds "near" and "distant." The near is used in connection with figures, and the distant in imitating sounds from a distance. To acquire the two sounds the methods are quite different. In the Echo practice the object is to obtain a sudden and complete change from the ventriloquist to the natural voice. Commence saying "An" with your ordinary voice, repeating the same ventriloquially taking care to raise the sound at the same ventriloquially taking care to raise the sound at the distant pitch. To properly acquire it is a long task, frequently finding you are using a ventriloquial delivery, when you ought to be speaking naturally. When you find you are going wrong practice the drone. The echo practice is the first stage in acquiring the distant pitch.

To enable one to master the foregoing lessons your subscription should begin with the December number.

### LESSON 5.

**T**HE child's voice is a pitch higher than the old lady's and is sounded in the same way. The voice you now wish to imitate is pitched in a high key and has nothing guttural or thick about it. The best plan is to try to imitate the child's natural voice. You will find that the audience appreciates your attempt far more than if you give the little girl a thick, guttural voice which is unnatural. Always let your ventriloquial delivery conform as nearly as possible to the natural utterance of the character you wish to imitate.

There are five ventriloquial voices which we may classify in the following manner: the hoarse utterance of the old man, the shrill pipe of the old lady, the sharp tones of the little boy and the high key of the little girl. For the fifth utterance we include a voice in the distance. With the latter sound there is a peculiarity distinguishing it from all others. I do not mean that because it is a distant pitch but it is only possible to use the masculine delivery with the distant pitch.

You cannot throw the old lady's voice upon the roof or in the cellar, nor is it possible to give utterance to the child's delivery at a distance. These tones are confined exclusively to near ventriloquism. You can make the old lady and the boy and girl talk behind a screen or door near you. And here you bring your ventriloquial organs into play, but whenever you pitch the sound their speech must be near.

In giving a ventriloquial illustration of the little girl let her voice sound behind a curtain or screen close beside you. Make the most of the dialogue and never be afraid to repeat frequently, snatches of the conversation. By so doing you heighten the ventriloquial effect without much effort on your own part.

Do not forget that in near or distant ventriloquism the long sentences must be spoken by your- self and in your natural voice, the ventriloquial replies being short and pithy, and when long, broken up by interruptions.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Concerning Hair Tonics, Shampoos and Washes

**H**OW we all enjoy seeing a luxurious, glossy head of hair, and how seldom we get the chance! Yet I have seen many a girl who would have had beautiful hair, if she had only taken care of it properly. The trouble is that most of us do not take the time to find out just what our hair needs to keep it in health. We rather enjoy experimenting with this and with that and we keep on roughing and curling and bleaching our hair until finally we are the unhappy possessors of nice little bald spots scattered here and there over our scalp. Is it any wonder?

What we ought to do is to select a tonic and shampoo which are suited to our particular hair needs and stick to our selection. This article will contain a choice for everybody in the way of formulas for tonics, shampoo (wet and dry), washes, etc.

If any of my girls are troubled with thin falling hair or an itching scalp, I should advise them to get immediately to work and massage the scalp. As a rule these three troubles are caused by lack of circulation in the blood vessels of the scalp. Your hair will be thick and luxurious if your scalp is stimulated each day. Massage vigorously for fifteen minutes every night until the scalp is pink and glowing. A good hair tonic can also be used to advantage in conjunction with this massage. When applying a tonic don't dabble it over the hair but into the pores.

### Hair Tonic to Increase Growth

Forty grains of resorcin, one half ounce of water, one ounce each of witchhazel and alcohol. Apply to scalp every night.

Here is another remedy that is said to be very good for thin, scanty hair.

### Cantharides Tonic

Tincture of cantharides (alcoholic), two and one half ounces; Jamaica rum, two and one half ounces; glycerine, one half ounce; sesquicarbonate of ammonia, two drams; oil of rosemary, twenty drops. Mix and add distilled water, nine ounces.

The girl with oily hair should use a special tonic.

### Quinine Tonic for Oily Hair

One half pint of alcohol, one half pint water, thirty grains of quinine. Apply to the scalp every night, rubbing well into the scalp.

### Tonic for Dry Hair

Resorcin, one sixth of a dram; castor oil, twelve drams; spirits of wine, five ounces; balsam of Peru, eight grains.

See that bottle is kept well corked and shake it up thoroughly before using. Apply every other night.

For an all-around sensible hair grower and stimulant, I recommend ordinary yellow vaseline, sold at every drug-store in the United States. It will stop falling of the hair, induce a new growth, lessen itching of the scalp. In short, prove a regular household angel. It needs thorough massaging into the scalp but does the rest of the work itself. If you haven't tried it, begin now.

Dandruff is very annoying and one can sometimes be seriously troubled with it. In such cases be careful to keep the scalp and hair clean by weekly or semi-weekly shampoo, and in addition, use the following

### Dandruff Cure and Tonic

Forty-eight grains of resorcin, one fourth ounce of glycerine. Alcohol sufficient to fill a two ounce bottle. Rub this into the scalp every night.

Another dandruff cure recommended by one of our doctors.

### An Old-fashioned Dandruff Cure

Bay rum, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce. When all how to shampoo the hair and with what are important questions to every woman. Unclean hair can never be healthy, so when shampooing be careful to get all the dirt out and use several rinsing waters. Hair dried out in the sun gets a gloss that is obtainable in no other way. In the winter time, however, if we did this we would probably get colds in our little noses, so stay indoors then and dry your hair with a fan. Finish up by giving the hair a thorough massage with the finger-tips. Oily hair should be washed every week or two weeks, dry hair once a month. To return to our "mutt-ton" or rather shampoo mixtures, I would advise the use of this simple shampoo in most cases. It is inexpensive, easy to use and a fine cleanser.

### Simple Shampoo

Pare one cake of Castle soap into six cups of hot water, add one teaspoonful of powdered liquid jellies.

Put in convenient wide-mouthed jars. This "soft soap" can be kept for several weeks but I make it as I want it, using about one quarter of a cake of soap to three cups of water.

In choosing your shampoo, you must remember the effect of certain chemicals on different colored hair. Ammonia and soda brighten golden or light dip a lace cap in toilet water to perfume the hair.

Extremely dry. Women with dark hair use yolk of egg, beaten for substitute of soda, and warm rain water.

Egg shampoos are very popular with a great many women so I give formula for one herewith. Put the yolks of two eggs into a pint bottle with one ounce of glycerite of borax and a tablespoonful of water, shaking well. Now add, shaking the bottle after each addition, a tablespoonful of water at a time, until the bottle is full. You can, if you wish, add perfume, a drop or two of geranium oil or oil of lavender but this is not necessary. It is merely a touch of luxury. The unfortunate thing about an egg shampoo is that it only keeps for a day or two.

A simpler way of shampooing the hair with eggs is to first dampen the hair and then crack two eggs on the head letting them drain into the basin of water in which a teaspoonful of salts of tartar has previously been dissolved. Rinse thoroughly.

Following is a shampoo for very oily hair, which is said to be good:

Ammonium carbonate, one hundred and twenty grains; potassium carbonate, one half ounce; tincture of cantharides, four drams; water, eight ounces; bay rum, eight ounces.

Dissolve the salts in the water and add the other ingredients. Rub well into the roots, rinse in several waters.

Girls with dry, cracky hair, use my soap jelly shampoo, but omit the powdered borax. After your hair is dry, rub in a little olive oil, being careful not to get it on the hair strands.

The very latest thing in the shampoo line is the Russian Shampoo Bags. In far-off Russia, the women wash their hair with this little pad and as they are famed for their beautiful hair, perhaps we might try it also. Make a little bag of cheesecloth, four by six inches and fill with powdered sage, camomile, borax and soap. Moisten in water and wash the head, using the bag as you would a wash cloth.

Dry shampoos, according to my way of thinking, are injurious to the hair but others may be of a different opinion, so I will not omit them from this article.

Powdered orris root and fine cornmeal are considered good dry cleansers of the hair. Talcum powder is also used. Part the hair a number of times, shaking the powder into the scalp. Let it lie there for a few minutes, after which brush out. Be careful not to leave any on the scalp. Instead of using soap for a shampoo some may prefer this

### Shampoo Powder

Borax, three drams; washing soda, one dram; hard soap in powder, four drams.

I have been asked so often and so earnestly by my older girls to give some dye for graying hair, that I can refuse no longer, although I really do not approve of hair dyes. I give you fair warning that home dyeing is most unsatisfactory and that you will probably make a failure of it. Most of the dyes have such dangerous ingredients that I fear to give them, but this Walnut Dye is said to be perfectly harmless and gives a brown tint to gray hair.

### Walnut Dye for Graying Hair

Chop fine and pound in a mortar, one pound of the green outside of walnuts with two ounces of alum, mix in a bottle or jar with four ounces of water and a teaspoonful of camphor and one or two crystals of thymol. At the end of a week, press out all the fluid, filter through muslin and bottle for use.

The blondy girl whose hair is gradually growing darker, much to her disgust, would do well to use the wash given below as it lightens the hair and is harmless. Shampoo the hair first and rinse, then pour the lemon mixture over the hair, being careful that the entire head of hair is dampened by it. Wait for several minutes before giving the final rinse.

### Lemon Hair Wash

One ounce of salts of tartar, juice of three lemons, one quart of water.

A simple bandoline for keeping the hair in curl is given below:

Tragacanth, three fourths of an ounce; rose water, one pint; oil of almonds, one half dram. The hair should be moistened with this liquid before putting up on curlers.

Here is a curling fluid better adapted to very dry hair.

Gum arabic mucilage, one and one half ounces; glycerine, one and one half ounces; carbonate of potash, one and one half ounces; rose water, two pints; Portugal extract, six ounces.

Let stand one week before using.

Slightly perfumed hair is always in good taste and the very latest wrinkle in this regard is to make a little lace cap, dip it in strong rose or violet water and wear a few minutes each day in the privacy of your bedroom. Your hair will then give out a delightful fragrance.

Here's wishing all my girls the happiest of years.

### Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

E. S.—You must not be discouraged as at twenty-three you can get what beauty you have lost. First I don't approve of the bust treatment you are taking. Mechanical contrivances are apt to bruise and injure the breast, causing cancerous growths. The only way you can develop the bust (as you can't buy the Vaucelle Remedy and can't get milk) is to massage.

When going to bed, bathe the breasts in very hot water, after which rub in cocoa butter (get it at your druggist) and massage lightly for fifteen minutes, using circular upward movement. In the morning dash lots of cold water over breasts until they are firm and hard, keep up this treatment every day for four or five months. If you could take the milk treatment it would develop your bust without this tedious work. Regarding your hair, I should advise washing it every ten days in hot water, putting in one teaspoonful of powdered borax and using plenty of soap jelly after wards, rising in numerous waters, the last rinse being with cold water. Every night massage your head with yellow vaseline until the scalp is pink and glowing. On alternate nights massage for fifteen minutes, using oil or vaseline. Clip off the split ends and wave on hairpins every night. In a month or so you will notice plenty of little new hairs and the color will be much brighter. The juice of a lemon in one quart of water, using as the first rinse when shampooing, is wonderfully brightening in its effect and also stimulates the scalp. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. It will soon give you a pink and white complexion.

F. E. W.—Your measurements are just about right. I would not try to reduce or gain as you don't need either.

Flossie M., Oxford, Maine.—I'm afraid my dear, that you can't grow any taller by taking treatment. However, at seventeen you should have two or three years yet to grow. Cut long pieces of court plaster and keep the hair at your ears up by this means at night. In a few weeks the hair will grow up not down. You must stop pulling them out. It only makes them worse. Your measurements are all right except your waist should be not more than twenty-three inches.

### SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CURED

A Well Known Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her

From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, pastes, acids, creams and other patent preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I covered the affected parts with long hair and was the subject of much ridicule. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain and a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed. In giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair, I will send full particulars, free to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results privately at home. All I ask is a 2c stamp for reply. Address Mrs. Caroline Osmond, 553 F Custom House, Providence, R. I.

# NO MORE WRINKLES

SCRANTON WOMAN MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT PROVES TO BE A GREAT AID TO BEAUTY

Broad Minded and Liberal, She Offers to Give Particulars to All Who Write Absolutely Free



Della Ellison, of Scranton, Pa., seems to be the woman whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past women have realized that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that aside from banishing wrinkles in from one to three nights it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton when our large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is.

In speaking of the discovery she said, "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the large cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have the benefits of my discovery."

This statement shows that she is both broad-minded and generous, and all who wish to banish their wrinkles and improve their complexion should write her at once. Her address is: DELLA ELLISON, 491 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa. Just state that you wish particulars of her discovery and she will send them in sealed envelope free of charge.

Mrs. F. O. B., Ala.—I do not sell hair dyes.

Mrs. W. S. G.—See reply to E. S.

Elizabeth K.—Yes the Milk Diet will develop your bust, hips, etc. If you have serious heart trouble don't take it. As for your face massage it vigorously, using no cream. Always manipulate upwards.

Mrs. N. S., Petersburg, N. Y.—See reply to E. S. or you can take four to five quarts of sweet milk each day, which will develop your bust about one inch a week. Read Milk article in February issue.

Mrs. J. E. B.—Wear good-fitting shoes and light weight stockings and follow this treatment for corns. Soak feet for ten minutes in hot water, after which apply the outer strong skin of an onion, which has been boiled until it is soft. Keep in place by a bandage. If fresh applications are made night and morning it is said the corn will detach itself in two or three days and will not return unless the irritating cause remains.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

**Amole Root** recommended so highly for the hair by the editor of the Pretty Girls' Club in November Comport, can be obtained for \$1.00 a pound by sending to Porterfield Drug Co., Silver City, New Mexico. It has been used by the native people there for generations and they have splendid hair.

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# THE ACCURSED PLOT

## An Inauguration Romance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Why dear Ned," she pleaded, "I only left boarding school at Christmas. I am barely seventeen, and you are only a boy yet."

"A boy!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Why, darling, I was old enough to have voted last fall if in the Federal District we could vote. I am older than my father when he married first, than yours when he married your mother."

"Yes, I know, dear, but still you are only a boy, and I a girl. Marriage is a very solemn thing, Ned."

"Darling, I do love you. I want my wife. My father needs his daughter. Our old home is gloomy, we want this dear, sweet little girl to brighten our lives for us. Daddy is getting to be an old man. See he was not a young man when I was born. Just think, Clarissa, if his eldest child had lived he would have been older than my mother," and he sighed and wondered if that far-away first wife of his father who had been married so young was any more tenderly



"MY FAITH ASSURES ME HE WILL GIVE A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION."

beloved than the wife the old Mexican War veteran had espoused, who had died at the birth of her only child.

"I know, Ned, dear, but George needs me here," Clarissa pleaded.

"George will be giving this home another mistress before long unless I am mistaken," Ned said quietly, and Clarissa murmured the name of the golden-haired woman they had met on the steps of the Capitol.

Ned nodded. "If she will accept I think so, but never mind them, darling, tell me why can't we be married this spring? Listen darling there is going to be war. I am certain of it, and I will raise a company. My country is the dearest thing on earth to me aside from you, and I know you would not have me fall even though I love you," and he turned to her for confirmation.

"Never, dearest. I could not love you if you were not true to our country," she cried with that wonderful bravery women were to show for four dreary, terrible years, "but still I insist that until you prove that we are something more than boy and girl, I cannot marry you," and all his pleadings failed to move her. However, he felt sure that if war really was declared she would not let him leave her until they were married, so Lieutenant Thompson finally left her and went on duty, for the militia was already assisting in keeping the turbulent populace in check. As he was passing along that night to resume his duties, Sergeant Brown of his company stopped him and saluted. The night was dark, the street poorly lighted, and as he was just the same as Captain Leclercue, the Sergeant mistook him for the commanding officer.

Without a word he handed him an envelope and disappeared.

Wondering, Lieutenant Thompson thrust it into his tunic, and forgot about it until, returning, when the envelope fell out of his pocket, and taking it up he found it was unaddressed.

At first he was not going to open it, then he remembered it had been handed to him by a man of his own company, so tearing it open he was astonished to find a pass made out for an unknown woman. The signature was well forged, but Ned had seen too much of General Scott's handwriting to be fooled. The old General and his own father who had served under him in the Mexican war, corresponded frequently, and Ned knew the peculiar penmanship as well as he did his own.

"Brown took me for someone else," he muttered. "Who? Who would he think I was?" Then his face blanched. He had seen and heard a good deal during the past month or so that had worried him, but he had attributed it to the intense disappointment of Leclercue who had hoped to be sent on a foreign mission. Understanding the state of affairs he readily recognized what a power for evil this forged pass in the hands of an unscrupulous person might become. "Then made out in the name of an unknown woman. It has a bad look," he mused, wondering if he had better wait until morning, or go at once and deliver it to General Scott.

In the meanwhile Sergeant Brown going back to quarters met Corporal Haines who told him that Captain Leclercue had been waiting for him for nearly an hour. Frightened nearly out of his wits, the sergeant hurried into the tent to find Leclercue foaming and walking to and fro.

"Have you anything for me?" Leclercue cried when the trembling man stood before him.

"Captain don't fool with me," gasped the man, "didn't I meet you twenty minutes ago?"

"Meet me? Why I've been here all this evening," was the quick reply, and Sergeant Brown staggered. He was frightened nearly out of his wits, as was his commanding officer.

"Gather yourself together," he cried with a terrible oath. "Whom did you deliver that message to?"

Brown could not tell definitely, but from the description, Leclercue decided it must be Thompson, and he sent Corporal Haines for him.

Ned was looking over the pass, his brows drawn together when the man appeared, and he thrust it back in his pocket, thinking it would be a good thing to have it with him. For Clarissa's sake he resolved to give her rascally brother a chance to get away.

The two made their way together back to the Captain's tent, from Ned's own home, for he had been told by the sergeant and the lad's heart was broken. He would surely have to think of George as a traitor, one who would join in any conspiracy. Company C was encamped on the outskirts of the city.

As they entered the Captain's tent, Leclercue rose and said in a low, tense voice:

"I think Ned you received something intended for me."

"I hope not," Lieutenant Thompson returned steadily. "I think it would about break my heart if I thought what I received was for you."

"I fail to understand you," was the surly answer.

"George," Ned said quietly, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "you and I have been friends all our lives, and you know how I love Clarissa. Lately you have seemed to draw away from us. George, I love you as though you were my older brother, as Clarissa will make us in love soon. I would do almost anything to save you. Now listen. I am sure you do not understand the gravity of what misled friends are leading you into. Perhaps I am mistaken and you have asked the pass for some friend of yours. But I know the old General's fist as though it were my Dad's. The signature to this pass is forged. Pretend you didn't expect it. Let's forget it all. I have heard and seen much, lad, dear lad, but I will never remember any of it. Put all this disappointment aside, for there is going to be men's work for us soon, very soon. Your party was honestly and honorably defeated at the polls. Reconcile yourself to this, and let the past be buried," and he held out his hand, tears standing in his frank, blue eyes.

George Leclercue looked at him for a minute, although he could not meet his gaze, then he called harshly:

"Sergeant, Corporal," and the two entered the tent.

"Search this man," he commanded, and in spite of Thompson's protest they went through him and found the forged pass.

"Lieutenant Thompson," the Captain said in a hard, cold voice, "I hope you can explain this. How does it come I find you with an evidently forged pass upon your person, made out in the name of an unknown woman, for a position on the platform where our coming president is to be inaugurated? How will my sister bear the news, or what will she think of your unfaithfulness in thus providing for her rival?"

"If you must be a scoundrel, George, for heaven's sake leave her name out of it," Ned said furiously.

"Men," Captain Leclercue said coldly, "I wish you to remember that this officer was found with this pass on his person, but keep it to yourselves in case I decide not to lodge a formal accusation against him. I will keep the pass and deliver it where it will do the most good," and his lips parted on a grim smile. "Sergeant, Lieutenant Thompson is under arrest. You and the Corporal will guard him until morning and let no one communicate with such a dangerous suspect."

Suddenly Ned remembered the strange words of the actor. Once more he could see the dancing eyes peeping from between the golden curls of the woman, and something of the real state of affairs dawned upon him. He knew of the open threats to assassinate Lincoln on his way to Washington, the attempt to murder him as he passed through Baltimore, and Lincoln's escape by going in disguise through the Maryland metropolis. Washington was then a Southern city and almost as hostile as Baltimore.

"Oh, George, be warned in time. Save yourself, save us all," he pleaded.

In reply the captain said: "I think you will be best guarded in a hut down on our old Virginia plantation. I think I know of two men who will take you over the Potomac, where you will be safe, at least until after the fourth of March," he sneered.

"George," the young man cried.

"Can you explain?" Captain Leclercue asked, holding up the forged pass as he left the tent with a sarcastic smile.

Among the careful arrangements for the escape of Booth in case his attempt on Lincoln's life should be successful, the conspirators had a boat and men ready at the river bank to take him across the Potomac, and men with horses on the Virginia side to hurry him to a deserted hut in a desolate and unfrequented part of the old Leclercue plantation on the edge of the wilderness region of Virginia. This hut had been provisioned by the conspirators and left in charge of two of the worst desperadoes in that part of the country. About two hours before daylight the two boatmen entered the tent with the captain.

Turning to Lieutenant Thompson the Captain said: "These trusty friends are ready to take you to the safe retreat which we spoke of. You are completely in my power. Resistance is useless. If you resist or make any outcry you will be



ARRIVED AT THE HUT, THEY FORCED HIM IN.

stabbed through the heart with sword or bayonet and I shall report that you met your death in an attempt to overpower the guard and escape. The forged pass is all the proof I need to make my story go with the authorities. To guard against trouble until these gentlemen get you into the wilderness, you must be securely bound and gagged before you leave this tent. One sound from you while it is being done and the corporal's bayonet pierces your heart."

Ned had no choice but to submit.

As soon as he was gagged and his arms securely tied behind him, the two boatmen led him to the river bank, put him into the boat and rowed him to the Virginia side. There he was laid on his back in a cart, his legs securely tied and hay thrown over him. The cart was drawn by a pair of mules and was in charge of two other cutthroats who drove through unfrequented roads to a patch of woods near the Leclercue plantation. Here they were met by the two desperadoes from the hut to whose tender mercies they entrusted Ned, and then drove back toward Washington. The sun was now two hours high. Ned's new captors unbound his legs and walked him about two miles through the forest to the hut.

Arrived at the hut they forced him in, closed the door and again bound his legs.

The cutthroats at the hut were much annoyed at being hampered in their plans by having Ned on their hands as a prisoner. They were there for the sole purpose of assisting Booth to escape and the presence of Ned might result in the total failure of their plans for even if Booth should make good his escape by their aid, when Ned finally got back to civilization it was almost certain to lead to their detection, arrest and hanging. They finally came to the conclusion that they must get rid of him at all events before Monday morning, March 4. So they decided that if Leclercue should not send for Ned before night they would kill him. It was now nearly noon, Sunday, and the inauguration would take place Monday.

Sunday morning, Captain Leclercue stood before General Scott, his face downcast, although behind his swollen lids his eyes sparkled balefully, as he reported to his commander the fact that he had been obliged to arrest Lieutenant Thompson, who had escaped his captors and was now absent.

General Scott had listened a little absent-mindedly for his thoughts were fully occupied with his plans for safe-guarding Abraham Lincoln, but his attention was caught by the Lieutenant's name.

"Whom did you say?" he cried, all alert in a minute.

"Lieutenant Thompson," Captain Leclercue replied.

"Nonsense man why there is not a braver or more loyal man in the country than Ned Thompson."

"So I thought until last night," the traitor to friendship as well as duty, replied, "but I discovered otherwise," and he sighed.

"What is the charge?" the General asked bluntly.

"He left his post of duty during the night with an unknown woman, and on his return I arrested him, naturally. He tried to bribe Sergeant Brown and Corporal Haines, finally inducing them to smoke. Without doubt the cigars were drugged for they awoke to find him gone."

"Man, do you know whom you are accusing?" thundered the old General.

"I think it will kill my sister," Captain Leclercue said quietly, although he was secretly delighted to think that this would remove Thompson for the man he wanted his sister to marry was a man deep in the foul conspiracy, Leroy Strong, who had paid her ardent court ever since she had returned from boarding school, and even before when she was home on her vacations, but whom Clarissa could not endure.

"I am afraid she will not be the only one to be affected," the General groaned, remembering his old friend, Ned's father.

For the moment General Scott was forced to let matters go for he had his hands full, and the news of Lieutenant Thompson's desertion created consternation throughout the city. His old father was utterly prostrated, and took to his bed, from which he never wanted to rise again. The General himself felt his heart sorer than ever before in his life, and he wondered what could have come over the young fellow he loved as his own son, who with a brilliant future before him, engaged to one of the most beautiful girls in Washington, allowing himself to be led away by some unknown woman, perhaps implicated in the conspiracy.

There was not a word said of the forged pass, which Captain Leclercue had conveyed before dawn to John Wilkes Booth and placed in his hands himself, with sharp words of caution as to his speech and actions. No one knew of the real circumstances except Leclercue, Brown, Haines and poor Ned.

Clarissa knew nothing of what had transpired, but was dreaming beautiful dreams of a future in which she and Ned were to drift along in a delightful existence under the light shed by the honeymoon that would never wane. There was nothing in her mind to foreshadow the terrible years of war and strife that were so near, for in spite of all she heard she thought but little of real warfare, believing that the nation would never divide, the North and the South, against each other. Late Saturday afternoon, or "evening" as it is termed south of the Mason and Dixon line, as she was out in her old-fashioned garden, wondering if Ned would be able to snatch a few minutes from his duties to spend with her, when a step on the path startled her, and she turned to find herself looking into the face of Leroy Strong, the last man she wanted to see.

"Oh, Mr. Strong you startled me," she said coldly, disregarding his outstretched hand.

"Miss Clarissa," he pleaded.

"Mr. Strong must I again remind you that I am only Clarissa to my friends?"

The lovely girl said with a touch of severity in her gentle voice.

"I come on a mission from your brother," he said bowing profoundly.

"What is it?" she demanded, for she thoroughly disliked the man. She knew it was through him George had met the woman of whom she was afraid, for she did not want her brother to marry this one person.

"He has sent me to break some painful news," the man continued.

"George is hurt?" she cried.

"No, he is perfectly well."

"Then it is Lieutenant Thompson, he is injured?" and she grasped at the back of a garden seat to steady herself.

Strong inclined his head. "Yes he is seriously hurt, but not physically."

"How then?" she gasped, all the youth seeming to go out of her lovely face.

"In his honor. Now listen," as she raised her hand in protest, and then he told what was by this time common gossip.

"Who is the woman?" she asked with colorless lips.

The man bent nearer and whispered a name, at which she started back. Then she remembered that she had seen these two together but the afternoon before. She also remembered how he had pleaded for an early marriage, and she could not believe him guilty, although the proof seemed positive. Suddenly she remembered when she had pledged him her promise, and he had asked her:

"Will you remain true to me until death, darling?" and she had replied: "Through all eternity, Ned," and this remembrance steadied her. Gravely she looked into the false face before her as she said with gentle

dignity:

"Although the facts appear to condemn him, my faith in Lieutenant Thompson assures me that he will give a satisfactory explanation of his actions, good evening," and was gone before this man who had tried to be a rival, had time to recover himself. Wild with rage he hurried off saddled his horse and was soon galloping away in the direction of the hut, resolved that Ned should die before sunset. In the meanwhile Clarissa, broken-hearted crept to her room, and kneeling beside her bed sobbed out prayer for help to the source that had never failed her.

The most interesting and startling part of this thrilling romance will be told in our beautiful Easter number in April.

You must be interested to learn whether the conspirators succeed in their determination to murder our hero and consign him to a lonely, unknown grave. His escape seems impossible. How does Captain Leclercue come out with his conspiracy? All this is told in April COMFORT which will give you the last half of this story and lots of other good things. Subscribe now, 20 cents for one year, or renew your subscription 2 years for 25 cents before the price jumps up in May. Do it now and take no chance of missing April COMFORT. We never furnish back numbers.

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J. C. Poling, O., made \$4,500 first 3 hours. Easiest, quickest seller on market. W. T. Cory, Ind., sold 15 in 4 weeks. Cooks meals for 3 on 1 burner, saves half fuel bill. Onions, cabbage, meat, pudding, ALL cooked at one time, no intermingling of odors. Women astonished. Thousands of free people recommend it. Any agent, man or woman, can make \$30 to \$50 weekly. We want state and district managers and hustling agents.

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A WONDERFUL PAINT OFFER. If any of your building need painting, be sure to write at once for our free paint sample offer. We sell the best ready mixed paint in the world, at lowest prices ever had at any job and just now we are making a surprisingly low price and a liberal 2 gallons free offer. Write at once. Just say, "Send me your 2 gallons free offer." Address

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This beautifully engraved Solid Gold Plated American Watch, equal in appearance to a \$25 year Gold Filled Watch, fully warranted to keep correct time, is given free to anyone for selling only 20 of our Magic Rings. Each Ring will cost you, to each customer you give a prize ticket entitling him to a package of 50 Free Art and Rich Colored Flower Order the 2 rings today. When and when send us the \$2.00 and we will send you the watch and guarantee safe delivery.

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Do you know there is a fortune in PUZZLES? That is if they are the right sort. Not rebuses, charades, square words, etc., etc. There is an unlimited demand for good puzzles for advertising purposes. Send ONE DIME for a sample copy of a great collection of puzzles, many of which were sold for \$100 to \$1,000 each. If you like the sample book, we will send you a receipt for 50 cents. These books tell how to solve puzzles, how to make them and how to market them. Written by one who has sold over a million dollars' worth of puzzles.

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order clothing offer ever made by any firm, and we challenge any merchant tailor in the world to equal it. If you will write us a letter or postal saying "Send me your Cloth Sample Book No. W of Made-to-order Clothing" we will send the book by return mail with a sample of the fine all wool black thibet cloth and

**100 Other Fine Large Samples** of beautiful, full cloths, comprising all kinds of wools, patterns and shades for your guidance.

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Don't take a measure as correctly as the most expert tailor. Don't Delay, But Write Today for Our Cloth Sample Book No. W. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West CHICAGO**



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A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvelous of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

Established 1898—have thousands of pupils from seven years of age to seventy.  
Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 12, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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Be a high grade Traveling Salesman and earn from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. We will prepare you by mail in eight weeks to be one and assist you to secure a good position. Hundreds of our graduates now holding good positions we secured for them, with reliable firms. Many who had no former experience now earn \$100 to \$500 monthly and expenses. If you want to secure a good position and increase your earnings our Free Book, "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Send for it today. Address nearest office. Dept. 13, NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

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Why pay \$15.00 for a watch when for only \$4.25 you can buy the best timekeeper ever produced at this price. Meticulously jeweled works. Genuine double hunting gold movements. Jeweled guarantee and beautiful chain with each watch. **FREE EXAMINATION.** Out this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch and chain by express for examination. If satisfactory pay express agent \$4.25 and return charges and they are yours. Mention also wanted GENTS or LADIES. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 386 Dearborn St., Chicago. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

**WANTED RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS**  
Customs Clerks, Clerks at Washington. Yearly salary \$800 to \$1000. Short hours. Annual vacation. No "layoffs" because of poor times. Salary absolutely certain twice each month. Examinations everywhere May 15th. Over 2000 appointments to be made during 1909. Everyone over 18 eligible. Country residents eligible. Common education sufficient. Political influence does not help appointment. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. D. 9, Rochester, N. Y.

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It has 2 1/2 inch blade. Send us the name of 5 boys and we will send you this knife and our catalog of novelties for your trouble. Enclose 10c to pay postage. PERU SUPPLY CO., Dept. 188, Chicago.

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ON MARVEL LURE, and MARVEL AUTOMATIC HOOKS land them every time. Get samples and help introduce them. Agents wanted. Japanese Novelty Co., Dept. 12, St. Louis, Mo.

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Embossed, richly colored, not the cheap kind.  
**25 FINE ART POST CARDS 10c**  
All different. Worth 5c each.  
**KING & CO. 200 Broadway, Dept. 39, NEW YORK**

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Easter Chicks and Rabbits, Flowers, Angels, Crosses with Easter Greetings, etc. All printed in three or more colors; best, brightest, prettiest ever offered. New Card Co., Dept. 303, 325 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

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wanted each town, good pay spare time, copy names for advertisers, cash weekly. Stamp for particulars. AM. ADV. BUREAU, Sanbornville, N. H.

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I pay from 1 to 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C. F., Boston, Mass.

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taught by mail with personal instructions by best of teachers. Write for free particulars with testimonials from our graduates. Illinois Conservatory, Studio H, Chicago, Ill.

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F. E. SMITH CO., 535-7th STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

buggy rides to dances miles away, escorted by young men, of whose true character they know absolutely nothing, and who bring their daughters home in the small hours of the morning, when they are snoring blissfully, are not really fathers and mothers, and the Lord knows what they are, I don't, but I do know they have no right to have children to protect. Some girls can take care of themselves anywhere, but there are a great many who cannot. Let young folks have all the good times in the world they possibly can, but parents it is your duty to protect your children, and not take it for granted they can protect themselves, because sometimes they can, and sometimes they cannot, and don't want to, even if they could. When you are fast asleep in bed, and your daughter is out more than half the night often with a man whose intentions are not only not honorable, but strictly dishonorable, what sort of protection are you giving her? I despise cranks, who would drive all enjoyment out of the world, theaters, music, dancing, and every form of innocent entertainment, but I still more despise those who abuse every rational form of amusement, and turn innocent pleasures into wild revels which youthful idiots call good times, but which, as a matter of fact cover every kind of evil, rottenness and sin, and send thousands on the downward path that leads to destruction of body and soul. I would love to hear the Hoyt sisters sing a song to me kuta, one of my own composition, if possible, and I will submit to the ordeal if you and your relatives, will take care of my relatives—Billy the Goat, Maria, etc., should I be unable to survive the vocal gymnastics of your distinguished family.

7 Nelson Street, GLOVERVILLE, N. Y.  
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND THE COUSINS: I am nearly nineteen years of age, I have dark brown hair and eyes, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds, am five feet four inches tall. I am not exactly a shut-in, but am sick about all the time, with nervous trouble, so can't work much. I should love to have any of the cousins write to me, especially those from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, and will promise to answer all letters, that inclose a stamp, the same day I receive them, if it's not over a bushel basketful at once.

I am not a New Yorker, by any means, if I have lived here four years, because I was born in Lynn, Mass., that great shoe city, ten miles from Boston, and I envy those who live by the seashore. I miss it a whole lot.

This is the great glove city, and Uncle Charlie, I tell you, if you should come here and stalk through the glove shops, it would make your eyes stick out, so they would have to be glued back in again. I can make gloves, so any time you need any kid gloves, remember me. The Adirondacks are quite near here, and we can see them from our windows. I can play the piano to make you stare, and am going to be a Prof. some day, and hope you won't forget me, when any of the cousins want to take music lessons. I have also lived in Portland, Me., and think that the "best little place in the world," and I hope to make it my home sometime, and would be pleased to hear from anyone living there.

I have also spent one year of my life in Joliet, Ill., forty-two miles from Chicago. But everything was railroads out there, as well as the Erie Canal and the Des Moines river ran right past our back yard, while we stood and watched the canal boats go by. And don't be surprised, but we could go out in the yard and scoop up a whole pall full of mosquitoes, they were so thick that you couldn't hardly see between them. How's that? So you see, I have traveled quite a lot.

ETHEL PENNINGTON.  
Ethel, I greatly enjoyed your chirpy letter, and I always glad to hear from Gloverville, as I have spent some pleasant hours in that city. I don't like the glove business though, it is a skin game. I shall be glad to send you some cousins who need music lessons, if you will take them away into the middle of the Adirondacks, while the lessons are in progress. Portland, Maine is a nice little place. That is where they carry daylight around in bags six months of the year, the other half of the year they are chloroforming the summer boarders and getting away with their wads. I had a sweetheart in Portland, Maine once. She was a girl, the fattest girl I ever struck. Unfortunately one day she got appendicitis, and when they got her to the hospital, and sized her up, she was so fat, the doctors didn't know whether to cut or blast, and while they were fighting it out she cashed in her checks, and beat it for a better world.

Box 35, VANCEVILLE, E. D. 2, La.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, have black hair and black eyes. My father and mother were Italians, but they are Americans now. I was born and raised in Louisiana. I have one sister and two brothers all younger than I. Say Uncle, do you like to go to school? I have been going four years and am in the eighth grade. How do you like music? I'm going to take music lessons. I like all kinds of music. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am a Catholic. Uncle Charlie do you dislike foreigners? I hate 'em just got through reading the cousins' letters. I can hardly wait for the next COMFORT issue.

Uncle how would you like to clerk? I don't like it. I clerk in father's store. I was postmistress once. I held the post-office three months and then gave it up. Maria just whispered that my letter was getting too long. I will let you guess my age. It is between fourteen and seventeen. All cousins write to me. I will try and answer all. Your loving niece, IDA FULCO (No. 25,743).

Ida, I am very pleased to find, that though you were born of foreign parents that you are such a thorough going American. It is a blessed good thing; for though we cannot make Americans of all those who come here from foreign shores, we never have any trouble in turning their children into good citizens. You ask me how I like music? I am passionately fond of real music, music that is real, I would rather do without. When Mrs. Jones next door washes her baby—there is beautiful music, but I am glad that it is filtered through a brick wall six feet thick before it hits my organs of hearing. When a hog is being killed, that is beautiful music, it is so very much like Wagnerian opera. As I have said on previous occasions, the rustle of a twenty dollar bill is the sweetest music I have ever listened to and I only heard that once. No, I don't dislike foreigners when they make themselves at home here, and become good citizens. The only foreigners I dislike are those who are always finding fault with this country and singing the praises of the land they left for that land's good. We were all foreigners once, on some had the good luck to come here before the others. The only ones that are not foreign are the Indians. We should not talk of people as foreigners. There is no reason why people should hate or despise each other, because one bunch lives one side of the ocean or a river and another bunch lives on the other side. That is foolishness. We are all citizens of the world, all God's children. If a man is a real man, and acts honorably and conscientiously, lives right, and does right, it does not matter what his nationality is, he is my friend, my brother. I am much interested in the part of your letter in which you say you were postmistress once, and held the post-office for three months, and then gave it up. It is incredible to me that a frail little girl like you could hold a post-office three months. I tried to hold a post-office once for three months, and it was no good, I had to let it go. It was down in Texas. I went into the post-office to inquire the price of one cent stamps, and put down a five cent piece to get five of them, when a cyclone suddenly hit the post-office and away went the post-office and my stamps too. I tried to hold the damned building. I grabbed it around the neck, and got a strange hold of its waist. We roiled over and over and over, until we had gone one half way across the state, then I had to let go. That is my last attempt to hold a post-office and Uncle Sam has got five cents of mine for which I received no value. No more post-offices for me. You may be able to do it, Ida, you girls can do so many wonderful things, but it is beyond me.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but these members were clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules as set forth by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League. If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

### How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending twenty cents to the subscription department for a year, or renew your subscription now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT'S League of Cousins.

The five cent additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty-five cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretaries must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

## League Sunshine and Mercy Work for March

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.)

Positively no appeals inserted, unless accompanied by reference (this means letters not names) from responsible persons. One reference must be from the local postmaster, or a physician.

Nannie Davis, Orland, Ga. Young girl—great sufferer. Begs for flower seeds, ferns, bulbs, rosebush cuttings. She loves flowers. Send her cheery letters too. Rose Ewlich, 206 E. Jefferson St., Casey, Ill. Bedridden invalid. Rose is a refined and well-educated young lady and writes charmingly. Send her cheery letters and postals. Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Oxford, Maine. Shut-in. Grateful for any assistance. Very worthy case. Pearl King (12), Vernon, La. Helpless and incurable. Send her cheery letters, postals and other trifles that will cheer and entertain her. Lawrence Bird, Dalton, Ga. Helpless shut-in—poor and needy. Grateful for any help. James N. Pawning (8), Shalotte, N. C. Cripple, helpless boy. Father dead, mother poor. Send them some sunshine. James Gilliam Klondike, Tenn. Helpless shut-in. Craves your aid. Very needy. Mrs. Della Joyce, Brim, N. C. Husband sick with cancer. Grateful for any help. Mrs. M. A. Strickland, Union City, Mich. Shut-in twenty-four years. Wants cheery letters. Fine correspondent. Edith M. Dart (26) Oakdale, Conn. Shut-in. Wants cheery letters, postals, etc. Financial aid not needed. Pinkney C. Stevens, Lexington, R. D. 3, Miss. Hasn't walked for five years. Wants postals only. No aid asked. Mrs. R. Stollker (52), 462 5th Ave., Cripple Troy, N. Y. Has rheumatism and consumption. Wants cheery letters and postals. John Gordon, 2421 S. 24th St. Omaha, Neb. Give poor Gordon a lift. He is in danger of losing the home we gave him. Mrs. E. S. Mead, Topeka, Kans. Widow, helpless and needy. Makes lovely book-marks, from ten cents up. Do give her a trial. Charles M. Thomas, Attica, Ohio. Helpless invalid. Send ten cents for a pack of his postals. Mrs. Polly Bell, Bronson, Mich. Mrs. Bell is ninety-two, can't read much, but enjoys view postals. Send her some pleasure. William Gaiser, 415 N. River St., Kent, Ohio. Greatly afflicted. Send him picture postals and cheery letters. Aid not asked. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Sheerwood, Grayville, Ill. A minister and his wife. He is helpless—both poor and needy. Give them your help and the sympathy that counts—that is silver or greenbacks. Stanley Bent, 358 Allen's Lane, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa. Terribly crippled and feeble, and unable to work. Suffers for lack of food. One of our League is helping him all she can, but your aid is needed. Pitiful case. Stanley is refined and educated. I know this case to be a worthy one. Help him please. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Poor and helpless. Almost perishing for want of coal at times. Keep her warm. Edith Weiss (22), Nocona, R. D. 3, Tex. Shut-in. Wants postals and flower seeds. J. D. McLennon, Guilford, Fla. Invalid. Unable to work, craves your help. Eugenia Barts, Locust Hill, N. C. Shut-in. Grateful for cheery letters, good reading and any help. Miss Tabbie Huff (72), and Mrs. Elvira Lawson (63), of Berea, R. D. 1, N. C. Poor dear old souls, helpless and very poor, both live in same house and will be very grateful for any assistance. Respected and well recommended. Emily Whitefield, Seville, R. D. 1, Ga. Will be grateful for cheery letters and any help. Mrs. Harriet M. Williams, Fort Edward, N. Y. Would like cheery letters and good reading. Gertrude Myles, Marshall, R. D. 6, Ohio. Shut-in. Send her cheery letters, postals, etc. John T. Thompson, 712 Atlanta St., Marietta, Ga. Shut-in twenty-one years. Drawn with rheumatism. Can't feed himself. Collects curios to keep his mind off his sufferings. Send him old (not new) U. S. and foreign stamps, cigar bands, old coins, Indian relics, medals, sea shells and etc. Mrs. K. M. Poe and Miss Mamie Kemp, Barnwell, C. H., S. C. Mrs. Poe is old and feeble. Miss Kemp, bedridden and helpless. Cheer for both and substantial aid for Miss Kemp is needed. Harry Rodgers (35), Cartersville, S. C. Bedridden, helpless and needy. Tied in knots with rheumatism. Splendid references. Give him a good big dime shower—dollar shower if you can. L. B. Tinsley, Sewell, W. Va. Paralyzed from waist down. Very worthy case. Help if you can. Has family. William J. Ratty, 859 Clarke St., Toledo, Ohio. Suffers from heart trouble. Unable to work. Grateful for any assistance. No tracts needed. Lona Cheery, Glenmore, Ky. Shut-in. Send her cheery letters and substantial aid. Oscar Locke, 252 Poplar Ave., Fresno, Cal. Once in a helpless shut-in. Well educated. Give lessons in Spanish and shorthand by mail at low rates. He uses a typewriter in writing and is very capable. Give him a trial. Miss Jennie A. Simmons, Fraser, Idaho. Wants places for a quilt. See she gets them please. Laura A. Warwick, Tracy Creek, N. Y. Invalid twenty-five years. Very poor and very needy. Wants money for fuel. Mrs. Maria F. Benton, Box 8, Myricks, Mass. Shut-in. Grateful for any cheer. William V. Kinter, Home, Pa. We want to keep this poor helpless tortured soul out of the poorhouse. Who will help him? Pitiful case.

A long list and a sad list. God help them through you. You are the instruments of His charity. Prayers won't get you to Heaven—but loving deeds of charity will. Now be up and doing, and God bless you in this most beautiful work as He most surely will.

Lovingly yours,  
Uncle Charlie

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Please send to me at once, free postpaid, your new 1909 Book of Organs, Free Trial Order Blanks, Buying Plans and all particulars of your wonderful offers as advertised in COMFORT.

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## Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,  
For Her Mother's Sin  
A Sequel to "East Lynne"

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and brings her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she works Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn that Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleigh, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother. Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Canmore. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are heavy words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the woman's refusal to recognize her.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dynnelly, attend the opera. In La Sylphide, Lady Rosamond recognizes Afy Halliwell, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The lost link is found.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and Lady Isabel pleads with Lionel's valet for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear. Mr. Carlyle receives the news of the engagement. Shall he tell his daughter of the mother's shame? Rosamond begs him to keep the secret and that night the engagement is announced. Lady Rosamond steps from the crowded room and going to the garden meets Pierre Bloushar and Afy Halliwell. They proceed to East Lynne. Lady Rosamond receives a letter from Pierre Bloushar. He finds the grave marked "I. V." The grave is empty. She carries the letter to Annette Varnell.

Lord Beresford invites the bridal party to the Towers to make a week of general rejoicing.

A cross shows on the mere and Mrs. Fleck predicts evil things. The wedding takes place and the tour lasts until May. On their return a grand reception is given. Lady Rosamond receives a note. Unconsciously she drops it. Lady Isabel goes to her room. She meets Lady Rosamond whose looks terrify her. She passes Lady Isabel a package telling her it contains the exposure of Lady Vane's life. She reads it and learns of Sir Francis Levison's treachery, the dishonored mother, the illegitimate half brother. Her father demands to know who tells her this. Her mother is dead. The child is killed in a railroad accident at Canmore. Lady Rosamond weeps the mother is living—he has seen her not an instant since. She writes to Rev. Jedediah Cloot, telling him Archibald Carlyle has a singular dream relative to the grave marked "I. V." Does he care to read it? The grave is opened but there is no sign of a human body. The lost degraded Lady Isabel Carlyle is Mademoiselle La Sylphide. Lady Rosamond's vengeance is complete. In one hour she is to meet Sir Francis Levison's son and heir. Archibald Carlyle demands of Lady Rosamond to be led to the spot where they are. Looking he doubts no longer. He asks of Lady Rosamond her intention. The moment she speaks he tells the story of her mother's shame. Lord Beresford overhears this conversation, and wonders what the terrible words mean. He goes to his wife's room. He hears sobbing. Tapping lightly Joyce Halliwell opens the door. He makes a step forward. Joyce explains—my lady is sleeping—she is nervous and sick. Sick and dizzy, he reels back and realizes his own countenances a wilful lie. For the sake of the name he bears he must speak with his guests. The Grace of Arleigh promises not to mention it and regrets she lent her hand in furthering this marriage. In all things she holds Lady Rosamond Mount Severn blameless.

Lord Beresford finds the letter Lady Rosamond drops. Lady Isabel meets Monsieur Bloushar, the valet of the lost degraded mother. Her silence must be bought or he "blows the whole story" to Lord Beresford. Lady Isabel stands looking face to face at her husband, who throws the letter at her feet. He demands an explanation. Isabel begs for mercy and pity. Lionel curses the hour he meets her, the day he makes her his wife. Joyce Halliwell goes to Isabel. Emma Mount Severn fears Afy Halliwell falls them at the last moment. Lady Rosamond assures her mother the scheme is laid on a foundation of rock.

### CHAPTER XXXIV. (CONTINUED).

My lady led the way across the lawn and into the shadow of a row of flowering tamarisks that led on to the Laurel Hedge, and thence to the eastern wall. There he stood! My lady, looking forward as she flashed down under the Laurel Hedge, saw and recognized Monsieur Bloushar lounging against the wall and smoking in the moonlight.

He heard their stealthy footfalls, faint, as they were, and tossing away his cigarette, came forward to meet them.

"It is you at last, my lady. I have been wanting to speak with you and be back to the inn before mischief is done."

There was something so dreadfully earnest in his bad, black face, that my lady involuntarily shuddered, and her violet eyes opened in alarm. "Has anything gone wrong, Pierre?" she breathed in an agitated voice. "You seem strangely solemn and—where is Afy Halliwell? Have you seen her back to the inn?"

Monsieur Bloushar ground out a savage oath. "The devil's in the dice, that's all!" he said with an angry snarl. "Your precious Afy Halliwell has failed us at the eleventh hour. She hasn't been here tonight and wouldn't come. She was all right when I wrote you, but I had no time, no chance, to send you word tonight or I should have done so. Curse the woman! I couldn't drive reason into her bed-duddled brain!"

My lady reeled with a faint, sick sensation and put her starry hands to her throat.

"Tell me what has happened?" she gasped in object terror. "Just Heaven! must we fall now?"

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Has—has Afy Halliwell deserted—has she betrayed us, Pierre? Tell me all—all! or you will madden me with suspense."

Monsieur Bloushar tossed his head with an angry snarl.

"It's told soon enough," he said, brusquely. "Everything was swimming on fair water when we arrived today and took rooms at the inn, and it might have been so still, if the devil hadn't got into Afy's brains. Just at night-fall she took it into her head to walk out and have a look at the country, and all I could do wouldn't stay her. Like a fool she went, and what should happen but the worst we could dread. On the high-road she met a couple of bon vivants who had known her in her theatrical days, hailed them, stopped to talk a while, and wound up the whole infernal business by accepting an invitation to supper. What you might have foreseen came to pass. A banquet was ordered to the tavern parlor, wine was poured out like water, and when the hour for our coming here arrived, your Afy had lost what few wits she ever had, and wild horses couldn't have dragged her away."

"She drank, she sang, she danced, and when I came to urge her to depart, she snapped her fingers in my face, and began blowing to her friends of how she was to be a lady of title, hereafter, and never return to the ballet. I warned her by a scowl, to beware, and thank fortune she had wits enough left to take the hint to be silent. All the same, I couldn't budge her from the table, and after I had waited as long as I dared, I slipped out and hastened here. I want to get back at once, my lady, or Heaven above knows what she may blab while the wine is in her head."

There the story ended.

White unto ghastliness, my lady leaned against the wall and panted in her terror and dismay, and Emma Mount Severn, looking away with dull, drawn look on her wrinkled face, groaned in the anguish of her heart.

"I knew it, I felt it from the first. Oh, Heaven! the scheme is built upon a foundation of sand, Rosamond, Afy Halliwell's vanity and frivolity will yet be our ruin. Something tells me we shall be balked in our vengeance through her."

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### HOW THE DAY BROKE.

It was all over, and the dream of a lifetime was spoiled—the honor of a grand old name was wrecked, and wrecked through a woman's falsehood.

My lord, staggering out of the Oak Walk, and never once looking back at the figure of his thrice-wretched wife where she lay prone and still, cursed the love that had led him into ruin, and clinched his hands in the impotency of his despair.

"All for love!" he broke out, in a dull, incoherent whisper. "God pity and forgive me; all for a false woman's love, all for a wretch who broke my heart and wrecked my honor, that she might stab my mother's pride and humble it to the dust! And I married her! I placed the Beresford coronet on the brow of an abandoned creature who flew to a lover's embraces while my kisses were yet warm upon her lips. Oh, Heaven! what have I done—what have I done that I should be chosen to bring infamy to a name that has passed through the ordeal of five centuries unscathed by a single breath! I took it from my father as spotless as he received it. I dreamed that I should give it a greater glory than it yet had known, and now—Heaven have pity on me!—now its laurels are withered, its escutcheon is tarnished, its honor is lost, and lost for a woman's baseness, wrecked for a woman's fair, false face!"

He had walked on until he stood at the terrace steps and sinking heavily against the carved rail, he bowed his head in shame.

"It was here I saw my mother on the last day she stood beneath the roof of Ravenswood," he said chokingly. "It was here I went from her to Isabel Carlyle's side; here she bade me beware; here she implored me to wed a woman who was my equal at the very least, and here I stand tonight, punished for my defiance of her will, cursed for my scorn of her solicitous love. Oh, Heaven! grant that she may never learn it—let the shame and the anguish be locked up in my heart but never let my mother learn the truth. It would kill her if she did!"

He lifted his white and haggard face and walking dizzily across the paved terrace groped, his way through the library window and paced the floor until his sickening senses swam.

Only to keep it from his mother whose heart would break if she realized the horrible truth—that was the thought that filled him, that was

the one hope he cherished—the one purpose that was left to his wrecked and ruined life.

Keep it from her he would. Through him she had suffered enough, through him she should be spared the bitterness of a blow that would kill her. His life should be given to that task.

No! it should never reach her ears, this shameful story. Tomorrow he would return to the Continent and look on England no more while his mother lived.

She should go with him, this false wife he had loved so truly; she should be closely guarded that the story of her treachery might be kept a secret, and that lover whose presence was more to her than a husband's idolatrous worship should not be permitted to look upon her face.

He would give the world some reason for the sudden departure, and tomorrow, sick or well, living or dying Lady Isabel should be spirited out of England and hurried back to the Continent.

The hours slipped away as he laid the plan, and four boomed out of the old cathedral clock. Still he paced the room, back and forward, back and forward, until his limbs ached and his brain swam.

The loud outcry of my lady's illness floated down to him, but he never paused in his restless pacing. He heard the servant ride off for the doctor and bring him back, he heard the confused murmur of voices, the scuffle of hurrying feet. He knew that she was ill, but he never turned to the door, never offered to go to her.

Sick or well, it was all one—she should leave England before night fell again. So that he spared the mother who loved him the death-blow of dishonor, nothing mattered, nothing should stay him in the purpose that was still left to his broken life.

"And I will spare her!" he broke out suddenly, pausing in his restless pacing and lifting his hand above him. "God hears me say it. I have wronged and wounded you my mother, but if a life's tireless watching will assure it, this blow shall be shielded from your heart—this horror shall be guarded from your life!"

The library clock chimed the quarter after four as he ceased speaking; for a second there was deathly calmness, unbroken silence—then something rustled across the paved terrace, the curtains of the window parted before two frantic hands, a fair old figure flashed across the lintel with the face of death itself, and dropping on its knees with a shriek he never forgot looked up and gasped:

"Tell me it is not true! Lionel, in the name of Heaven, tell me it is not true!"

And my lord swinging round with a choking cry as those wild words broke upon his ears, reeled and tottered backward, gasping:

"Mother! Oh, merciful Heaven! Mother!"

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### OVERTAKEN.

"Rosamond, I tell you this Afy Halliwell will be our ruin," repeated Emma Mount Severn, in a faint, sick voice. "Oh, Heaven, why did we trust the issue of the scheme in the hands of such a shallow, vacillating creature? Why did we place reliance on the fidelity of a woman who was as fickle as April sunshine? She will ruin us I tell you—Afy Halliwell will prove our curse."

My lady had not spoken since Pierre Bloushar began the recital of La Sylphide's escapade, but roused by her mother's words, she swung round suddenly, and the moon shining down through the Laurel Hedge revealed a ghastly face that was repulsive in its evil conviction.

"She shall not ruin us, mother," she cried, through her shut teeth. "I swear to you she shall not—I will kill her first. Heaven knows I wish we had been content with Pierre's aid alone. But I wanted to increase Isabel's shame and suffering. I have overstepped myself, if in my eagerness I have overstepped myself, I think the disappointment would kill me. Fool that I was to trust to Afy, but her vanity was so easily flattered, and we would find no other

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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## A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

cherished any hope, save that God would preserve the life of the man who so completely renounced her. If she had vaguely trusted time might soften and remove his bitterness, she understood at last the mockery of a delusion that she had unconsciously indulged. Above the evening of the rippling water at her feet, rang his passionate words: "That last day in the carriage: 'I shall try not to come home.' To escape the possibility of proximity to her he had plunged into unknown wilds, where only the trails of foxes, wolves, bears, could thread the silent desolation, and at all hazards he would keep the promise of his farewell note: 'Your path in future shall be spared my shadow.' Wandering into the jaws of death, rather than see her again; for how elusive, how slender, the chances of meeting whalers. As in a mirage she seemed to see him on the colonnade at Nutwood, as he stood looking with eloquent, happy eyes at her, assuring her father: 'When I know she is waiting at home for me, do you suppose all the ice in Greenland can shut me away from her?' And now the Arctic Circle would hold his chosen grave, because she could never cross it. The mail for America held no word for her; but doubtless kind messages had come to an old man whose sunken eyes would shine with delight over tidings from the 'lad'."

The voice of Mrs. Mitchell calling her name aroused Eliah, and she staggered to her feet, swaying slightly as from a stinging blow. That silent, yearning tenderness, to which she had gladly yielded for so many months, now appeared an insult to her womanly pride.

Rejected and despised, abandoned forever, made by her husband's repudiation a target for gossip and harsh comment, why should she love him? Why, when too hopelessly late, had her heart so unexpectedly followed him, refusing to relax its quest?

Gathering the scattered papers, she left the mill and walked toward the house. As the core of an opal the west showed bands of pearl, beryl, sapphire, rose and when twilight stole over hillside and dingle, Venus glowed in a violet sea, so large, palpitating, brilliant, she seemed a golden torch flaring in interstellar currents, to light the way of the thin young moon swimming beneath her. Did both torture the were-wolves? At the gate Eliza waited, and putting an arm around the girl drew her into the hall of the cottage, where a lamp hung from the low ceiling. Under its light Eliah's face showed white and rigid.

"Little mother, I must ask you to leave me to myself tonight. This has been a sad day in many ways. I miss my father, and one trouble of which I never speak, even to you—the only one who loves me—presses heavily upon me just now. There are the papers. You will find an account of the return of the 'Ahvungah,' but Mr. Herriott preferred to remain another year. Kiss me good night, and ask God to take me soon, soon—to father."

The following winter was long and cold, with flurries of snow, and rattling of sleet, and it proved monotonously dull to the two women shut in the small house. The rooms were cozy, with curtains falling to the bright carpets; and roaring fires of oak and pine logs reddened the walls of the little parlor, where Eliah's upright piano enabled her to banish, at times, gloomy retrospection. Twice Mr. Whitfield came for a day and night, and cheered them with news of the outside world.

When the weather permitted Eliza to attend her Sabbath school at Maurice, she occasionally persuaded Eliah to play the organ for the children, but she was annoyed by no obtrusive attention on the part of sympathetic country people, whose warm hearts respected the heavy mourning in which she was wrapped, and recognized her right to complete seclusion. At college one of her favorite studies had been Spanish, and without giving an explanation she now applied herself to it with renewed interest. When Eliza questioned her, she referred vaguely to the liquid melody that charmed her in Spanish poetry, and expressed a desire to translate a volume which pleased her.

No allusion to Mr. Herriott or his home now passed her lips. Mr. Whitfield's anxiety to understand the perplexing conditions, and Eliah's unwavering reticence, led him to interrogate Eliza.

"Mr. Whitfield, I can't tell you what I do not know. Mr. Herriott's name is never uttered by her, never mentioned now by me. She is so silent she would certainly forget how to talk if she were not a woman. She intends to go to Europe, and, as you know, keeps some business matters in readiness, but no date has been fixed. You will be advised in time to draw up her will, of which she talked to me about a week ago. The months come and go, and the dear child is always as you see her, calm, uncomplaining, with lips locked as a statue's, but I must say I feel all the time as if I am walking over a grave that may suddenly crumble and cave in under my feet."

Returning spring was welcome, and early summer brought once more the solace and diversion of long rides through solemn, lonely pine stretches, where only birds, nature's feathered syrinx, sounded in the silence, happy as human children prattling to their mother.

A mute acceptance of the inevitable, as far removed from resignation, as from pleading protest, had sealed Eliah's face in passionless repose, pathetic and inscrutable. Indeflexibly she maintained her resolve.

"—to fly no signal  
That the soul founders in a sea of sorrow,"  
and solitude was her refuge. A long delayed monument having been completed at her father's grave, the desire to visit and inspect it dominated her, and one hot day the devoted child bowed at the feet of a marble angel, the carved lips seemed to whisper her father's farewell words of commendation and tender gratitude for her self-sacrifice in his behalf. Did he know now all it had cost—the branding humiliation, the fierce heart hunger she had found only when she offered herself on an altar that crumbled beneath her?

When the slab was covered with white violets, and she had pressed her lips to the name chiselled on the scroll, she put one hand on Mrs. Mitchell's shoulder and pointed to a grassy plot at her feet.

"Little mother, I hope it will not be long before I can shut my tired eyes forever, and when that happy day comes I want you to bring me here and lay me close to father, at his left side. One other thing you must not fail to do; after I am in my coffin be sure you take off my ring—my wedding ring—and if Mr. Herriott be living give it into his hand. He has wanted it back since the day he placed it on my finger, and only God knows how glad I shall be to surrender it. 'So long as ye both shall live' it is mine, but in the grave God gives us back our vows and sets us free."

The cold, hopeless renunciation in face and voice was more than the loving little woman could endure, and with a burst of tears she threw her arm about the girl, pressing her to her heart.

"My baby, have you no mercy for me, that you talk so cruelly? I shall be asleep by my Robert long before death calls one so young and strong and beautiful as my own dearie. Please have some consideration for me, and don't discuss such dreadful matters. I see from your eyes you want a promise. Well, if I outlive you—preposterous—I will forget nothing, provided you spare me all heart-sickening talk in future."

On the return journey Mrs. Mitchell wished to stop in New York, but Eliah shrank from the possibility of meeting old friends, dreading questions. As she intended to see her cousin, Vernon Temple, for a day, she went on to the hotel in the city near Calvary House, where her foster-mother joined her after a day's shopping tour in New York. At the time of Eliah's visit of a few hours here with her father, and while her cousin was at Nutwood, they had discussed plans

for a new altar much needed in the chapel, and during her residence at the Dingle she had submitted a design duplicating in many respects a carved and pillared shrine she and Judge Kent had seen near Avignon. The Father Superior and her cousin gratefully accepted her offer; and before she started to New England a letter announced the completion of the altar, and expressed the hope that she would be able to see it. If Mr. Herriott never returned, she locked deep in her heart an intention to make it a memorial to him, the donor of house and estate to the Brotherhood. The Provencal model was guarded by two seraphs; these she would add later, if the White North kept the wanderer folded forever to her breast of snow.

Of celibate organizations, Romish or Protestant, Mrs. Mitchell distinctly disapproved, and she had listened with ill-concealed annoyance and uneasiness when at Nutwood Vernon Temple expatiated upon the noble work accomplished by Episcopal deaconesses in sisterhood homes. She had always dreaded his influence over his cousin, especially since her father's death. Calvary House was as the threshold of Rimmon, and when the carriage approached it she exclaimed:

"I have no intention of going inside that monkish den. How a sensible, level-headed man like Mr. Herriott could give away property for such fanatical uses passes my understanding. I may be an ecclesiastical ignoramus; I certainly am a 'narrow Methodist'; but, my dear baby, I can't broaden even to please you, and you must excuse me. I had a catalogue from the great poultry farm that I hear is only a mile or two farther out on this road, and while you see your cousin and examine the things you gave the chapel, I will drive on and order some white guineas. Here, don't forget your box of embroideries. I shall wait at the gate for you."

The bell on the latch rang as Eliah passed under the gilt cross, and at the front door the porter, a young lay brother, looked at her in amazement.

"I wish to see Father Temple. I am his cousin, Eliah Kent."

"He is not here. He went to Philadelphia yesterday."

"Then tell the Father Superior—he knows me—that the lady who gave the new altar wishes to speak to him about it."

"Father Superior is holding a mission in New York."

"Where is the sacristan?"

"Free time has just begun, and he has gone to look after his beehives. I can call Father Phillips."

"No. I do not care to meet any of the

Brotherhood who do not know me. I was here once with my father, and Father Temple has visited my house in the South. I came merely to look at the new altar, and bring some fresh covers to the sacristan. Do not disturb any one; this is 'free time' and I must not keep you. Please say nothing about me now. I shall go into the chapel—I know the way—and then return to my carriage."

He opened the nearest door of the chapel, bowed, and disappeared.

Before the carved panel in the center of the altar she stood some moments, rejoicing that the sculptor had succeeded so well in reproducing the cherub heads running as a frieze between the columns. From the box she shook out two pulpit-falls, one embroidered with iris, one with passion flowers; then a chalice veil of shimmering white silk marked with a Greek cross. Beneath these lay a long altar cover of snowy linen cambric, "the fair linen-cloth," studded with crosses along the center, and bordered with annunciation lilies.

She smoothed and arranged it on the polished surface of the shrine, while a vision of an added surplice, standing *a memoriam* at each end, shone before her. She recalled Tennyson's inscription in Westminster Abbey, where one wife, widowed by Polar perils, had set her tribute of love. To her the sympathy of the world went out, and the nations, sharing her long search, shared her sorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year for COMFORT or renew for two years for 35 cents, and read the next chapter. Will life be sweeter for Eliah and the barrier removed? She hears Herriott's voice.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Tallest.—I'm sorry but there is nothing you can take to make you grow shorter. Try wearing flat hats, striped material with the stripes running around, not up and down, and wear low-heeled shoes. In this way you can apparently decrease your height.

Poll.—Try lemon juice for red spots.

Tulip.—Massage your lower lip with toilet vinegar. so long it doesn't injure the skin. It won't help much. No you can't bleach your lips.

Pickle.—You can look taller by standing up perfectly erect, throwing your shoulders back, wearing high-heeled shoes and tall hats. I do not know of anything that will make you taller. Gowland's Lotion is said to be good for freckles, tan, liver spots, etc. Be careful not to leave it where children can get at it and remember that it is for external use not internal.

Baring.—Try Gowland's Lotion for brown mark. See reply to Pickle. Brush the eyebrow in the way you wish it to grow and eventually it will grow that way.

Anxious Reader.—I think the red thing on your face could be removed by the electric needle, but probably not otherwise.

Skeeter.—Puffiness about the eyes denotes eye-strain generally. Bathe them frequently in hot salt water and try not to use them so much. Massaging your face with cream will plumpen it and also be good for your wrinkles. Thank you all for your visit. Come again.

Mrs. W. A.—Thank you and I wish you a Happy New Year and many of them. A toilet vinegar, I understand can be made by soaking from three to four ounces of fresh flowers in one pint of strong white wine vinegar. Let stand for a week, shaking several times. Homemade toilet vinegar seldom turns out right. Do not use it on your face. I cannot recommend this as I have only used the toilet vinegars one gets at the drugists, already prepared. Can't you try walking and hot baths?

Miss Anna B. G.—I do not approve of the formula you mention for reducing flesh. If you will drink one and one half quarts of sweet milk each day and eat salted crackers, you will reduce quite rapidly. Wear a half high pompadour, and do your hair loosely on the crown of your head. A good pure powder is not harmful if washed off at night.

Mrs. James M. R.—You are evidently troubled with liver patches. Use Gowland's Lotion, recommended in COMFORT and as liver spots are caused by stomach trouble, drink two glasses of hot water before each meal and before going to bed.

Miss E. Doris writes me that olive oil has plumped her up wonderfully and she wants other COMFORT readers to try it if they are too thin.

Mrs. Doris.—Massage across wrinkles with cream. Do this for ten minutes each night and you will soon see the ugly lines disappearing.

Janie M. W.—Read my reply to E. S. I think this simple treatment if kept up for several months will increase your bust size. Yes drinking so much milk sometimes makes one short of breath, but it doesn't mean anything unless you have serious heart trouble.

Leone.—I think the small white pimple on your eyelid must be a seed wart or a sty. You could have it removed by a doctor.

Nora J. Ark.—I cannot give addresses in these columns.

Dottie.—All milk patients have white coated tongues and large quantities of milk will make you sleepy. That's why it's good for insomnia. Why not eat regular meals, take three raw eggs and four quarts of milk

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



Why Don't YOU Get This Phonograph

On **FREE TRIAL?**

For almost three years I have been making the most liberal phonograph offer ever known! I have given hosts of people the opportunity of hearing the genuine Edison Phonograph right in their own homes without charging them a single penny. So far you have missed all this. Why? Possibly you don't quite understand my offer yet. Listen—

**MY OFFER:**

I will send you this Genuine Edison Standard Outfit (the newest model), complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded Records, for an absolutely free trial. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign. Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this Phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will stop and think just a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

**WHY I WANT to Lend You this Phonograph:**

I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. I can't tell you one twentieth of the wonders of the Edison, nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine new style Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. And you can get the records in any language you wish. The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

**Our Easy Payment Plan.** I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. \$2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, and the payments are so very small and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

**If You Want to Keep It**

that is, if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so, but it is not compulsory. I am asking you merely to send for a free demonstration.

**F. K. BABSON, Edison Phon. Distrib'ts, Edison Block, Dept. 2073, CHICAGO**

**You Don't Have to Buy It:** All I ask you to do is to invite as many wonderful new style Edison. You will want to do that anyway because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free phonographs. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument.

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Just sign your name and address on the attached coupon now and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded Records (over 1,500 of them in all languages) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign the coupon now, get these catalogs and select your records at once. Remember the free concerts. Sign the coupon right now.

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Please send me without any obligation, your latest Edison Phonograph Catalog, list of Edison Gold Moulded Records, and Free Trial Certificate at once.  
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WASHINGTON GOING TO HIS FIRST INAUGURATION.

**T**HE inauguration of a President of the United States occurring on the fourth day of March every fourth year is an event of national significance which interests everybody. A new administration comes into being in accordance with the will of the people and takes on the responsibility of government. The President, as the chosen servant of the whole people, the head of the nation, is the personal embodiment of popular sovereignty, and his assumption of authority, even when it is for a second term of office, is an occasion of such consequence that it is always enthusiastically celebrated with a great popular demonstration, in which, although necessarily taking place in Washington, representatives from all sections of the Union take part. I speak advisedly in calling it a great popular demonstration, because the government takes charge of and pays for only the brief and comparatively inexpensive official ceremony at the Capitol, while all the rest of the program, including the beautiful street decorations, imposing street parade, splendid fireworks, reception to the President and gorgeous inauguration ball, is gotten up by private enterprise and paid for by popular subscription of the citizens of Washington. It is by far the grandest celebration that ever occurs in America, and attracts visitors from all sections of the country and crowds the streets of Washington on inauguration day with more than half a million sightseers, who, gayly attired in holiday dress themselves constitute a sight well worth seeing.

It is the greatest event that ever happens in Washington, and as it only comes once in four years Washington makes the very most of it. It costs the people of Washington a large sum, but of course it brings into town a much larger sum which the thousands of tourists and visitors spend at the hotels, restaurants, boarding and lodging houses, shops and places of amusement, which are crowded to overflowing and reap a rich harvest.

More than one hundred and forty thousand dollars was spent on the last inauguration by the committee. About half of this sum was raised by subscription and the rest came from sale of seats and the inauguration ball tickets at five dollars each. It was a big and successful affair in 1905, but the inauguration of Taft is laid out on a still larger scale to beat all previous inaugurations.

For weeks before inauguration Washington is full of the bustle and activity of preparation.

Washington, with its many palatial public buildings, fine parks and monuments, and elegantly kept streets, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and Pennsylvania Avenue, leading from the Capitol to the White House, is its most famous street. Along this avenue the grand parade passes and the owners of buildings get fabulous prices inauguration day for the use of windows looking onto this street. To see the Taft inauguration parade a New York man has paid two hundred dollars for the use of two windows, and Senator Depew pays three hundred dollars for a room looking out onto Pennsylvania Ave.

Temporary stands with seats accommodating thousands of spectators are erected in the parks along the line of march of the parade, and the seats sell for from two dollars up, and you can see scarcely anything from the two dollar seats, they are so far back. From the sale of these seats and from the inauguration ball tickets at five dollars each, the committee raise a large fund toward defraying expenses.

It must be a splendid pageant that these people are willing to pay such prices to look at. It is in fact, and beautiful Washington sumptuously decorated for the occasion is just a blaze of glory.

#### The Start from the White House

Promptly at eleven o'clock the retiring President and the President elect emerge from the White House and take seats in the elegant open barouche owned and kept by the government for the use of the President. Sometimes a guest of honor rides with them as shown in our picture taken at President Roosevelt's inauguration. The carriage is drawn by four beautiful horses perfectly matched in size, style and color. Mounted on the driver's seat are the colored driver and footman dressed in the dark livery with brass buttons and red, white and blue rosettes which distinguish the White House service.

The carriage drives slowly to the Capitol and beside it march a guard of picked detectives from the secret service department in plain citizen's clothes as shown in our illustration.

Arriving at the Capitol, the President and President elect, with the Vice-President elect are escorted into the senate chamber,

# INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT

An Accurate Description of the Simple, Appropriate and Impressive Official Ceremony Whereby the Head of the Nation is Inducted Into Office and of the Pomp and Splendor with Which the People Celebrate the Occasion

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ber, where the retiring Vice-President is presiding over the closing session of the senate.

Assembled here are the principal officers of the civil and military departments, and the galleries are filled with gayly dressed spectators, among which the smart gowns of the ladies are no more gorgeous than the resplendent uniforms of the army and navy officers and of the high dignitaries of the foreign diplomatic corps.

At twelve o'clock noon the President's term of office closes and his official power ends instantly; so also that of the Vice-President, and as it will not do to leave this great nation for a moment without an executive head, just as the senate clock, which is the official timepiece by which the federal government is run, strikes the hour the retiring Vice-President rises and strikes his desk with his gavel; the Vice-President elect is escorted to the desk and is sworn in by the retiring Vice-President who hands over to the new Vice-President the gavel as his insignia of office with which he at once calls the senate to order again in the first session of the new administration.

For the next half hour the new Vice-President's really President, because the President elect has not yet been sworn in, and the retired President is out of office on the striking of the senate clock.

After a short prayer by the senate chaplain, the new Vice-President delivers a short inaugural address, at the close of which this distinguished assemblage files out and takes seats on the great temporary platform erected for the occasion on the east front of the Capitol. This stately procession is led by the judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, clad in their somber judicial robes, who escort the President elect and the now retired President to the desk at the front of the great platform on which are seated some five to six thousand invited guests.

This desk is at the front edge of the platform facing the assembled thousands who stand in a closely packed crowd below, waiting the final official ceremony. The invited guests upon the platform are seated behind the desk and in their gay attire form a brilliant background to the scene.

#### The Supreme Moment

And now comes the supreme moment, the real inauguration, the administration of the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution whereby the chosen of the people is made the head of the nation. At this desk on the temporary platform in front of the Capitol, in plain citizen's clothes, standing with uncovered head under the open canopy of heaven, in the presence of the officers of government whom he is to direct and of the people whom he is to serve, with right hand resting on the holy Bible in solemn invocation of the help of Almighty God, the most powerful ruler of the greatest, richest, mightiest nation of the earth is sworn by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to defend and preserve the Union, to support the Constitution, and to serve the people of the United States to the best of his ability. It is a simple but solemn, dignified and highly impressive ceremony befitting our democratic form of government and sublimely expressive of the great underlying principle of popular sovereignty on which it is founded.

Think of the grandeur of the idea which this open air inauguration inspires,—that no building with its confining walls shall exclude any citizen of the republic from seeing the inauguration of the President; that not even the dome of the stately Capitol is sufficiently august to cover this most consequential ceremony.

Washington established this custom at his first inauguration when he was sworn in on the balcony of the old federal building on the corner of Wall and Broad streets in New York City, before the city of Washington was founded, as shown in our illustration.

We also show you a picture of President Roosevelt being sworn in by Chief Justice Fuller who, by the way, was born, brought up and commenced the practice of law in Augusta, Maine, the home of COMFORT. He also administers the oath of office this time to President-elect Taft.

As soon as he has received the oath, and thus become vested with all the prerogatives of his high

office, the President turns to face his fellow citizens who stand crowded through acres of space in front of him and delivers to them his inaugural address. It is his first official act, and very properly it is a direct talk to the plain people, to all the people, and not especially to the invited guests on whom he necessarily turns his back while delivering his inaugural address to the people.

Our illustration shows President Roosevelt delivering his inaugural address four years ago. Note how the desk in front of him is draped with the President's flag. Did you know that there is an authorized flag for the President? There is, and it is always displayed at the mast of any ship in the navy when the President happens to be on board.

The President's address concludes the official part of the program and it costs the government comparatively little, the chief item of expense being the immense temporary platform over the steps at the east front of the Capitol. Senator Knox, who is chairman of the Senate committee in charge of President Taft's inauguration, has asked Congress to appropriate sixteen thousand dollars to pay the government's part of the expenses.

Immediately after the President's inaugural address comes

#### The Grand Parade

The President, Ex-President, Vice-President and Chairman of the Inauguration Committee now return to the President's carriage and are driven slowly down Pennsylvania Avenue to the reviewing stand erected for the purpose on the White House grounds. They enter this stand and with some invited friends review the grand procession which will consist of about forty thousand marching men with about a hundred bands of music, and will be hours in passing the President's reviewing stand.

As the procession leaves the Capitol, it is led by a platoon of Washington police who clear the way. Next comes Major General Bell of the regular army, who as marshal of the day has command of the parade. Of course he is in full uniform and on horseback, and so are the members of his brilliant staff who follow him, consisting of generals and other distinguished officers of the army.

Then comes the President's band playing "Hail to the Chief" and this is the only band in the procession which is permitted to play this particular air.

Next, marching on foot, comes the President's "guard of honor," the most honorable and most envied place in the procession. This year it consists of a body of Civil war and Spanish war veterans, and I should have said that this same guard of honor also escorts the President's carriage in the forenoon from the White House to the Capitol.

Then comes the President's carriage occupied by President William Howard Taft and Vice-President James S. Sherman and others as described, escorted by the secret service men who are the real Presidential guards.

As the President's carriage passes on he is greeted by a constant succession of cheers from the enthusiastic throngs of spectators, and he rides hat in hand continually smiling and bowing first on one side and then on the other in acknowledgment of these friendly salutations. Our snap shot picture shows President Roosevelt doing just this on his inauguration ride four years ago. Arriving at the White House the President and his party mount the stand and review the procession as it passes.

Then comes a most imposing military array comprising the West Point cadets in perfect alignment for which they are famous, marching past with the snappy step of youth; the solid columns of Uncle Sam's regulars walking with the swinging stride that carried them irresistibly to the front in the several recent wars of American history; nearly three thousand sailors fresh from their wonderful cruise around the world; the splendid regiments of the picked national guardsmen from the states, tramping with the precision of regulars. Many of these state contingents are led by the governors of their respective states, accompanied by their

military staffs in resplendent uniforms. It is an honor to any governor and to his state for him to march at the head of his militia on such an occasion.

Following the military comes the civic division of this immense pageant, numbering thousands and comprising political clubs and other civic organizations in endless variety of uniform and carrying curious and beautiful banners. They come from every state and territory in the Union.

There is something interesting every minute. People from all quarters of the globe congregate there to see the big free show and to pay their respects to the new President and Vice-President of these United States.

Hundreds of brass bands fill the air with music and the promenade crowds through the streets of Washington are cosmopolitan in the extreme.

The broad boulevard so familiar to visitors—historic Pennsylvania Avenue—will, on March 4, be a veritable bower of flags and bunting, with the official colors of the inaugural committee, green and white predominating in the daylight hours. At night the avenue will present a picture of wonderland, with millions of electric bulbs bathing the thoroughfare in a veritable daylight of electricity. A Court of Honor will be erected on Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House, and extending from 15th street to 17th street. It will consist of colonades at even spaces on either side of the avenue, connected at the top with green railings. Massive pylons or gateways will be erected at Jackson Place and Madison Place.

In the evening the fireworks will be a gorgeous feature. Pain will present his best and latest program of pyrotechnics. The sky will be painted in the most brilliant hues that can be reproduced in fire. There will be volleys of bombs exploding high up in the

and popular affair, for any respectable person willing to pay five dollars for a ticket is welcome to attend and participate in the festivities; and very many of the plain people do attend and go away well satisfied that they have had their money's worth.

The stately ambassadors of the European monarchies in their showy uniforms and the quaintly dressed representatives of the semi-barbarous potentates of Asia touch elbows with the brisk business and professional men of this progressive republic and the officers of the army and navy of this and other countries in their glittering uniforms are much in evidence, but among all this pomp, pageantry and splendor interest centers in the man dressed in plain citizen's clothes whom the great American people have chosen to serve them in guiding the destinies of the nation for the next four years.

It is a great day for the people. Every minute is crowded full of enjoyment, and conscious that four years must pass ere the recurrence of this occasion they prolong the festivities of the inauguration ball to the utmost.

It is a great day and a hard one for the new President, and tired out he is glad to slip away early from the ball, as soon as the people will let him, to seek a little much needed rest. For him this is but the beginning of four years of strenuous exertion and hard work with little if any rest or quiet.

So ends inauguration day. We have described a typical inauguration as it has been in recent years and as the committee have planned and ordered it for President Taft.

We wish that every reader of COMFORT, in fact that every American citizen, at least once in a lifetime might witness the inspiring spectacle of an inauguration of a President.

COMFORT congratulates President Taft and wishes him health and strength to grapple with and master the mighty task that is set before him. We are confident that he will do his best to follow the footsteps of his great and illustrious predecessor; and in this may God help him.

President Roosevelt is a hard man to follow in office, for his tremendous efforts and splendid achievements in behalf of the liberties of the people and for the establishment of a higher standard of official honesty are comparable only to those of Washington and Lincoln; but like them he has left behind him a blazed trail which leads to national greatness through civic righteousness. We wish him an enjoyable hunting tour and a safe return to his beloved country whose citizens need the moral influence of his leadership in their great struggle against the internal enemies of the republic.

#### Retrospect of Early Inaugurations

We have had since our beginning twenty-six Presidents, but not twenty-six public inaugurations, owing to the fact that when a President dies in office the Vice-President succeeds him without public ceremonies more than is absolutely necessary. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur and Roosevelt came in thus quietly. The first inauguration took place in New York City, April 30th 1789, and Washington came from Virginia to take his part in it. It was an inaugural parade almost all the way from Fredericksburg, where he went to tell his mother goodby, until he reached New York, as every where along the way the people turned out enthusiastically to do him honor. The journey, which could today be made in ten hours, required a week or more, and afforded the people ample opportunity to make a grand parade of it. Washington's second inauguration took place in New York City which was still the capital of the country. With John Adams, it went to Philadelphia, and he was inaugurated in that city of Brotherly Love. Washington was present at that inauguration and he attracted more attention and applause than the new President. It was the only inauguration Washington ever attended except his own. And John Adams was the last President to be inaugurated at Philadelphia. His successor Thomas Jefferson, was inaugurated at Washington in 1801. There was a procession of soldiers and citizens, but no great display. Indeed, one would have been hardly possible as Pennsylvania Avenue, the grand promenade of the parades nowadays, was then unpaved and not much more than a mud road, and soft mud at that in early spring. Madison had a parade, but the chief ceremony was at night in the shape of a big ball by Congress and citizens. Since the time of Madison the inaugural ball has been the chief function of the



PRESIDENT TAFT.  
The Family Group in front of their cottage at Augusta, Ga.  
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night as the parade is of the day. Monroe was inaugurated with the finest procession that had been seen up to that time, and there was a grand Chief Marshal on horseback, something before known only very modestly. Before this everybody walked except the President for whom a carriage was provided. When Van Buren, who succeeded Jackson came in, he rode in the procession in a phaeton made from the wood of the frigate Constitution which had been presented to President Jackson. The inauguration of President Polk was interfered with by bad weather, the first that is recorded though since his time there have been so many ugly fourths of March that Congress is trying to put inauguration day on the 30th of April. As a result of exposure at the second Cleveland inauguration it is said that sixty men died. Perhaps in a thousand years or so Congress will wake up and change the date. The record crowd up to that time was in attendance at the inauguration of President Taylor. "Old Zack" was a soldier and popular hero of the Mexican War, and the people came from all directions to see him go in. At the inauguration of President Pierce, bad weather prevailed, but despite that twenty thousand people turned out. As the population of the country in 1853 was about twenty-four millions, that twenty thousand made a very good showing compared with the population of today and the improved facilities for travel.

#### Interesting Inaugural Bibles.

James H. McKenney, Clerk of the U. S. Supreme Court, is charged with the duty of having the sacred volume ready at the right moment for the inaugural ceremony, and such is his dexterity that always on such occasions it so opens that the new President finds his palm resting upon some appropriate passage which is an augury of good for all concerned.

A new Bible is supplied for each inauguration, so that each President may have the one on which he is sworn as a keepsake, which, of course, is highly prized by him and his family. But in most cases the government does not have to provide it, because it frequently happens that the President has some treasured volume of the Holy Scriptures which he prefers to use on this important occasion.

At President Cleveland's first inaugural he used a little old Bible, not larger than your hand, much worn with use and treasured from boyhood as the gift of his mother. At his wife's request it was again used at his second inauguration.

Mr. McKenney said: "Quite in contrast with this little volume was the one used in administering the oath to Mr. McKinley. The colored bishops joined together and presented to McKinley one of the biggest books I have ever seen. It was an extraordinary large family Bible, bound in heavy morocco, trimmed in gold and stored in a much ornamented box. I remember very well that I was quite fagged out from carrying it to the Senate chamber and from that chamber to the platform in front of the Capitol.

"President Roosevelt was sworn in on a Bible which had been used for the same purpose when he was inaugurated Governor of New York.

"Unless Mr. Taft furnishes a Bible himself, we shall buy a new one for his inauguration."

When President Garfield died Vice-President Arthur was immediately sworn in at New York City, where he happened to be at that time, and went at once to Washington to assume the duties of President, but to avoid all doubt it was decided to swear him again in the Capitol immediately on his arrival there, and for this purpose Mr. McKenney had to send down street in a hurry to procure a Bible.

Mr. McKenney says, "We now make it a point to have an available Bible on hand at all times to meet such an emergency."



THE PRESIDENT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE  
THE SUPREME MOMENT  
His right hand is on the Bible. Chief Justice Fuller administers the oath.  
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GRAND RECEPTION AT WHITE HOUSE AFTER INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT TAFT, 1905, ACCURATELY SHOWING MANY NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN OF THAT DAY.

heavens and showering downward masses of stars, snakes and other blazing innovations. A feature will be the "Magic City," a single stupendous piece which will cost more than one thousand dollars. It will be one hundred feet high and four hundred feet long.

Two great airships with a cargo of fireworks will float over the "Magic City" discharging pyrotechnics in their flight by means of electricity. Then the "Magic City" will be burned, the conflagration lasting about five minutes and presenting a thrilling spectacle. The words "Taft and Sherman" will be written on the sky in fiery characters, and there will be suggestions of earthquake and volcanic eruption.

#### The President's Reception and Inauguration Ball

which are gotten up at private expense, are held on the main floor of the Pension Building, the only hall in Washington large enough and suitable for the purpose. The government gives the use of the hall free on these occasions. Our large picture shows President and Mrs. Lincoln receiving the guests at his inauguration ball. The costumes of the ladies with their immense hoops look strange to us now.

A scheme of decoration for the main floor of the pension building, in which the inaugural ball will be held this year has been arranged by the committee on ballroom decorations. There will be consistent coloring and the brick walls will be covered with flags and draperies. The whole effect will be that of a great drawing-room in a blaze of light.

From eight to nine this ballroom is open for reception of the guests of the inauguration ball. The President, Vice-President and their families hold a reception here. Promptly at nine o'clock the President opens the ball, the grand march is formed and the dancing which follows is continued into the small hours of the morning; meanwhile delicious refreshments are served in endless abundance. On the floor of the ballroom the famous beauties of the United States and of foreign lands wearing the most costly Paris-made gowns and sparkling with jewels take part in one of the most impressive and picturesque promenades that can be imagined. But withal it is a thoroughly democratic



THE PRESIDENT ESCORTED BY SECRET SERVICE MEN ON WAY TO THE CAPITOL.  
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INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.  
Bacony, Old Federal Building, N. Y.







All readers of COMFORT who are sick or who have sick friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble, will be interested in the following:

(From The Chicago Inter Ocean)

### FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, discovers remarkable remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

Arrangements have been made by which Dr. Lynott offers readers of this paper a free treatment. Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

We feel that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

We know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER. And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free, direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free treatment certificate at bottom of this page and get relief right now.

# STOP!



Stop that back breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible unbearable agony! Oh that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

## Yes, Write For the Free Treatment—

a REAL Free Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief at once—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Free Treatment Certificate below—sign it and send it today. No money—no obligation. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.



Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

### Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here, is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

## WATCH These Symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly, those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of uric acid disease:

### The Symptoms

- |                                          |                                          |
|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1—Pain in the back.                      | 10—Swelling in any part of the body.     |
| 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.        | 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart. |
| 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.       | 12—Pain in the hip joint.                |
| 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.       | 13—Pain in the neck or head.             |
| 5—Prostatic Trouble.                     | 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.      |
| 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.            | 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.       |
| 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness. | 16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.     |
| 8—Constipation or liver trouble.         | 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.          |
| 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.     | 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.          |

## NOW THEN This Certificate is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Instant Relief for those terrorizing pains.



Send no money—read the certificate, note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get the free treatment.

# JUST

## Your Name

## and Address and the Symptoms

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligations whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

## SEND NO MONEY—Just write for the free treatment

REMEMBER:—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

**DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2495 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO**

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

## Free Treatment Certificate

What is Your Name?

State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?

What Symptoms Have You?

Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is Your Age?

Married?

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

**DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT**

2495 Occidental Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL.







## Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Mr. Vanderwent continued to gaze into the face of Charlie, who was utterly bewildered by the scene around him. Mr. Cornelius had edged off towards the hall door, but the shadow had stationed himself in that part of the library, to prevent any attempt to escape. Mr. Vanderwent opened his desk, and took out the statement of Tom Twitterton.

"That document is conveniently wanting in several essential elements," said Mr. Lynmore, as they glanced over it together. "I never gave it much weight, for that reason. The shawl and the night-dress were the real evidence," replied Mr. Vanderwent. "But this paper is consistent with the facts, as far as I know them."

"I expect an important witness soon," added Mr. Lynmore.

"Who?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent.

"Captain Penguin, of the 'Albatross'."

An hour later, Mr. Blastwood arrived, attended by Mr. Leffingwell, and together they assisted the old captain up the steps into the house. He was seated in a large armchair. While they were waiting for him, Mr. Cornelius seeing that the battle was lost, wished to go up to his chamber to change his clothes or dress for dinner. Mr. Subtile insisted on going with him. When they came down, the prisoner seized his hat, and ran down the steps to the basement, intending to leave by the back door. The detective followed him and laid hands upon him. A scuffle ensued, which attracted the attention of all in the house; but in a moment Mr. Subtile had a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of Mr. Cornelius. This disturbance excited the interest of the ladies, and they followed the prisoner into the library. No one objected to their presence, and Mr. Lynmore explained what had occurred during the day.

The library was full when Captain Penguin arrived.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain," said Mr. Lynmore, then he presented him to Mr. Vanderwent.

"Mr. who?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Vanderwent," replied Mr. Lynmore.

"Seems to me that I have heard that name before; but I am an old man, and I have seen a great deal of trouble; my eyes are rather muddled," muttered the old shipmaster.

"I'm glad to see you, Captain Penguin," said Mr. Vanderwent, giving him his hand. "I hope you will stay and dine with us."

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to dine with you. I used to dine with the first merchants in New York if I am in the Snug Harbor; but I am all broken down now; my health's shattered, and I am like an old hulk that is cast by the storm on the sands."

"But your memory is still good, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Vanderwent.

"Well, no; not very. You see I got a blow in the wreck on my head, and many years of my life are a perfect blank."

"Yet you remember things that happened before the wreck?" asked Mr. Lynmore.

"Oh! yes, better than I do what took place since," added the captain. "I owned half of the 'Albatross' and that was all that I had in the world, and when she went down I was a beggar. I lost all that I had, and my health too, when we were almost in New York."

"Can you tell us the particulars of the wreck, Captain Penguin?" asked Mr. Vanderwent.

"I can't tell you I don't like to think of it. We had bad weather on the voyage. Off Plymouth Beach we had a hurricane. It caught us too far in shore. We struck on a bar, and knocked a hole in the ship's side. The sea washed clean over us; but I got a whale boat ready to launch. I had six passengers, one of them was a lady—what did you say his name was?" said the old shipmaster, suddenly turning to Mr. Lynmore, who sat beside him.

"Mr. Vanderwent."

"Vanderwent; that was the name of the lady. Mrs. Vanderwent; and she was the handsomest and sweetest lady I ever saw."

The second Mrs. Vanderwent frowned and compressed her lips.

"She had a boy with her. I used to carry him about the deck in fine weather. The lady was almost distracted when I told her that the ship was certainly lost, and that we must take to the boats before she went to pieces; but she didn't care for herself; it was only for the child. I took the little fellow from the berth myself, when I told his mother how we stood. He had nothing on except his night-gown, but I wrapped him up in his mother's shawl. I had done it a good many times before, when I had walked with him on deck. I put Mrs. Vanderwent."

"Vanderwent," prompted Mr. Lynmore.

"I put Mrs. Vanderwent in the stern sheets of the whale boat, and lashed the child to the grating."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Vanderwent, no longer able to suppress his emotions.

"I picked a crew for the boat, and we slid her off on the top of a big wave; but it was no use; the boat rolled over and over like a log. The seamen were swept away, and I lost my hold of the boat. I grasped a floating spar, and it carried me to the shore. I remember feeling the sand under my feet; but it appears that I was hit on the head by a piece of the wreck, and lost my senses. I don't remember much of anything since then. The poor lady and her child were lost. I was the only one saved, and I was only the wreck of a man."

"No, sir, you wasn't the only one!" shouted Job Seagrain in the violence of his excitement.

"One moment, Mr. Seagrain," interposed Mr. Lynmore. "How long before you sailed did the lady engage her passage?"

"Not an hour; she was an English lady, I don't remember where she lived."

"Bedford in Bedfordshire," added Mr. Vanderwent.

"That was it. Did you know the lady? Was she a relation?"

"Go on, if you please," said Mr. Vanderwent, trembling with emotion.

"She had engaged passage in another ship—the 'Gladwing'; for I remember reading in the record at the Snug Harbor that she went down in the same gale that wrecked the 'Albatross'. But her mother was sick, and she gave up going for a few days, then her mother improved, and she went to Liverpool with her child. The 'Gladwing' had sailed only two hours before; but I was just going, and had room for her. That's the reason she came with me."

"That lady was my first wife, and now it appears that my son was saved."

"Saved!" cried Captain Penguin.

"I took him out of the whale boat myself, and I know that he was lashed in by an old sailor that knew how to tie a knot."

"Here he is," and Job conducted Charlie to the old captain's chair.

Captain Penguin "looked him over" very critically; and then brushed away the hair from his left temple.

"There's the scar; I remember that!" he exclaimed.

"Should you know the shawl and the night-dress?" asked Mr. Lynmore.

"I never saw another shawl like that one. One night the child did not sleep, and the lady told me that her husband used to walk the floor with the child in his arms, so I did so in the cabin several times, for the ship pitched so the poor lady could not stand up. I saw the mark on the night-dress and I should know that."

The articles were produced and the captain declared that he could swear to them. To the astonishment of Mr. Twitterton—that was his name after all—Mr. Vanderwent seized Charlie by the hand first, and then embraced him, and wept over him. Mr. Vanderwent did not ejaculate or cry out:

"My son! My son! My long lost son!"

His emotions were too deep for words. Charlie

was more bewildered than ever, for he was now the center of attraction. All the ladies congratulated him, and Fanny gave him both of her hands, which, in the excitement of the moment, he pressed until she blushed crimson.

"Mr. Vanderwent, I congratulate you," said Mr. Lynmore, "not so much because you have found a son—for that may not always be a blessing"—and he glanced at Mr. Twitterton—"but because you have found so good a son. Charlie is worth his weight in gold. He is a brave boy. My daughter owes her life to him; and he is as modest and noble as he is brave."

The evidence against Tim Twitterton was rehearsed before Mr. Vanderwent and all present were satisfied that he had robbed the firm of six or ten hundred dollars; that he had discovered the leak in the money drawer, and instead of stopping it, had turned the leak into his own pockets. It had been shown that he tried to get rid of Job, whose evidence had already convicted him of the imposition upon Mr. Vanderwent.

"Here is one more link in the chain," said Mr. Blastwood, producing the anonymous letter.

"That letter was written by my cousin, Sam Leffingwell," said Mr. Leffingwell, the partner, "I know his handwriting very well."

Mr. Leffingwell produced the letter of his cousin's, asking him for money to pay his passage to Brazil. The handwriting was identical.

"Be you Mr. Leffingwell?" asked Job.

"I am," replied the junior partner.

"You ain't the man that I saw in stateroom No. 42, on the steamer."

"No; that was my cousin Sam, a reckless, dissolute fellow. Mr. Twitterton, I suppose, paid his expenses to Brazil on condition that you should be taken out of his way by him."

"He had a sore head when I left him," said Job, describing the scene in the stateroom.

Tim Twitterton held his peace. His guilt was fully proved—on it Mr. Subtile committed him to the Tombs. At his trial, a few days later, he was convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing for several years—a sad example of the misapplication of talent.

Charlie was warmly welcomed to his new home, even by the second Mrs. Vanderwent. But his father desired him to continue in his position in the store, which he was very willing to do. Nearly every evening he was a visitor in the home of Mr. Lynmore. Job and Betsy Ann occasionally dined at the home of the two senior partners, with Captain Penguin, and Charlie goes to Oslip every other Saturday to stay over Sunday, occupying his chamber in the new house. Job made several thousand dollars out of that oyster bed, and he is now in independent circumstances. Square Peter Shifflety has several times attempted to "bridge over the chasm" between the oysterman and himself; but Job always treated him civilly but refused to have any dealings with him. For several years no man in Oslip has been more respected than Job Seagrain. Betsy Ann goes into society now, and wears as handsome silk dresses as any lady in the place.

Mr. Fred Lynmore was remorselessly banished from the residence of Mr. Lynmore, for the full

term of six months. When the period of his exile had expired, and he was invited to spend an afternoon at his uncle's, he realized that the chances with Miss Fanny had all gone.

Five years had elapsed, and the elegant mansion of Mr. Lynmore, on Staten Island, was brilliantly illuminated. It was one of the early days in June, and the elite of New Brighton and elsewhere were gathering in its spacious apartments. A clergyman came, and Mr. Charles Vanderwent and Miss Fanny Lynmore were made one, in the presence of the vast throng. The friendship had ripened into love.

"God bless you, my son," said Mr. Vanderwent, as he took Charlie's hand, after kissing the bride.

"Well, Charlie, you are spliced now, and I s'pose you won't have much time to think of the old folks over on Long Island," said Job, giving one hand to each of the married pair.

"As much as ever I had," replied Mr. Vanderwent, Jr., warmly. "I never shall forget you, and never go back on you."

"That's you, Charlie! God bless you forever and ever!" exclaimed the old man.

"When we come back from Europe we are going out to Oslip to stay a week with you—won't we, Fanny?" added the happy husband.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the bride.

The mansion rang with the sounds of the revelry till a late hour—for it was an old-fashioned wedding; and the next morning hundreds of the guests stood on the wharf and cheered them as they sailed for Europe on the bridal tour. Among those who were there by accident and looked on in silence, was Mr. Twitterton, who had been discharged from the state prison. He recognized the bride and groom as perhaps he realized at that moment the contrast between a good life and an evil one; and that, in resorting to fraud and crime, he had cast away his opportunity of ever attaining the bliss that was now The Brave Boy's Fortune.

—THE END.

## Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,  
For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ing up. "My God! could I not have been spared this? Mother, mother! my heart is broken, my life is shattered and—oh! how did you learn? Who was the pitiless wretch who could not stay an hour in waiting the poison to your ears?"

She staggered away from him with a strange, hoarse cry, whose echo came to him in many an after year, and rang its changes through his reeling brain.

"It is true then?" she broke out in an awful voice; it is true I have lived to see our name dishonored and—God help and pity me,—through the son I loved as mother never loved before. Oh, that I had died before this dreadful night, that I had dropped dead at Lady Fanny Gabbie's

feet when she entered Crown Leighton tonight and bore the awful tale to me. And this is my son, whose name I would have linked to royalty itself, in my glory and ambition for his future; this is the Earl of Beresford, the last of his race, and name, and he the husband of a woman with a dark and shameful secret. No, do not approach me, do not touch me. Pride like mine dies hard, Lord Lionel Beresford, but,—gaspingly, chokingly, pathetically—"it fell dead tonight—dead, to know no after life, dead, and you gave up all the pride and honor of five hundred years to heap this curse on me. Oh, my lord, have pity on your thrice wretched mother, and kill her before other tortures drive her mad!"

She flung out her arms with a wild gesture of utter despair—this proud old mother whose heart had been broken, and whose mind had been blinded across the library, went down on her knees with her fair old face uplifted, all stark and white and ghastly with woman's utmost woe.

"Kill me, Lord Lionel Beresford!" she shrieked in a hoarse, palpitating breath. "If I live to find the full extent of this woman's infamy, you may look to see me behind the bars of a madhouse. Kill me, if you have one spark of human pity in your heart. My flesh and blood has dishonored the name of Beresford, the curse of a blighted honor has fallen over my life—kill me and let me forget!"

"Mother!" he staggered from her as he spoke, and that wild, white face, that gasping breathless, frantic cry, sent an awful suspicion through his brain. "Mother, my God, mother! is your reason tottering? Let me summon assistance—let me ring for help, or—"

"I want nothing but death—nothing but death," she panted, beating her bosom and transfixing him with those glazed and vacant eyes. "My reason has been going since the hour I heard the first slanderous breath breathed against my name. I want death, I tell you—and you who murdered my peace must atone for the crime—you who slew my pride must give me eternal rest before the fever of madness scorches and shrivels my reason. Kill me, Lord Lionel Beresford—if I live until daybreak, I shall curse you. You don't pause when you planted a deadlier blow, be merciful and finish the wreck you have made of my life."

The hoarse, impassioned voice broke down in a breathless wall, she threw her arms about his knees and lifted those awful eyes to his—eyes blazing with the fires of incipient madness—eyes that would never again look tender and winning and full of mother-love, for on this night—countess my Lady Rosamond Mount Severn's vengeance had fallen the deadliest and the worst.

"Do you hear me? I want death, Lord Lionel Beresford," she broke out in a gasping, catching, treacherous voice. "I would have preferred it to dishonor—give it to me and I will bless you as you strike!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription renewal, and read the remainder of this chapter. Will Lionel Beresford's heart soften?

# Sister Woman!

## LET ME HELP YOU

My mission is to make sick women well and I want to give to you or any suffering woman, absolutely free, a full fifty-cent box of our splendid remedy, Balm of Figs. I will send this fifty-cent box absolutely free to convince anyone that I can really benefit my suffering sisters. I will send it to you to prove that in Balm of Figs I offer any woman a chance to get well and strong—a real opportunity to enjoy perfect health every day in the year. You as well as many others will probably ask yourself this question: Why does Mrs. Richards offer to give a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs free to thousands of women whom she doesn't know?

I will tell you why.

I will be perfectly honest with you.

I really feel it my sincere duty, after fifteen years of success with this great remedy, to make it known to every woman, and that is why, dear friend, I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs, absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of leucorrhea, painful periods, ulceration, inflammation, displacement or falling of the womb, ovarian or uterine tumors or growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

## Let Me Send You, Absolutely Free, This 50-Cent Box of Balm of Figs

I will send it to you, absolutely free, to prove to you personally its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs, and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free—so, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you desire, I can undoubtedly refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted through the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. In fact, nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Remember—all you need to do is simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me at once—then I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. Or if you prefer to write a letter, you can address me in confidence.

**Mrs. Harriet M. Richards**  
Special Box 456, Joliet, Ill.

NOTE: I will also send you free a handsome book entitled, "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one.



Let Me  
Send You  
Absolutely  
FREE  
This 50-Cent  
Box of  
Balm of Figs

### Fill Out and Return This Coupon

**MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS,**  
Special Box 456, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Richards: As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs, I will be pleased to have you send me, by return mail, one full fifty-cent box, free of cost.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



# The Conquered Victorious

## A Romance of the Blue and Gray

By Constance Beatrice Willard

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Captain Lewis, an officer in the Confederate army, desires to make Georgiana Vignette his wife. To her the proposition is disgraceful—she cannot forget Katherine Fanshawe. He pleads the marriage is a mock one. It is an insult to the girl, and Lieutenant Hamilton, concealed in the branches of a tree, overhanging the veranda drops to the floor, and requests Captain Lewis to answer to him, and he lands the Confederate in the highway. Georgiana Vignette often thinks of her rescuer. Making the rounds among the quarters of the slaves she discovers in one of the cabins a wounded Northern soldier. He escapes from Andersonville. If she will forget she sees him. The girl hesitates. She knows the fate that awaits him if she betrays him, and she is under obligation to him. Georgiana conducts him to the house, securing him in a hidden room. She gives him food, exchanging his ragged suit of blue for a Confederate uniform. She confides to her mother, Mrs. Vignette, is roused by tramping feet. Her son, wounded, is borne in. In the midst of anxiety the girl does not forget the wounded man. John Hamilton appreciates her kindness. Gray is not blue and he wants his uniform. Haughtily she tells him she has burned it, and she regrets sheltering an enemy. In her bewilderment she confides the story to her brother, Kenneth Vignette. Deeply indebted to him for his chivalry to his sister they cannot turn him out. Kenneth visits the hidden room and becomes attached to the Union man. He induces him to join them at dinner. He manages to leave his sister and Jack alone. Impetuously he tells her of his great love. There can never be anything between them. The man detects a friendly glow in her eyes, and draws the girl to him. Captain Lewis appears and asks him to explain why he is within their lines, disguised in a uniform belonging to a Confederate. Georgiana realizes what she has done in burning the old blue uniform and delivering into the hands of the enemy the man who wins her heart.

### CHAPTER II.

"HE HAD THEIR WELFARE AT HEART."

THE dark eyes of the wounded soldier followed the nurse as she moved like an angel of light to the beds of the men in the ward, and he heard words of praise and thankfulness greet her. There was something strangely familiar about this beautiful girl, of Saxon fairness, with masses of gold hair, and blue eyes so frank and true. Suddenly he remembered where he had seen eyes like them, and raising himself on his elbow he asked the man next him if he knew the name of the lady.

"She's a Miss Hamilton," was the answer. "Before she volunteered, she was one of the belles of Portland, Maine, and now she is killing herself for Rebs as well as us Yanks," and the man twisted his face as his wound gave him an extra pain.

"Miss Hamilton," he whispered to himself. "The name is the same. I wonder if she can be his sister," then as the girl approached him, the man asked softly:

"Can you give me a minute?"

"Certainly," was the bright answer, "what is it?"

With as much courtliness as though he was meeting her in his own home, the young man said calmly:

"I want to introduce myself. I am Kenneth Vignette."

"And I am Elsie Hamilton," returned the girl frankly.

"You have a brother in the Union service named John?"

The hands of the girl were clasped nervously, and she asked in a trembling voice:

"Oh, can you tell me anything about Jack?"

and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"Of course I can," Lieutenant Vignette replied eagerly, and then he told her of Jack's capture, his imprisonment at Andersonville, his escape, and his defense of Georgiana. From that he went on to tell about the time Jack had remained hidden, and the terrible part his sister had played in the little tragedy.

"Is she so bitter against the blue? Why?" Elsie asked.

"Don't you feel the same way about the gray?" Kenneth asked. He thought her the most lovely girl he had ever seen.

"Why no. I am so sorry that any one you brave men should be so mistaken, and I tremble when I realize what defeat will mean to you, but I could never hate anyone," and she smiled through her tears.

Then Kenneth went on. "My sister was nearly frantic when she found that her bit of spite work was going to result so terribly, but she did not know Captain Hamilton. He merely smiled and replied:

"I think Captain Lewis was something in the position of the pot which called the kettle black," and we were all astonished to see Lewis turn deadly white.

"Have I changed so much that you do not remember me?" Captain Hamilton went on. "I recognized your voice as soon as I heard it. My duties make it necessary for me to know every turncoat who comes into our camp selling information."

"This made a wonderful impression on us, for hitherto Captain Lewis had stood very high in the esteem of our people because of his loyalty to our cause.

"Captain Hamilton told us in a few words of the base treachery of which this man had been guilty, and I resolved to make him pay well for it. Therefore I forced him to take Captain Hamilton back to the Union lines. I told him that if he did not I would myself deliver him to our General, and he knew what torture would await him."

Elsie interrupted with a low cry:

"You didn't send my poor brother out with that terrible man, all alone?" she gasped.

"Certainly not, for I sent with them the best guard I could have mustered, old Uncle Rufus."

"Oh, what could he do?"

"Uncle Rufus is a powerful nigger, and devoted to the Yankee Captain, whom he seems to look upon as a special friend of Mr. Lincoln's. I gave him a brace of pistols and told him to watch for any treachery. Your brother was as safe in the hands of Uncle Rufus as he would have been had he been surrounded by his own soldiers."

The Northern girl's beautiful face glowed, and she laid one of her soft hands upon the thin ones of the sick man.

"How can I thank you," she whispered.

Kenneth Vignette looked up into her blue eyes, and perhaps something in his dark ones told her for with a deep blush she bent over him and gently kissed him.

"For your sister," she whispered, but that gentle little kiss thrilled Kenneth Vignette as none his sister gave him ever could, and he thought to himself:

"How little I know! What with she do if she does not love me as much as I love her?"

After a month's work of steady walking, during which time he seemed as though Uncle Rufus had been no sleeping, the heart of John Hamilton was gladdened by the sight of Northern blue, and he discovered that he had fallen in with his command. With cries of joy he was borne on the shoulders of his own men to the commander to report. The General listened gravely to all the young Captain had to say, then he remarked casually:

"I am happy to welcome you back, and also to be the first to call you Major."

"Major?" gasped John.

"Yes, you were promoted for conspicuous

bravery in action the day you were captured, but now as to this man you have brought in," and then followed some grave consultation. Finally it was agreed that Lewis be offered the chance of taking the oath, and the two were not surprised when he readily agreed to do this. He declared that he had been entirely convinced of his error during the week he had spent in Jack's society, and that from now on he was to be wholly for the Union.

Jack was not in the least impressed, nor was old Uncle Rufus who insisted on going back.

"Day needs me at home," he insisted. However, Jack insisted upon providing him with a suitable horse. This the old man would not accept, but he gladly took a mule. There is something in common between a darkey and a mule. Once he had seen the old man out of camp, proudly riding his mule, with a big hamper of food in front of him, Jack went back to resume his duties, and feeling like a civilized being once more in a uniform of blue.

With Uncle Rufus went a note. Jack did not allow himself much, but what he said was instinct with his deep love:

"I know you will think I ought not to p. some as I am doing in writing this, but my darling I cannot help it. When this cruel war is over I am going for my bride, for although you denied me with your lips, your eyes confessed, and I hold you to the pledge they made me. Until I come to receive you from your lips as well, I will comfort myself with the memory of what your dear eyes told me."

It was not a long letter, and yet it was valued by the girl who received it, for she wore it next her heart, and read and re-read it, and the paper grew thin from repeated kissing.

Major Hamilton had many things to occupy his time, following his return, for there were many changes made. His men were intensely loyal, and devoted to him, but he pitied them, so many being mere lads. Then too he was bothered by other matters. There was no doubt but that there was a traitor in camp. Of course he suspected Lewis, but no matter how carefully he kept track of him, he could discover no treachery. The man appeared to shirk danger, but in such a way that no specific charge could be preferred against him. Jack still doubted, and watched. One dark night he felt that something was wrong. A position carefully planned, with greatest secrecy, had been revealed to the enemy, and now he was out scouting about among the men to see if he could discover where the fault lay.

It was intensely dark. He could scarcely see his hand before his face. Suddenly there was a flicker of light in a tall pine tree, and Jack knew immediately what that meant. Breathlessly he watched. Steadily came the light at regular intervals.

"He's wig wagging, muttered the Union officer, his heart turning sick within his honest breast for he well knew what this meant, then he crept up until he stood directly beneath the tree and could see high up in its slender top the figure of a man.

"Stop, or I'll fire," Jack said in a low tone.

The man gave a start, but kept waving his torch.

"Stop, I say or I'll fire," Jack repeated.

The man evidently recognized his voice, and with a low cry he let go his hold, and fell with a sickening thud to the ground beneath. Sick at heart Jack ran to his side, catching up the burning torch and flashing it in his face.

"Lewis!" he cried.

The man groaned, then said with something of his old sneer:

"I guess you can't punish me much now, I'm done for."

Jack called for assistance, though, and the injured man was carried back as carefully as though he would not have to face a court-martial later if he lived. However, he was not destined to live, for before day broke, Jack was summoned to the camp hospital. Lewis was sinking fast, but he opened his eyes when the youthful Major bent over him and asked:

"What can I do for you?"

"Watch out for trouble," moaned the dying man. "I tried to make trouble for you. I sent a letter to Richmond declaring you were a spy on the North, and asked them to forward you to Washington. There was quite a pause. 'I wrote to Lincoln, too, saying the same thing. Forgive me,' and the words trailed away. Jack had a hard struggle with himself, then he returned quite gently:

"Yes, I will forgive you, you need all the forgiveness you can get," and an hour later Captain Lewis, traitor to both sides, a false friend, and treacherous enemy, died with his hand clutching that of the man he had tried so cruelly to injure.

During all of this time Jack endeavored to get news of Georgiana. He had hoped he might receive a letter from her, but none came. The months passed by, and he distinguished himself still more, so that by the end of 1864 he was a Colonel, and one of the youngest in the service. He had heard from Elsie of Kenneth's having been wounded and taken prisoner, and her interest in him. Later Elsie wrote that he had been exchanged.

It was just after the battle of Franklin that he received his promotion, and during the terrible battle of Nashville on December 15th and 16th, he was more than usually active. He never

spared himself, and made it a rule to never require anything of his men he could not do himself, and for this reason they fairly adored him. After the battle was over, with its horrible number of slain on each side, the young colonel went out on foot with a detail of men to look after the dead and dying. This was something he often did, for he felt such tenderness of spirit towards those thus unfortunate on both sides, that he could scarcely wait to have them cared for properly. As he went along, his head bent, looking for signs of life in the strangely huddled figures, he caught sight of a well-shaped head, and slender, aristocratic hand. Feeling strangely faint, he knelt beside the fallen man who wore the Confederate gray, and gently turned him over. A groan escaped him, for looking up towards the heavens was the stark, white face of Kenneth Vignette.

He was lying in a pool of blood, and seemed dead beyond any doubt. Tenderly Jack searched for some mementos to send to the mother and sister, when he thought he detected a flutter at the heart. Eagerly he tore open the shirt, and laid his ear over the breast of the man he had learned to love more than any other he had ever met in spite of the difference in the colors of their uniforms.

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He was not mistaken, there was a spark of life left, and Jack had him carried to his own tent, and sat up all night watching over him. When the surgeon examined the Confederate officer, whose uniform showed him to also be a colonel, he found that there was no serious wound, the blood having come from a mere flesh wound in the thigh, and within a week, Kenneth was about, but he was weak from loss of blood, and so utterly discouraged, that Jack had him paroled.

"I'm going to send you back home. The folks will be in their country home now. We are always there for Christmas, and I want mother to nurse you up a bit."

Kenneth colored, then said in a low voice:

"It's mighty good of you to do this, Jack, but I must tell you that I would appreciate your sister's nursing more than I would your mother's. I love her Jack."

Jack looked at him in amazement, then laughed gayly and grasped his hand:

"Good for you old man, and you know how I feel towards your sister. We will be brothers indeed by the time we get through. Good luck to you," and he wrung his friend's hand until it ached.

"Then you won't object to me if I can win her?" Kenneth asked modestly, for he knew his cause was lost, and that after this war was over he would be a poor man.

"Do you object to me?" Jack laughed.

"No, of course not, but this is different, I am the beaten one."

"You fought honestly and bravely for what you believed was right, and I have done no more. Go on young man, and my blessing is upon you."

He began to understand many things now. He realized that Elsie's heart had been touched by the gallant young officer, and he also knew that Elsie would be home in that comfortable old farmhouse in Maine, for her health had failed and she had been obliged to give up her nursing and content herself with making deliveries for the sick soldiers, picking lint, soliciting subscriptions and contributing all of her allowance to the work of the Sanitary Commission.

Knowing all this Jack sent his friend off with a light heart and turned to devote himself to the grim work of ending the terrible struggle. In the meanwhile Kenneth Vignette made his way northward, and finding that he had to lay over in Washington for a few hours, he suddenly decided to try and see the President about whom so much had been said. He had imagined some terrible tyrant, with repulsive features, and grim expression. He was sitting in the office of the White House waiting, when he saw a tall man walk across the room. The man was gaunt, and thin. His deep-set eyes glowed with a hidden fire. The furrowed face seemed to be working with emotion, and yet there was such a simple dignity about the man, that the aristocratic young Southerner was filled with a sudden awe. He knew instinctively who it was, and he stood, and raised his hand in military salute.

Instantly the man responded, and a rarely sweet smile transformed his features. "I am very glad to meet you," he said and held out that right hand which was cramped from signing the powerful name to pardons, and other acts of mercy.

"And I am honored, mightily honored," Kenneth stammered.

"Glad to meet you Colonel Vignette," was the next astonishing remark.

"You know my name?" Kenneth gasped.

"Surely I do. Your friend and mine Colonel Hamilton wrote me about you and asked if it would be possible for me to give you an audience. He mentioned the train on which you were to arrive and so I was expecting you," and then the head of the nation seated himself in the waiting room, and began to talk. Easily, pleasantly, telling one delightful story after the other, until the young Southerner was charmed beyond any measure.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln why is it that my people do not know you as you are?" he cried.

"That's it son, if we all only knew one another as we really are. Still the time is coming when they will know that Abraham Lincoln suffered over them as much as over his own men, and that he always had their welfare at heart." Great

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

4

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Lung-Germine Co.,  
Jackson, Mich.

Sept. 2, 1907.

Dear Sirs: Four months ago I was down sick, and Lung-Germine has cured me. When I first wrote you I was in bad condition. I had night sweats, coughed a great deal, spit up blood, had pains in my sides and under shoulder blades, and was very weak. After using two months' treatment of Lung-Germine I could walk quite a space, and had gained considerably in flesh. I commenced using Lung-Germine on the 28th day of April. I then weighed 105 pounds; I now weigh 125 pounds and that is as much as I ever weighed. I am cured, and only four bottles of Lung-Germine cured me.

I wish to thank you very kindly for what you have done for me and the kindness you have shown me at all times during my treatment. Very gratefully yours,

ARNOLD KUNSELMAN,  
R. F. D. No. 6, Box 40, New Bethlehem, Pa.

### Cured of Consumption Five Years Ago; Not a Single Symptom Has Appeared Since

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Before using Lung-Germine I was losing flesh very rapidly, had night sweats, and I had two hemorrhages. I assure you that I appreciate beyond expression what your medicine has done for me, and I hereby give you permission to publish my letter if you wish.

Yours sincerely,  
WM. BERLEMAN,  
1948 Herbert St., St. Louis, Mo.

### Chronic Bronchitis and Lung Trouble Cured Three Years Ago, and Patient Remains in Perfect Health to this Day

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### Mother and Son Cured Five Years Ago, Perfectly Well Today

Lung-Germine Co.,  
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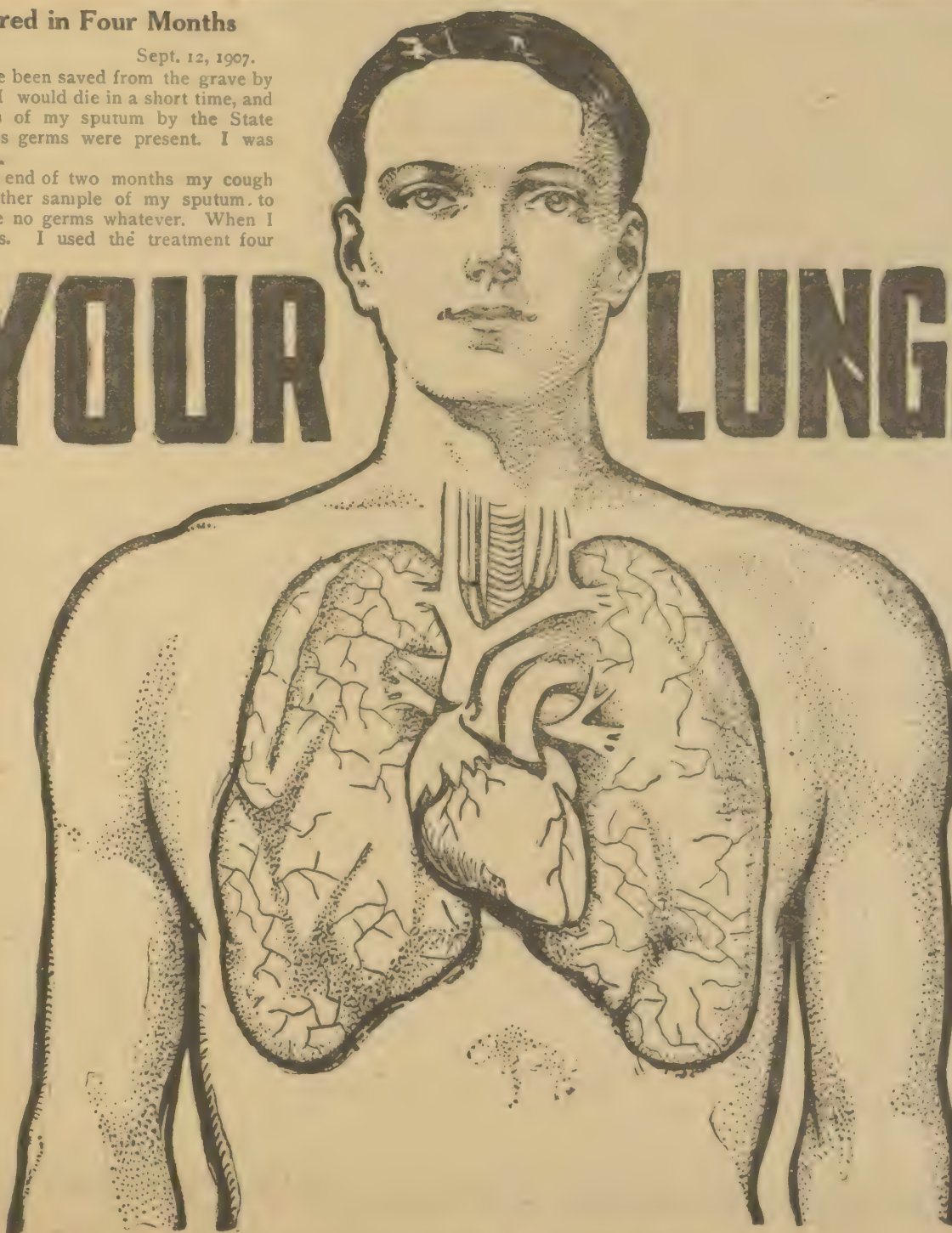
July 1, 1907.

Dear Sirs: As to the condition of myself and mother, I can say that we are both in normal health. In the year 1902 we were cured of genuine consumption by your Lung-Germine. Before using Lung-Germine we were treating with the best physicians in Jackson, but seemed to get no relief, to say nothing of a cure. One physician told my father that nothing more could be done for my mother, she being in the last stage of Consumption. I was in the second stage. Soon after getting this information Lung-Germine was recommended to us, and we both began its use. The result was that we were both cured, completely and permanently. No trouble of this kind has been noticed since we were cured, which is now just about five years ago.

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Yours very truly,  
ALONZO DECKER,  
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# YOUR LUNGS



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## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending (25) cents in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

L. L. L., Mississippi.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that if you can prove that at the time you received the machine you mention it was not up to the standard it was represented to be, then you have a claim against the company you mention for a refund of your money, but we think your delay in returning the machine will operate against you in any action you may bring.

A. A. B. B., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that action upon such instruments as you describe are limited to five years from the time of the last acknowledgment of the debt. We think the sale you refer to was probably subject to the indebtedness.

A. J. M., New York.—Under the laws of this state, we are of the opinion, that relatives of the whole blood inherit equally with those of the whole blood from an intestate by descent, divorce or gift from an ancestor; in which case we are of the opinion that all those not of the blood of such ancestor shall be excluded from such inheritance.

W. B. B., Kentucky.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that the fact, that the note was not made to your sister and yourself jointly, does not affect the validity of the note; (2) that the fact, that you extended the time of payment, will not release the maker from the payment of the note; (3) that the note as submitted to us does not constitute a mortgage upon the property, and that unless you are in some way secured other than your letter to us would indicate, a discharge in bankruptcy would release the maker from the payment of the note.

Mrs. J. C., Nebraska.—We are of the opinion, that your daughter cannot dispose of your property without your consent and that she is entitled to only so much of it as you choose to give her; and that, if she does not treat you in a respectful way, we think you have the legal right to require her to make her home elsewhere and provide for herself.

Mrs. J. F., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of lands held by adverse possession should be brought within fifteen years.

S. H., Pennsylvania.—We are of the opinion that the man you mention can draw a will and dispose of his property in whatever way he may see fit without any fear that any of it will become the property of the state, except such fees as are necessary for the probate of his will and such taxes as his estate is subject to. If he desires to avoid the payment of these small fees from his estate to the state of Pennsylvania, it will be necessary for him to sell his property and take up his residence in another state and then the state or country where he takes up his residence will get these fees upon his death instead of the state of Pennsylvania. We think he should bear in mind that the only two certainties that life holds for anyone are death and taxes.

Mrs. S. A. G., Arkansas.—We are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real property in your state are limited to seven years.

Mrs. J. F. E., Iowa.—We are of the opinion that the children you mention have no interest in the property you mention.

Mrs. E. C., Oregon.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that if the people who leave the gate at the entrance of your lane open have no title to the use of the lane and if it belongs to your husband and has not been thrown open to the public and they have not acquired an easement to the land in any way, then your husband has a legal right to close the lane and forbid these people the right to use the same, in which event we think they might be willing to compel their drivers to keep the gate closed as a condition made in order to regain the privilege of crossing the land.

Mrs. A. V., Wisconsin.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that you are entitled to the acreage granted to you by the government, but the question of locating the land must be done by a civil engineer, or competent surveyor, and we are unable to form an opinion from your statements as to which of the surveys, which you say have been made, is the accurate one, or as to whether either of them is correct.

A. & B., Virginia.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that if B's title to the lane you mention is absolute and perfect in every way and the lane has not been thrown open to the public, and if A. does not own an easement, giving him the privilege of the use of the lane, then B. can forbid A. the use of the lane. The question we think, in B's taking this step is that either he or some former owner of the land may have at some time granted to A. or to some former owner of A's land, the privilege of using this lane, and that this privilege has been bought or sold by A. or his predecessors, that A. has acquired an easement to the use of the lane even though he may not have any record title to the same.

Mrs. J. T., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a man can legally make a will leaving all of his property to his wife, and that the mother would be the natural guardian of their children. He should name an executor of his estate in his will and, if he leaves all of his property absolutely to his wife, we think she alone should be named as the executrix of the estate. Upon the man's death it would be necessary to have the will probated in order to perfect the widow's title to the property, as until the will is probated the widow would have no title to the property.

Mrs. H., New York.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the property of the deceased woman should be divided equally between the two children; that the child who is of sound mind should apply to be appointed committee of the property of the incompetent, and upon being appointed such committee this child will have the handling of the property of the incompetent subject, of course, to the legal restrictions. His property will be liable for the support of the incompetent.

Nooga, Mississippi.—Address your communication to the secretary of state of your state, or of the state where you desire to do business.

Cannon Ball, Pennsylvania.—We do not think there is any Federal or state statute bearing the title you mention; we think it very possible that some particular statute may have been referred to by some individual by the title you mention, but we are unable to identify it.

W. W. M., Texas.—We cannot undertake the review of any book on law subjects through this column, as this is not the purpose for which this column is conducted.

Mrs. S. I. B., Indiana.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the chances of the children's, you mention, recovering any portion of the property you mention is very remote, but that there is just a bare possibility that the proper action might be substantiated if brought promptly and properly prosecuted.

E. M. B., Missouri.—The address you desire is: The Trinity Church Corporation, New York City.

Mrs. R. J. U., Arkansas.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that you cannot recover any portion of the property you mention at this late day.

Mrs. J. E., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of lands held by adverse possession should be brought within fifteen years, but we think that, to make a possessory title a good one, it would be necessary to have actual, physical and undisputed possession of the property for this period of time, and that simply claiming the property without having the actual possession of it would be a poor foundation for a possessory title to it.

P. F., Florida.—As you will readily see by reading the heading of this column, you should consult some other lawyer for advice in your divorce matter.

E. B., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that ten years' peaceable possession of real estate, cultivating, using, and enjoying the same, paying taxes thereon, without evidence of title, gives to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and to all beyond which he has in actual possession.

E. F. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that action for the recovery of real estate must be brought within twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability; and that all such are barred after thirty years. If, as your letter would indicate, you have surrendered title to the property you mention, we fail to see where you can base any claim upon which you would have any chance now of recovering the property.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

### Sponge Loaf Cake

Beat four eggs, two cups sugar, two cups flour with two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted together thoroughly, then add a little lemon and two thirds cup boiling water.

MRS. BERTHA M. DIXON.

### White Layer Cake

One and one half cups sugar, two and one half cups flour, one scant half cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, or one half teaspoonful soda, and whites of four eggs, this makes three layers. Frost with

### Maple Sugar Frosting

made as follows: Boil one half pound maple sugar broken up, with three tablespoonfuls water till dissolved and thick enough to thread from a fork. Pour gradually on whipped whites of two eggs. Beat till thick enough to spread.

### Molasses Cake

To one cup molasses, add one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful butter or lard and one teaspoonful cinnamon. A little clove, one egg. Mix stiff as biscuit dough add last one teacup boiling water. Bake in a bread tin.

### Cocoanut Cream Cookies

Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup thick cream, one half cup desiccated cocoanut, three cups flour, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt. Mix as any cookies.

MISS M. E. WELKER.

### Molasses Pound Cake

Two cups good molasses, one cup of butter, four eggs, four cups of flour, one cup of cream, two tablespoonfuls soda.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

## ST. VITUS' DANCE

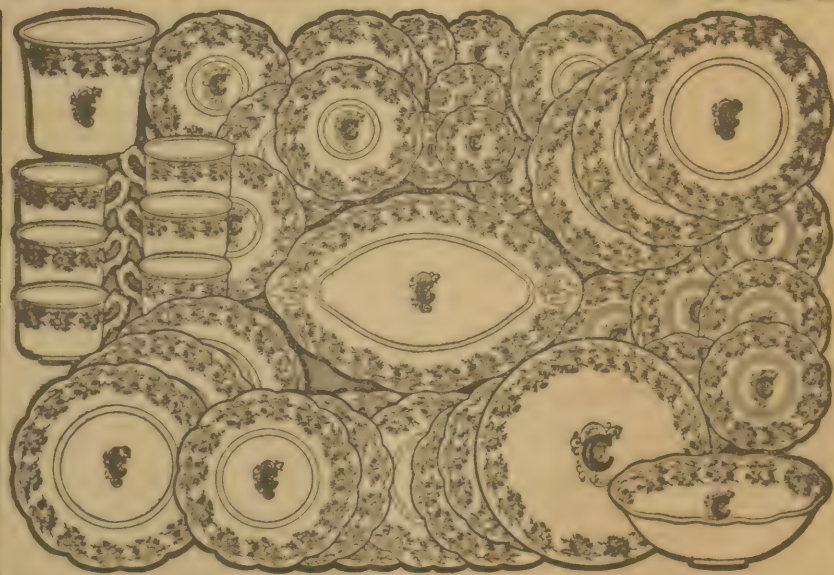
Sure Cure. Get Circular

Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

### Good For The Children

Vita-Ore, which is advertised on the last page of this paper for sick men and women, is also an ideal children's remedy that puts health in their little bodies. If your children are poorly, read the advertisement on last page and get a package on trial.

## GOLD MONOGRAM DINNER SET FREE



### MADAM:

Could you use this 40-piece Gold Monogram Dinner Set if it did not cost you a cent? Be my agent for a day by distributing my new style Transfer Embroidery Pattern free and I will ship it to you. These Transfer Embroidery Patterns are the latest, and every lady is crazy about them. Simply send me your name and I will send you an assortment of patterns to hand out among your neighbors, and as soon as you have handed them out on my remarkable 25-cent offer, this 40-piece Dinner Set will be shipped you for this assistance and advertising. I will also send you two (2) of these Transfer Patterns for your own use, just for writing me in good faith and investigating this offer.

MISS E. B. LIPE, Mgr. Emb. Dept. 214  
120-122-124 Clinton St., Chicago

## Consumption Book FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 3013 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



This ring is an extremely fancy one with beautiful engraving. It is similar in appearance to a ring that would cost \$55 at any jewelry store. Any initial desired will be engraved on it free of charge. We guarantee the ring to last for three years and will replace it with a new one if it does not. Send no money. Just your name and address and we will send you by return mail 6 copies of The Home Friend to distribute with a three month's subscription on a great bargain at 5c. When sold send us the 5c and the ring is yours. Address The Home Friend Pub. Co., 115 Fried Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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The rupture in place without straps, heels or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Guaranteed in accord with National Drug Laws. Write to-day and "Trial Treatment" with interesting book will be sent FREE. Address STUART PLASTER-PAD CO., Block 21, St. Louis, Mo.

## Agents

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FREDERICK DYER, Corresp. Sec'y.

Let us cure your Rheumatism (no matter where located, how severe, or whether it is chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago, or gout) with our powerful, yet harmless Magic Foot Drafts. They have even cured cases of 30 and 40 years' standing where baths and doctors and medicine failed.

Just sign and mail the coupon below. Return mail will bring you prepaid a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for every kind of Rheumatism—chronic or acute—muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout—To Try FREE. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You are the judge, and we take your word. We know what Magic Foot Drafts are doing, for we send them everywhere, and wait for our pay until the work is done. Let us send you a pair. Valuable illustrated booklet free with the Trial Drafts. Send no money—just the coupon. Do it today—now.



## This \$1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 356 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

## BIG HARNESS BARGAINS

Write today for our big, FREE, harness catalogue which describes, illustrates and prices the largest assortment in the world of fine harness. Our harness is full size, stylish, handsome and extra strong, cut from oak tanned, extra choice peakers' heavy steer hides. All parts exactly uniform in thickness, weight and strength. Strongly and artistically sewed, reinforced where necessary and 2 or 3-ply where greatest strain comes. We sell single harness \$3.50 up, double harness \$13.50 up, post harness \$9.75 up, men's complete \$2.65 up, boys' saddles \$2.60 up, ladies' and girls' \$4.27 up and a big and complete line of fly nets, lap robes, and horse goods and harness findings of all kinds at correspondingly low prices. WE GUARANTEE OUR HARNESS ONE YEAR and ship at our own risk, subject to customer's approval. For your own good get our harness catalogue before buying and see our astonishingly low prices. Liberal terms, long time guarantee and safe delivery guaranteed which protects customers absolutely against loss. WRITE FOR THE CATALOGUE TODAY 150-151 West CHICAGO



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Reproduces the cylinder records used on the most expensive machines. We send one record with each phonograph.

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A Whole Entertainment in Itself.

Has latest design motor, governor, springs and bearings. Wind motor spring, more start lever and governor regulates speed. Absolutely most valuable talking machine ever offered. Send for 36 packages of QUAKER SHEET BLIND to sell at 10c each. When sold return our \$3.00 and we will send this talking machine and 1 Columbia Record. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 202, Boston, Mass.

**50** Handsome Colored Post Cards **15**  
The greatest bargain ever heard of. Consists of a splendid assortment of colored and embossed cards, birthday greetings, flowers, battleships, views, etc. etc. No comics, all sent postpaid. 50 for 15c. You cannot afford to miss this great offer which we are making to introduce our bargain post card catalogue which we also send free with the post cards. Address: DAVIS BROS., Post Card Dept. B-95 Chicago

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COUGH CONSERVES A QUICK COUGH CURE. Sell 12 boxes, 10 cts a box, send money \$1.20 and get both costly, GOLD pattern, Stone set Rings. We trust. MEDICAL CONSERVE CO., Providence, R. I.

**200 SONGS FREE** School Days, Baby Doll, Love Me and the World is Mine, Waiting at the Church, Sweetheart Days, Red Wing, Honey Boy, Oliver Blossoms, A Bird to Come Home In the Dark, Cheyenne, San Antonio, Mandy Lane, I Wish I Had a Girl, etc. OVER 200 latest, 12 place musical MERRY WIDOW WAITS—FREE if you send 10 CENTS for INTERNATIONAL YOUTH—6 months on trial. ALPHA PUB. CO., Dept. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

M. I. W., Forestville, Md.—It is not possible for us to know if firms are in existence or not, except those that advertise and keep themselves known.

M. A. L., Enon, Mo.—The address of the firm is A. G. Spalding & Bros., No. 132 Nassau St., New York City, and we think they can give you all the base ball books you want. If not try Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., No. 65 Cortlandt St., New York.

H. O. S., Franklinton, N. C.—While we believe all of them are reliable, we cannot express an opinion on their relative merits.

L. J. H., Bothell, Wis.—Antiques, in china, or otherwise, have no absolute value. It depends entirely upon how much the collector may want that particular piece. To some your china might not be worth anything, and to others it might be worth any price you would put upon it. For that reason when dealers are buying antiques, except such as are known and have a standing among all collectors, they pay only nominal sums. You will have to submit your piece to experts to know if it has a rating.

A. E. D., Hamburg, Ark.—Until you know something of the requirements of writing for publication, you are wasting time writing stories, except for practice.

N. W. H., Scooba, Miss.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

M. S., Inverness, Miss.—Write to N. W. Ayer & Sons, Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., or to the postmaster at Guthrie, Okla.

A. Weader, Water Valley, Miss.—There is no general license for doing a mail order business. What local licenses may exist, or may not, you are better situated to know than we are. Advertising in Comfort is five dollars a line, one insertion.

J. B. H., Spring Green, Wis.—You can't drill holes in glass unless you know how and can use a glazier's diamond. Suppose you wet an ordinary drill with kerosene or benzine and try it on a pane of window glass. If you make a good job of the hole, we will apologize.

E. S. E., Jasper, Ind.—The firm, under the former name, does not exist at all. That sort of firms when the government goes after them and runs them out of business disappear. You'll never find it.

W. F. H., Suter, Calif.—We don't know the firm. Inquire of Cheney Bros., No. 477 Broome St., New York City, enclosing postage. (2) One photo-copying house is about as good as another. Find one in San Francisco who is handy to you in eastern dress, and quite as good. (3) Write to Editor of Priscilla, Boston, Mass.

F. H. A. Dix, Ill.—The school is reliable. (2) If you want to be an illustrator for the money that is in it, we advise you to stop right now. You'll never get there. The illustrators who are making money today began differently. It pays, but not for those who are in it for the pay.

H. C., Boyd, Ky.—A night watchman simply watches property or the streets of a town during the night. No ability is required except to keep awake, and have nerve enough to drive off any and all intruders.

H. Poston, Athens, R. D. No. 7, Ohio, would like to know from COMFORT readers where he can get a second-hand wheel chair.

B. T., Millville, Mass.—Write to M. & S. Brokerage Co., No. 150 Nassau St., New York City.

H. E., Nampun, Pa.—The only place to sell a story is to the editor who wants it. Him you can only find by sending the story on the rounds till it strikes the right man. All the magazines are buying good ones.

D. B. H., East Quogue, N. Y.—Write to H. Malkin, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

J. A. S., Lillydale, W. Va.—The qualifications of admission to West Point Military Academy are a good English education and first-class physical condition. The appointment is by competition, or the word of the Member of Congress representing the district of the applicant.

P. R. S., Kolama, Wash.—If the bill is a genuine Confederate note, it may have some value. Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., enclosing postage.

E. E. W. S., Cuba, Ohio.—We do not have the address. Macbeth, Lamp Chimney, Pittsburg, Pa., might be able to give you the information.

K. E. K., Mount Joy, Pa.—One is quite as good as another and any you see advertised or know of can give you just as reliable information as any other. We haven't the address you ask for.

F. B., West Union, S. C.—The questions you ask about abuses of your local town government can only be answered reliably by the people at the polls. Right or wrong they are the final judges. As you are so much interested, why not work up public sentiment and have a change of town officers? That's the only way to settle it.

A. S., Collinsville, N. M.—Write to Alexander & Co., No. 214 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

J. H. C., Detmanville, Ala.—According to accepted chronology Christ was 1908 years old, last Christmas. As to how time is counted, we can't explain in the space of our command. You will have to read it out of a cyclopedia, or get a World Almanac, price twenty-five cents, from Joseph Pulitzer, World Building, New York City.

R. H., Max, Va.—Write to Geo. E. Holden, No. 240 Sixth Ave., and R. F. Wheeler, No. 106 East 28th St., New York City. They can tell you where you can get them, if they can't supply you.

J. A. N., Helfin, Ala.—A good rule to follow in all sorts of investments not within your personal knowledge, is not to buy stock unless you are absolutely certain your money will be safe there, and the stock is worth its face value. You may lose out on this rule sometimes, but oftener you will win. We suppose the firm you mention is as reliable as any of its class, which is purely speculative.

Peace-maker, Soften, La.—The leading magazines of this country are Harper's, Century, Scribner's, McClure's, Everybody's, The American, Appleton's, Review of Reviews, World at Work, and a lot more including those in special departments. None has a circulation equal to COMFORT. (2) The business of an electrical engineer is to look after electric engines and their accessories, and the pay is good. Many of the correspondence schools give a very good theoretical training.

J. B., Pensacola, Okla.—COMFORT isn't a correspondence school. Send your lady, and we cannot answer all your questions. Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., for the books you mention and you will find out all you want to know.

Reader, Fayette, N. Dak.—You might find out from the War Department, Washington, D. C.

E. C., Welsh, La.—Yodling is to a great extent an acquired art, but we fancy that the voice must be especially adapted to it by nature, for all voices cannot yodel.

D. I. C., Hagerstown, Md.—Publishers buy words for songs outright, and do not take the words only, on royalty. The Von Tilzer write music for their own firm, The Von Tilzer Pub. Co., No. 37 West 28th Street, New York.

W. T. S., Union Bridge, Md.—If you had the correct name of the London, Ont. firm, the letter would have been delivered, unless the firm had gone elsewhere without leaving an address.

H. E. S., Grand Rapids, Mich.—March 6th, 1886, on Wednesday.

F. A. L., West Toledo, O.—In handling any sort of merchandise in less than car loads, you should make your sales through local dealers who can buy up enough to make the required quantity for shipment.

Pumpkin, Cleveland, Tenn.—Not the "Achilles," but the Achilles tendon, which is the large tendon for the superficial muscles of the calf, and is so-called because Achilles, the Greek hero, was vulnerable there and nowhere else. Why don't you save money enough to buy a Standard, or Webster's Dictionary? No young man is a "Pumpkin" who has a book like that at his elbow.

J. J. P., Mineral Wells, Texas.—Fowler & Wells, No. 24 East 22nd St., New York City, are the publishers, we suppose. (2) The Onondaga Community in Madison County, N. Y., is a cooperative organization in a flourishing condition, at least accounts, with mills, factories and farms in operation. Their "complex marriage" system is based chiefly upon the fact that men and women should not be associated in marriage unless they want to be, that is, they must have an abiding love for each other. They claim that it is not so-called free love, and that it is "regulated by sympathy". By this system all the men and women are held to be married to each other and that they may change partners when they wish to. This sounds very much like indiscriminate immorality, but the morals of the community are said to be very good. The best way to prove what it is to become one of them.

H. D., Yaphank, L. I.—The school's reliability is all right. The question of its successful teaching depends upon the student. If you have the faculty for art, you will learn, and if not, you will waste your money.

A. P. L., Clarkburg, W. Va.—State your case and send the bill to Col. Edwards, Chief of Insular Bureau, Washington, D. C. The chances are you won't get anything, but the authorities will know what kind of an employee they have.

Subscriber, Paragould, Ark.—Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

C. M., Chaumont, Ky.—The paper is no longer published.

Inquirer, Ore, Col.—Write to Secretary Board of Trade, Portland, Ore., and Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

M. B., St. Paul, Neb.—Write to H. O. Granbury, Oshkosh, Wis.

C. M., Artichoke, Minn.—To the best of our knowledge he is reliable, but he is a dealer and they do not pay top prices, owing to the risk. You can send the coins to him and get his opinion and his price.

J. M., North Vernon, Ind.—COMFORT is not buying stories. Try Street & Smith, New York City. Explain what you have as you have to us.

H. P., Marion, Ohio.—Write to W. D. Tyndall, No. 141 Broadway, New York City.

J. D., Farmersville, La.—A man cannot sell real estate, that is cannot give a good deed, unless his wife's name is signed to it. That is law everywhere in this country.

F. F., Maywood, Ill.—Enlarging portraits is to some extent mechanical, but the enlarger must be a good draughtsman, and have the natural faculty as well. It is not easy work to do.

Firefly, Aldine, Ind.—We believe elocution is taught by correspondence schools. Write to Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, for the book you want.

C. B. K., Far, W. Va.—Inquire of Commissioner Land Office, Washington, D. C. We fail to find definite location.

## DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery



"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what has caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 4312 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

## BOYS and GIRLS

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SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name and address, and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 30 inches long, no 2 alike, (store charge \$1.00 each for them). With them we send 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE (in handsome tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Sores, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, etc.



## MEN and WOMEN

EARN \$3.00 DAILY

You sell the Cloverine at 25c per box and give one picture free. When sold return money and we send beautiful watch and chain, or you can keep each commission. Be first in your town. Every one buys two to three boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it. Agents earn \$3.00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address: WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 100

## JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY'S BIG 1200 PAGE CATALOG NOW FREE TO YOU

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JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO.

APPLICATION—Enclosed find 15c to pay post postage. (Check, money order, or cash) and send coupon when you send your first order of \$3.00 or over the same as cash. Name..... Post Office..... State..... R.F.D.



# Big Checks Each Month to Prize Winners

**433 Cash Prizes Have Been Paid in First Three Months of COMFORT'S Grand Jubilee Prize Contest**

**Contest Closes April 30, Only Two Months More, Prizes Paid Monthly. Enter Now for March Big Cash Prizes**

**We Have Paid for November, December and January**

2 Cash Prizes of \$100.00 each			3 Cash Prizes of \$5.00 each		
3	"	50.00	2	"	3.00
1	"	25.00	15	"	2.00
2	"	20.00	381	"	1.00
1	"	10.00			

**We are about to pay hundreds of dollars more for February Prizes**

It is a great six months' Prize Contest which began last November and ends April 30. There is a separate prize contest each month for a separate list of monthly Cash Prizes which we pay each month immediately on the close of the month's contest, so

**You Don't Have to Wait for Your Money**

These prizes are not substitutes for club premiums. You receive all the regular club premiums which you earn according to catalogue, and all the cash prizes which you win besides.

Enter Now for March Big Monthly Cash Prizes and we will also enter you at the same time in the contest for the 34 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 to \$250.00 which we pay the first of May.

If You Win a March Prize it helps you to win a Grand Prize too. We have paid the first three months; we are about to pay the February prizes, but this splendid prize offer is still open to you for March and April monthly prizes, the two last and best months, and for the Grand Prizes also.

**We Pay You Double the Amount**

of any monthly prize you win the second successive month, and

**Pay You Three Times the Amount**

of your third months' prize, if you win the same monthly prize three successive months, giving you for the three months six times the amount of your first month's prize, and

We shall give 50 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each to such children under fifteen years of age entering this March prize contest and failing to win a monthly prize as we deem worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. We offered 50 children's consolation prizes for January, but only twenty of those who entered in January gave their ages as under 15 years, and so every one of them received a consolation prize of \$1.00. We would have been glad to have paid the other thirty prizes if we could have found enough children on our January list to pay them to. On page 32 we print the names of the 20 children to whom we paid our dollar consolation prizes for January.

**GRAND CASH PRIZES ALSO**

Remember, that you receive all your regular club premiums according to catalogue for all the subscriptions which you send in just as fast as you send them and any cash prizes that you win also.

To those who send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions during the six months ending at midnight of April 30, 1909, we will pay the following grand prizes:

Capital Grand Prize, \$250.00	4th Grand Prize, \$40.00
2nd Grand Prize, 125.00	5th Grand Prize, 20.00
3rd Grand Prize, 65.00	6th Grand Prize, 10.00

28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00

The Capital Grand Prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions before the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums, and therefore they are

**COMBINATION CUMULATIVE PRIZES**

When you enter for the monthly prizes we also enter you for the Grand Prize Contest, and all the subscriptions which you send in any month count in the monthly prize contest of that month and also in the Grand Prize Contest. You can enter at any time in any of the six months and can drop out at any time, and we will pay you whatever monthly prizes you win while you are in, and will send you your regular club premiums, too, as fast as you send in the clubs. You may win a monthly prize one month or two months, or every month, and win a Grand Prize on top of them. As all the subscriptions in this contest count toward both sets of prizes, the Grand Prizes are sure to go to winners of monthly prizes.



MRS. ALICE WARNER, Redwood Falls, Minn.

A busy young mother who won a regular prize in November, a double-up prize in December, and a thrice-up prize in January.

**COMFORT** *Facsimile* **AUGUSTA TRUST COMPANY**  
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Feb 8 1909  
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Alice Winters \$100.00  
One Hundred DOLLARS  
*First prize for Jan. doubled.*  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher  
No. 3151 *Guy P. Gannett*  
NOT OVER ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

**GRAND PRIZE ALSO, IF YOU WIN IT**

**327 Cash Prizes Including the Largest are Yet to Be Won OUR MARCH PRIZE OFFER**

On April 7th we shall pay to those who send us during the month of March the largest number of one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents each, the following monthly prizes: The first prize for the largest list of subscribers, the second prize for the next largest, and so on.

1st Prize, \$50.00 or more	3rd Prize, \$10.00 or more
2nd Prize, 25.00 or more	4th Prize, 5.00 or more

30 Prizes of \$1.00 or more each

**The April Monthly Prizes are Just the Same as Those for March**

**WHAT DOES "OR MORE" MEAN?**

This is very important! There are 34 regular monthly prizes offered and paid each month. "OR MORE" means that the several sums above specified are positively the smallest that we pay to the winners of the respective monthly prizes for March or for any other month of this contest, and that in March and April

**These Monthly Prizes are Likely to Be Doubled or Thrice-doubled** for you, as stated above and in exact accordance with our original November Prize Offer which we stand up to in every particular.

**Splendid Results to Active Canvassers**

Bear in mind that these prizes are not substitutes for regular club premiums. You select and receive all your regular club premiums free just as fast as you send in the subscriptions, and whatever prize you win is that much extra.

**What Doubling Up Did for Mr. E. Wagoner**

He won the second prize, \$25.00, in November, and we paid him. Then in December he won the first prize, \$50.00, and we doubled it for him and paid him \$100.00. Then in January he dropped back to second place again and won the second prize of \$25.00, but we doubled it and sent him our \$50.00 check which is reproduced in facsimile on this page. The total of the prizes which he won for the three months amounted to just an even \$100.00, but because of the doubling of the last two we paid him \$175.00 in cash, besides all his regular club premiums. Why? Because that is in accordance with our published prize offer, and in full, and if you win any monthly prize one month we pay you promptly and in full, and if you win any monthly prize the next month, either the same prize or any other successive month that you win a monthly prize of any size we pay you double the amount of that month's prize. So, if Mr. Wagoner wins a February prize, we shall have to double it for him again.

**BUT THIS IS BIGGER STILL**

Alice Winters entered in December and won the second prize of \$25.00 for that month. It was her first winning and we paid her \$25.00. In January she won the first prize of \$50.00 which was doubled and sent her our \$100.00 check which is reproduced in facsimile on this page. If she wins the first prize for February we shall double it and pay her another \$100.00 on the 7th of March, 7th, and \$150.00 again for April if she continues to win the first prize. The same rule of doubling and thrice-doubling applies to all the monthly prizes.

Mrs. Rollie Forsha won a prize of \$1.00 in December, and this encouraged her to make a little more effort with the result that she won the third prize of \$10.00 in January, which was doubled for her and we sent her our \$20.00 check, which is reproduced in facsimile on this page. You can do it yourself if you enter now.

The One Dollar Monthly Prizes give equal satisfaction because they are so easily won on top of regular club premiums. Many of those to whom we have paid them, in writing to thank us, express their surprise that so small a list of subscriptions as they sent in should have won them a prize. But some of them win a \$1.00 prize month after month and so get the benefit of the doubling and thrice-doubling, and so we pay them \$2.00 the second month and \$3.00 the third month, and \$3.00 each successive month thereafter that they continue to win a dollar monthly prize.

Mrs. Alice Warner, whose picture we show in the family group, won a \$1.00 prize doubled in December, wins again \$1.00 again in January thrice-doubled to \$3.00. She wins \$1.00 three successive months and we pay her \$6.00.

**100 CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR WOMEN IN MARCH**

We shall give 100 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each to such women entering this March Subscription Prize Contest and not winning a monthly prize as we deem worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. We paid the ladies 25 consolation prizes for November, 50 for December, and 100 for January, although our original prize offer promised only 100 women's consolation prizes for the entire six months. Now ladies enter at once for the March prizes and do your best. You are sure of your regular club premiums and may win a cash prize. Some of our consolation prizes were paid on small clubs. We print on page 2 the names of 100 ladies to whom we paid consolation prizes for January.

**COMFORT** *Facsimile* **AUGUSTA TRUST COMPANY**  
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Feb 8 1909  
PAY TO THE ORDER OF E. Wagoner \$50.00  
Fifty DOLLARS  
*Second prize for Jan. doubled.*  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher  
No. 3152 *Guy P. Gannett*  
NOT OVER FIFTY DOLLARS \$50

You don't have to enter in any particular month to win a Grand Prize. You might send in enough subscriptions in one or two months to win you a grand prize besides your monthly prizes.

**WE HAVE PAID THE FOLLOWING JANUARY PRIZES:**

**Thirty-four Regular Monthly Prizes**

**First Four Prizes**

Alice Winters, Grover Hill, (\$50 doubled), \$100.00
E. Wagoner, Galesburg, Ill., (\$25 doubled), 50.00
Mrs. Rollie Forsha, Blairsville, (\$10 doubled), 20.00
W. H. Ross, Toombsville, Miss., 5.00

**\$1.00 Prizes Thrice-doubled**

Mrs. Alice Warner, Redwood Falls, Minn., \$3.00
Mrs. Matilda Ihrke, Fon du Lac, Wis., 3.00

**\$1.00 Prizes Doubled**

Edna Ketcham, Lawrenceburg, Ind., \$2.00
Lula E. Blackman, Atlanta, Ga., 2.00
Mrs. Jennie Barnett, West Grove, Iowa, 2.00
Rev. Levi Elliott, Coffeyville, Kan., 2.00

**The Next 24 Received \$1.00 each**

Mrs. J. W. Rullison, Burlingame, Kans. Mrs. Elwood Forsyth, West Mansfield, Okla. F. E. Bosworth, Morganton, N. C. Mrs. Mary K. Fleming, Bunker Hill, Ill. S. H. Ferguson, Higgins, Texas. Miss Nannie Jones, Northport, Ala. Mr. Henry Ohl, Jr., Peru, Ill. Mrs. J. S. Mulligan, Collins, Iowa. Edward Henry Obert, Irvington, N. J. C. F. Clark, Leroy, N. Y. Norma Cartright, Mayfield, Ky. Mrs. Charles Turner, Monroe, N. C. G. L. Thompson, Worcester, Mass. Essie M. Eaton, Plainville, Ind. Mrs. O. F. Sasse, Davenport, Iowa. Mrs. Nan Adams, Ellen, Ky. Mrs. Jane Dishier, Walkerton, N. C. Mrs. J. L. Edwards, Quitman, Miss. Eugene Reichert, Winter Quarters, Utah. Oscar Henderson, Dawson, Texas. Mrs. Effie Pate, Heloise, Dyer Co., Texas. Winifred Shaff, Weatherford, Okla. Edith Falardeau, Baton, N. Mex. Mrs. Nannie Lively, Valley Springs, Texas.

See Page 2 for names of 100 ladies to whom we paid consolation prizes of \$1.00 each for January. See Page 32 for names of 20 children to whom we paid consolation prizes of \$1.00 each for January.

**PLENTY OF TIME AND OPPORTUNITY YET IN THE NEXT TWO MONTHS TO WIN THE CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE** besides two monthly prizes. The monthly prizes thus far have been captured easily. A REAL, LIVE, SMART CANVASSER in one month's time could CATCH UP with the leader in the race for the CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE, to say nothing of the chance to win one of the OTHER GRAND PRIZES. THEY ARE WORTH TRYING FOR NOW.

**A NEW CANVASSER CAN STRIKE IN NOW,** and if he is smart can win \$50.00 in March \$100.00 in APRIL and the CAPITAL GRAND PRIZE of \$250.00, in all \$400.00, in only two months' time and HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF CLUB PREMIUMS BESIDES.

**Conditions.**

The conditions of this contest are few and simple. FIRST. Send in your subscription clubs, large or small, as you can and as often as you like. Name the regular club premium you want. SECOND. In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, BE SURE to address them all to COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine. If you do not, we shall not know that they are for the prize contest. THIRD. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live. FOURTH. The prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions, but other subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: 2 six months' subscriptions equal one yearly subscription. One two-years' renewal at 25 cents equals one yearly subscription. One three-years' subscription equals two yearly subscriptions. SO SEND IN ANY KIND OF COMFORT SUBSCRIPTIONS OR RENEWALS AND THEY WILL ALL COUNT. Read this announcement over again carefully and you will see in it four separate and distinct inducements for you to begin at once and keep on hustling to get subscribers for COMFORT each and every month of the contest. 1. The valuable regular club premiums you are sure of. 2. The monthly cash prizes paid each month. 3. The compounding of monthly prizes for those who win a monthly prize two or more consecutive months. 4. The Grand Prizes to be paid in May to the winners of that contest, not to mention the children's and ladies' consolation prizes. Get your friends to subscribe, renew or extend their subscriptions and help you to win a prize. Don't think it is no use to try if you live in a small place. You may win a good prize just the same. Remember the one hundred consolation prizes for ladies and the prizes for children who enter but do not win. In awarding consolation prizes we shall have especial regard for those unsuccessful contestants who live in small places. It is still the great opportunity of your life. Enter now, using the Prize Contest Coupon printed below, so to win a prize this month and have a chance to double or treble it next month. Enter now with two or more subscriptions and

**COMFORT** *Facsimile* **AUGUSTA TRUST COMPANY**  
AUGUSTA, MAINE, Feb 8 1909  
PAY TO THE ORDER OF W. H. Ross \$5.00  
Five DOLLARS  
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher  
No. 3154 *Guy P. Gannett*  
NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS \$5

**W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.**

CUT OUT PRIZE ENTRY COUPON below and attach to your letter with as many subscribers' names as possible in sending in your club of subscribers for this Prize Contest.

**PRIZE ENTRY COUPON**

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine. I enclose \$ or cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

NAME	P. O. or R. F. D.	COUNTY	STATE	Say Whether SUB. or RENEWAL for 2 Yrs. 1 Yr. 6 Mos.	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium

(Date)

190

Name

P. O.

Co.

State



LATEST PARIS FASHIONS



Write today for our great art fashion catalog of ladies' misses' and children's fine made garments for spring and summer of 1909. This catalog contains the latest designs of the finest half-tone pictures of rare, beautiful costumes, exact reproductions of the originals which were made in Paris, London and New York especially for us, from the designs of famous modistes.

With this book in your home you can select, at your leisure, any article of wearing apparel you need with best judgment and greatest economy. We guarantee fastidious style, perfect fit, largest variety and lowest prices. We sell ladies' washable shirtwaists and blouses at \$1.15 up; ladies' fashionable wool suits \$8.95 up; ladies' silk shirtwaist and jumper suits \$9.95 up; ladies' dress skirts \$1.95 up; petticoats 39c up; silk jackets \$4.90 up; cloth jackets \$2.95 up; elegant style shirtwaists 50c up; house dresses \$1.10 up and a full line of girls', misses' and infants' clothing, dressing gowns, kimono and ladies' apparel of all kinds at corresponding low prices. We also show in this great catalog all the latest, daintiest designs of men's underwear for spring and summer at wonderfully low wholesale prices—at one-half what you could make it for or buy it for at retail.

**Dry Goods, Notions, Corsets, Silks, Dress Goods, and more.** We show in this catalog all the latest, daintiest designs of men's underwear, hosiery, trunks, valises and dry goods and notions of all kinds at one-half retail dealers' prices.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE DRY GOODS CATALOGUE TODAY.

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO**

WALL PAPER



Write today for our big, free book of wall paper samples and see the handsome assortment in the world of wall paper for all rooms for all purposes. Our wall paper is strong, durable, rich and beautiful, daintily blended into exquisite patterns of gold and colors, most pleasing to the eye. We show in this catalog the latest and newest novelties for 1909, from inexpensive but serviceable paper at 5c a double roll up to the richest, most beautiful, gold and silver embossed, gold and silver, and a full and complete line of furniture varnish, etc. a full and complete line of paint, including water, oil, and enamel, and a full and complete line of paint, including water, oil, and enamel, and a full and complete line of paint, including water, oil, and enamel.

**JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO**

CAMEO BODICE BUCKLE



This exquisite set of attractive jewelry consists of handsome engraved metal, a large gold plated neck chain, ornamented with 3 brilliant embossed heart pendants, also a large Cameo Medallion Bodice or Belt Buckle. This season's finest, latest and most handsome adornment set all given FREE.

Send for only 12 beautiful monogram pins which you can quickly dispose of on our attractive trial offer at 10 cents each. Remit \$1.20 and these elaborate jewelry are all yours.

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The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust 6 inches will be sent you free in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp.

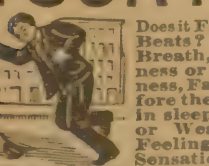
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THIS GOLD DRING



For selling seven 25c boxes "Merit" Blood Tablets. 30 days allowed to sell Tablets, return money and get ring. Address "Merit" Medicine Co., Room 10, Cincinnati, Ohio.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed or Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 962, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

**The Conquered Victorious**  
**A Romance of the Blue and Gray**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

prophetic saying. Kenneth Vignette was to remember it, and to realize its truth when before the new year had died, he was to see some of the bitterest Confederate officers speak of the martyred President with great tears rolling down their faces, realizing that by the assassin's hand the South lost her best friend in the hour of her most dire need.

Kenneth Vignette was an intelligent young man. He had gone into the war without a thorough realization of what it all meant. He left Washington that evening with a heart full of devotion to the man he had been led to think was a monster and the knowledge that no one would be happier when this struggle was ended than he.

It was nearly noon on Christmas day when the red sleigh containing the young Confederate officer drew up to the hospitable old farmhouse, and behind the white-haired hostess, Kenneth was delighted to see Elsie's golden one. They would not allow him to speak until they had helped him in and had him comfortably seated before a roaring fire. They feasted him, gave him dainty gifts they had prepared as soon as they received a telegram advising them of his coming, and he in turn gladdened their hearts with news of their Jack.

**That sweet little EASTER ROMANCE in APRIL COMFORT! Take no chance of missing it by letting your subscription lapse. Mail us a quarter now for a two years' renewal and make sure of it. Price jumps up in May.**

When all the fun was over, and Kenneth was resting in the glow of the fire, Elsie came in very shyly. She looked more beautiful than ever, but he felt how presumptuous it was for him to think for a moment that this glorious Northern girl could stoop to him, an enemy in a lost cause in which he had lost fortune and all except honor. She came nearer, and there was something in the soft radiance of her face that thrilled him.

"Colonel Vignette," she said softly, "I have given you nothing personally, for a Christmas gift."

"Miss Elsie," he returned earnestly, "you and yours have given me so much that I am ashamed to accept anything more," and it seemed as though his dark eyes were afire, they glowed so.

"I cannot refuse a soldier a gift, if he asks for it gallantly," she said, blushing, and dimpling. "You can refuse this one," Kenneth said a little bitterly. He had to get through with it, although he felt that he had no right to even tell her he loved her.

"Try," and Elsie smiled delightedly. "The only present that I want is you, your precious self. I know I have no right to ask it, my future seems so dark. My country on the verge of ruin and my property and prospects lost in the lost cause for which I have fought, but I have loved you with all my heart ever since that day when you kissed me for my sister's sake."

The blushes chased themselves over the bright face, but Elsie bravely faced his eyes and whispered:

"I am afraid I gave that kiss more for you, than for me," and then she was caught in the young man's arms, and heard his low murmured words of adoration.

Finally when they were sitting side by side, Elsie cried accusingly:

"And I never gave you the present I had for you."

"Yes you have, darling, and a more beautiful one a man never received," and to prove it, Kenneth kissed her again.

"Listen, dear, and be sensible enough. Isn't it sensible for me to enjoy my Christmas gift to the utmost?" and then he answered his own question by kissing her until she laughingly left him, and fled to the doorway, where she made an astonishing communication:

"Kenneth, dear," she said, smiling, and he thought his name a beautiful one as she sounded it, "have you heard from your mother and sister lately?"

"No darling, please come back here."

"Would you like to see them?"

"What a question, of course I would. Are you coming back, or will I have to come after you?"

"I'll come back if you will be good," Elsie consented to promise, "but look here dear," and she held out a telegram. "Wonderingly he took it and read:

"Mrs. Vignette and daughter will arrive by New Year's day, Jack."

"What does it mean?" Kenneth asked, his eyes seeking hers.

"Now dear, please promise you won't feel too badly, but when General Sherman marched on Atlanta, your dear old home was destroyed, and your mother and sister left homeless. One of the colonels however, was a friend of Jack's, and looked after them as Jack asked him to. They were sent on to Richmond, and Jack has been planning to get them on here. This telegram came a few minutes ago. Now how do you like this Christmas gift?"

With eyes filled with a tender mist Kenneth raised his lady's hand to his lips and said gravely:

"It is but a part of all your beautiful kindness to me, and I can only hope that mine will make as lovely an impression on you, all, as you people have on me."

"I expect one of yours has made quite a strong impression on one of mine," Elsie said roguishly, and Kenneth nodded.

However, when Mrs. Vignette and Georgiana arrived late on the first day of the new year, it did not seem that the poor Southern girl had thoughts of anything beside the terrible tragedy which overhung her beloved South. While she was courteous and her hostesses kindness personified, there was a barrier between them that none of Elsie's tenderness could throw down. Indeed Elsie felt that she would not be welcome, and fretted over it a good deal, and Mrs. Hamilton felt justly indignant, although she was too true a lady to do anything to express her sorrow. She knew that her accomplished daughter could have married almost any of the brave Northern boys who had flocked to the flag of their country, clad in the patriotic blue, and so she hated to see her plighted to one who had worn the Confederate gray.

Mrs. Vignette wept herself sick over Kenneth's desertion as she called it, then began to take heart, and ended by loving her intended daughter-in-law devotedly.

Events quickly followed each other. The dying struggle was reflected even in this quiet country home in Maine, in which they all remained, principally on account of the guests, Mrs. Hamilton believing it best to keep her visitors away from the city for the present. After peace was declared, and the Northern hearts were rejoicing, came the frightful tragedy that plunged the nation in mourning. Even Mrs. Vignette was moved, for Kenneth had told her of his meeting with the President, while the others sorrowed over the loss of one who was personally dear to them.

Then came good news for Mrs. Vignette and her children, for General Vignette when they had mourned as dead, was discovered by Jack, through exhaustive investigation, in a Northern prison, and he too joined the little company in the Maine woods.

All this time, though Jack himself did not come, and Georgiana's heart grew so heavy she scarcely knew how to sustain herself. The others made plans, her father gradually recovering himself and showing a determined spirit that eventually resulted in the rebuilding of the old home and the firm establishment of himself. While he had been ardent in his support of the cause, now it was lost, he intended to forget his enmity, and move with the progressive spirit of the day.

Georgiana tried to take an interest in the plans

for her brother's wedding. He had wanted to wait until he had established himself in Portland in his profession as a lawyer, but Elsie would not agree. She had a fortune in her own right and was not willing to let him fight his battles alone. Georgiana fretted alone, and signs of it showed in her face, and she grew so thin and wan her mother became frightened, and tried to induce her not to let the shadow of the dead past ruin the possibilities of the future of the young people. It hurt her that they should all imagine that she was fretting over the lost cause, when she was pining away for the man who had promised to come and claim her when the war was over.

"He said he would come, and he has not," she would moan to herself, not realizing that the young man, now a general, was kept away by his military duties. However he came three days before the wedding, and a very handsome, distinguished man he was, and his frank blue eyes met his mother's just as they had when he enlisted four years before.

Georgiana had slipped away into the old rose garden; she waited with bated breath to hear his dear voice. When it fell upon her ears she clasped her hands over her fast beating heart to still it, and leaned forward, her lips parted, her eyes shining like stars.

Yet when he came to find her half an hour later, the first possible moment he could break away from his family, she was sitting on a rustic bench, so unconcerned as though she had not nearly wasted her life away sorrowing for him.

"Georgiana," he whispered, but she was prepared, and lifting her dark lashes, she smiled, and rising made him a ceremonious courtesy:

"General, permit me to congratulate you," she said with stately formality.

General Hamilton was too well versed in warfare not to know that many citadels are taken by a bold rush, and so he calmly overlooked her outstretched hand, and took her into his arms:

"Say it right now," he commanded.

"What?" she asked, forgetting to struggle, it was so comforting to know that he had meant all he had written.

"Just what your eyes told me that night," he commanded, bending his head until his long, blonde mustache which nearly all military men wore in those days, swept her black hair, which fell in ringlets about her face:

"And what was it? You see I did not look into my eyes that night," she said nearly as roguishly as Elsie might.

"Quick, Jack insisted, and she forgetting that she was a Southern girl and he a Northern officer, hid her face on his shoulder and whispered the words he had been hungering for years:

"I love you."

"It's a hard life I'll have to take you into, my girl," he said a little later, "but if a man's devotion can lighten it and you will have nothing to complain of. I am to take charge of affairs in the neighborhood of your old home, and it will be uphill work for a time, but it's a grand work, dear, and I need your help. Are you afraid?"

Sitting there with him in the rich, mellow sunshine with the blooming roses about them, and the birds calling to each other in the apple trees in the adjoining orchard, Georgiana Vignette replied, slipping her hand into his:

"Jack, I will be afraid of nothing as long as you are my General."

THE END.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Sponge Roll Cake

Two eggs beaten very lightly, one cup of light brown sugar, three teaspoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful baking powder mixed with one cup of flour, beat all together and bake in a quick oven.

Molasses Sponge Cake

One cup of molasses, one and one half cups flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, bake in a quick oven.

No Egg Cake

Two and one half cups flour, half a cup each of butter and milk. One and one half cups brown sugar, and one teaspoonful soda. Flavor with nutmeg.

Water Crackers

Take two pounds of flour, one half pint good measure lukewarm water and one tablespoonful homemade yeast or a quarter of a compressed yeast cake. Make a stiff sponge, set to rise over night. Next morning add one large spoonful lard, one teaspoonful salt and a half teaspoonful Dwight soda. Knead well, let rest one hour then roll out thin, prick well with fork, cut with square cutter, bake in brisk oven.

Peanut Butter

Shell and skin freshly roasted peanuts. Grind to a powder with a meat grinder, using finest cutter. To a cupful of this powder allow not quite one half cup butter and work to a smooth paste. Pack in jelly glasses and keep in a cold place. This is delicious spread on thin slices of bread or crackers.

MRS. GUSTAVE POLLATZ.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

LOOK AT THE BIG SHOE BARGAINS

Write to-day for our big, free shoe catalogue which describes, illustrates and price-lists mammoth, one-half million dollar stocks of fine made shoes of all kinds, for all purposes and for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market, possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from choicest leather by expert shoemakers.

WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY

No one can meet our prices. We sell ladies' shoes at 25c up, ladies' patent leather shoes \$1.40 up, women's heavy shoes \$1.19 up, ladies' and men's slippers 25c up, men's shoes \$1.25 up, men's patent leather shoes \$1.50 up, men's leather boots 60c up, youth's and misses' shoes 95c up, infants' shoes 16c up, full line of rubber and felt boots and sportswear and athletic shoes; rubber footwear of all kinds. Order these shoes early, avoiding prices and styles and width of shoes, and you will receive a big, free, shoe catalogue, see our beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices, and we will send you a pair of shoes absolutely free of our risk subject to our surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Madison St., CHICAGO

We Teach Magic Free.

To introduce our mammoth catalog of tricks and novelties we will send you our big new book, "Ten Lessons in Modern Magic" Free. Send to help pay postage and advertising. Drake Magic Co., Dept. 103, 1841 Harrison St., Chicago.

2880 JUBILEE GIFT BUNDLES

1909

Something for the young folks to gladden their hearts and cheer their spirits after our 21st Anniversary, which we are now celebrating, is forgotten. An Enamelled War Pin, 1909 (see our cat), attractive novelty pin, now being worn by boys and girls everywhere. A Pocket Companion, and a Pen, Pencil, Eraser, Two handy school and pocket pencils, in metal case, the ends are interchangeable and the pen and leads are protected by folding inside when not in use. A "Lover's Knot" celluloid stick pin and an Ideal Button Set being four lever buttons, two for cuff and two for neck. All the articles described above selected from our big premium stock, valued at \$1.00, and we will send you this valuable anniversary commemorative of COMFORT for only 10c. A limited quantity; there won't be any more. Send 6 cents today for surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer. Minimum List. Address COMFORT, Box 3 L, Augusta, Maine.

A Dainty Lamp

FREE



This dainty lamp is both serviceable and ornamental in the home. It is of elegant ware and sheds a beautiful soft light. Though not a large lamp still is not a toy. It stands almost a foot in height and will give you the very finest satisfaction for a premium. If it doesn't suit your money will be promptly returned. Given Free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 18 New Moonstone Pins which you can quickly dispose of on our special trial offer at 10 cents each.

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Dept. 104,  
121 E. Kinzie St., Chicago

AGENTS

wanted to sell this most complete of all combination tools. Serves as stove-lid lifter, screw-driver, wrench, hot pan lifter, tack hammer and puller, and 100 other uses. Sells at eight to farmers, storekeepers, in homes, offices, etc. Write today for our FREE OUTFIT OFFER to workers. T. THOMAS MFG. CO., 212 Barney Block, Dayton, Ohio

MORPHINE

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. A full trial treatment alone often cures. Write us in confidence. ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 632-48 Van Buren St. Chicago

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For 40 years Mother's Salve has cured Catarrh, Croup, Colds, Cuts, Sores, Piles, etc. Sells on sight at 25c. Send \$1.50 to-day for 12 full size jars and DOUBLE your money. Best choice of 257 valuable premiums FREE! If not ready to order now write for new, big catalog. Mother's Remedies Co., 1133-35th St., Chicago

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff. For 75 years the one reliable remedy for Colds, Catarrh & Deafness. Well known. Extensively advertised. Pays big. Write immediately. C. H. KEITH, Mfr., Cleveland, O.

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Fine pure bred chickens, Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4 cents for fine 80-page 16th Annual Poultry Book. R. F. NEUBERT, Box 793, Mantoka, Minn.

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Salary \$800 to \$1600. Short hours. Annual vacation. No "layoffs." Examination everywhere May 15th. Everyone over 18 is eligible. Country residents are eligible. Education sufficient. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 7, Rochester, N. Y.

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No cure no pay—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 263 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

25 Flower Postcards 10c.

Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Apple-Blossoms, Forget-me-nots, Chrysanthemums, etc. James Lee, 72 B Canal St., Chicago.

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And Fifty Views

As Good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice Compact Metal Stereoscope, 50 Fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals and a General Natural History Exhibition.



We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as here illustrated. This strongly metallic made adjustable Stereoscope with its good, powerful double lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The pictures stand out real and lifelike and give a pleasing and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving lessons to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farmwork Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, etc. as well as the Tropical Countries, Horses, Camels, Bears and Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular museum can be picked out besides the Home features. The entire outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, post-paid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 5 subscribers to this paper at 25c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOOK AT THE BIG SHOE BARGAINS

Write to-day for our big, free shoe catalogue which describes, illustrates and price-lists mammoth, one-half million dollar stocks of fine made shoes of all kinds, for all purposes and for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market, possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from choicest leather by expert shoemakers.

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No one can meet our prices. We sell ladies' shoes at 25c up, ladies' patent leather shoes \$1.40 up, women's heavy shoes \$1.19 up, ladies' and men's slippers 25c up, men's shoes \$1.25 up, men's patent leather shoes \$1.50 up, men's leather boots 60c up, youth's and misses' shoes 95c up, infants' shoes 16c up, full line of rubber and felt boots and sportswear and athletic shoes; rubber footwear of all kinds. Order these shoes early, avoiding prices and styles and width of shoes, and you will receive a big, free, shoe catalogue, see our beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices, and we will send you a pair of shoes absolutely free of our risk subject to our surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Madison St., CHICAGO

FREE SILVER SPOONS.

We can furnish our customers with a beautiful, guaranteed quality plated silver spoon in one of the best known patterns. It is a very useful article and is a fine gift. Write today for our free spoon and we will send you a pair of shoes absolutely free of our risk subject to our surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer.

1909

Something for the young folks to gladden their hearts and cheer their spirits after our 21st Anniversary, which we are now celebrating, is forgotten. An Enamelled War Pin, 1909 (see our cat), attractive novelty pin, now being worn by boys and girls everywhere. A Pocket Companion, and a Pen, Pencil, Eraser, Two handy school and pocket pencils, in metal case, the ends are interchangeable and the pen and leads are protected by folding inside when not in use. A "Lover's Knot" celluloid stick pin and an Ideal Button Set being four lever buttons, two for cuff and two for neck. All the articles described above selected from our big premium stock, valued at \$1.00, and we will send you this valuable anniversary commemorative of COMFORT for only 10c. A limited quantity; there won't be any more. Send 6 cents today for surprise price bundle of gifts and Great Prize Offer. Minimum List. Address COMFORT, Box 3 L, Augusta, Maine.



## Fat is Dangerous

It is unsightly, uncomfortable, spoils the figure, causing wrinkles, flabbiness and loss of vigor.

Let me send you my Proof Treatment absolutely Free; you can safely reduce your fat a pound a day.



Note what my treatment has done for others:

Mrs. Eva M. Reynolds, Box 114, Lehigh, Webster Co., Iowa, writes: "When I commenced your treatment I weighed 225 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds, and never felt better in my life."

Mrs. W. D. Smith, Box 34, Abbott, Me., writes: "I have lost 51 POUNDS by your treatment. I used to have heart trouble and shortness of breath; now I am well and can walk and work with ease."

Mrs. Dede Wilson, Box 78, Franklin, Tenn., writes: "I have lost 69 POUNDS by your treatment and I feel like a new person."

I could fill every page of this journal with testimonials from grateful patients.

It is dangerous, unsightly, uncomfortable and embarrassing to be too fat. Excess fat weakens the heart. The liver, lungs, stomach and kidneys become diseased, the breathing becomes difficult and the end comes in HEART FAILURE and sudden death. You can save yourself from these DANGERS.

I want to prove to you that my treatment will positively reduce you to normal and no matter where the excess fat is located, stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck, it will quickly and safely be reduced without exercising or dieting. Your figure will be beautified; flabbiness and wrinkles disappear. Rheumatism, asthma, shortness of breath, kidney and heart troubles leave as the fat goes away. I will send you without a cent of expense on your part, my PROOF TREATMENT FREE. It reduces fat a pound a day and does it safely and permanently.

Don't miss this offer. My PROOF TREATMENT is FREE. It will make you feel better at once. I will also send you FREE my new book of advice, together with testimonials from many well known people. Write to-day.

H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 E. 22d St., 523, New York (Licensed physician by the State of New York)

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I Treat Before it poisons deep glands. NO KNIFE OR PAIN. No Pay Until Cured. No X-Ray or other Swindle. A Pacific Island plant makes the cures. Absolute Guarantees. Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is cancer. 130-Page Book sent free with testimonials of thousands cured, at their homes.

ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST is CANCER and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the armpit and kill quickly. Address DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO. Most Successful Cancer Specialists Living. A B 201 & 203 N. 12th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO. KINDLY SEND TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER

100 PIECE DINNER SET \$4.95

Write for our Free CROCKERY, GLASS, WARE AND SILVERWARE CATALOGUE

today and see the thousands of wonderful bargains. Everything the best. Genuine Haviland & Co.'s dinner sets \$16.00, Alfred Meakin dinner sets \$7.95, genuine imported Austrian china dinner sets \$8.49, American semi-porcelain dinner sets \$3.00; beautiful, dainty shapes, richly decorated. Toilet sets \$1.37 up; fancy china sets of all kinds. Headquarters for 1847 Rogers' and Wm. A. Rogers' table silverware at sharply cut prices, also glassware, clocks, lamps, washing machines, lawn mowers and kitchenware and house furnishings of all kinds; everything at one-half storekeeper's prices. Write today for free catalog; glassware and silverware catalog and list of wholesale prices.

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## A REAL FLOWER POST CARD FREE



This flower can hardly be told from a fresh rose just picked from the bush, the petals are of material that you can write any message, remembrance or thought you wish for your friend, in the flower itself, and the most expensive post card or valentine ever made don't equal them. RECEIVE IT FREE. Send 10 cents for one three-months' trial subscription to Home Life Magazine, and it is yours.

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A beautiful Movement Watch, Gold Faced case, guaranteed correct time setter and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given away to every subscriber.

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Allen's Ointment Cures Ulcers, Chancres, Ulcers, Boils, Abscesses, Erysipelas, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurotic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milt Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 60c. J. F. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WOO-WOO, doesn't the wind blow? But let it blow. That is what March is for. If the wind didn't blow all the cold out of the air we would be having winter all the year around, wouldn't we?

Still, you don't have to believe that unless you want to. March is blustery because it is blustery, just like some people, and it doesn't mean anything, and is disagreeable. Don't ever be March girls, my dears. Be June girls, sweet and rosy and glad. March is a mean old thing, and all of us will be glad when it is over. But we mustn't forget that it introduces us to April which is a delightful acquaintance. So, you see there is some good in everything, even work, which is now before us, and must be done.

The first question comes from a perplexed cousin at Tehula, Miss., who is sixteen years old, supports herself without her father's assistance and wants to know if she should continue corresponding with her sweetheart, to whom her father objects, or should she ignore her father's objection and marry the young man. As far as the father is concerned, I don't hesitate to say that she should marry, but she should think of herself a minute. No girl should marry at sixteen, and the man who wants her to doesn't show any more wisdom than she does. A sixteen-year-old girl does not realize the cares and responsibilities of married life, and this one should wait three or four years, at least. She will find them hard enough then. If the young man loves her right, he will be content to wait. If he isn't, she shouldn't marry that kind of a man.

Blue Eyes, Rich Valley, Minn.—Dear me, Blue Eyes, sixteen years old, asking about heart and writing: "After a boy has given me a ring, etc." Really now don't you think it would be wiser to ask about rules of grammar and also study them a wee bit?

Troubled Heart, Paris Landing, Tenn.—As you are of age and your mother's only objection to your sweetheart is his poverty, I think you might be excused for disobeying her. Try it and see.

School Girl, Coal Valley, Ala.—He doesn't know anything about it, and his advice is not worth listening to. Read what I say above to the Tehula cousin. And don't you marry at seventeen, or eighteen either. Don't take up the burdens of life until you are strong enough to bear them. (2) Post cards don't count. Even married people exchange them. But don't send more than one to each young man, except to your fiancé. Send him as many as you please.

Two Cousins, Colt, Ark.—Well, well, two girls with two sweethearts each and both of you ask me which you should choose. Nice kinds of wives you would make, wouldn't you, letting somebody else choose husbands for you? Thank you, you may take the risk yourselves.

Blue Eyes, Dekoven, Ky.—Let him get over his mad spell. He doesn't love you very much if he acts that way. And don't you lose any sleep or meals over it. Get him off your mind by thinking he is not the only one in the world. Let him do the worrying.

A. D. E., Milwaukee, Wis.—As he told you he would come to see you and has not, you can do nothing but to wait till he does. I am sure I do not know why he doesn't, and I am just as sure you are not helping matters by worrying over his silence and his absence. If he has not received the letters you have written, write again, putting your address in the left-hand corner of the envelope and it will be returned to you, if he does not receive it.

Minnehaha, Deering, N. Dak.—Yes, dear, we have all been young and foolish, and you have not outgrown part of it yet, though you do confess to thirty-three. If you are too proud to tell him what troubles you about him and he is too stupid to suspect it, don't you think your pride is worse than his stupidity? I do. Though you say men are queer, they are no queerer than women are, and you are proving it. Drop your pride and take up a little plain common sense and charity. Tell the man kindly what you think is wrong and if he is any kind of a man for a woman to build her hopes upon, he will make good, or try to with your help. Your duty to him is no less than his to you, and part of your duty is to lead him into a newer and better way than the old one he has followed. Do it gently as a woman can, and he will respond, if he is the right kind.

Flossie M., Oxford, Me.—Write to both of them and don't worry about either one of them. Why should you when you have two to choose from? At least you are sure of one, if not of the other. I don't think your heart would be utterly broken if you lost both. Do you?

Blue Eyes, Lindsie, W. Va.—As long as he is not engaged to you, he has a right to go to see as many girls as will let him come. You must prove to be the most attractive if you want him all to yourself.

Marjorie, Farmingdale, N. J.—Don't give up the one you love.

E. P., Dixon, Ill.—When in the course of love's events you do not know which young man to choose, it is a sure sign you should not choose any. When the right one comes along you will not have to ask me which one to choose. (2) Don't let your brother-in-law kiss you. He has no right to because he is your brother-in-law. (3) Don't talk to car conductors except when necessary, unless you are personally acquainted with them, and not much then as the rules are against it, or should be.

Kitty, Atoka, Tenn.—He only likes you a post card's worth, or he would write you a letter.

Sally and Polly, Moorefield, Ark.—Don't fall in love with your teacher. At least, not both of you. Yes, the boy has a right to object to your kissing other boys. He knows that nice girls are not promiscuous that way. (3) Don't write to the strange man. Maybe he is a married man or something worse.

Anxious Veda, Creston, Wis.—I think you did quite right in telling the young man what you thought of him, though you might have chosen some other place than the post-office to do it. That was making it too public. (2) The wise lady instructor will not show partiality to any pupil, especially a young man pupil. She ought to know better. (3) If you were in the wrong and are sorry, it would be quite proper to write to the young man and say so. But don't be effusive. Just a nice, ladylike apology.

Violet, Savannah, Ga.—I think if you would obey your guardian in other things she would let you take dancing lessons, which every girl ought to know. But this writing to a man and getting sweet letters from him at your age and showing off till half past eleven at moving picture shows, I think is wrong and your guardian should be even more strict than she is. You cannot act in that manner and be a nice girl.

Rosy Cheeks, Holly Hill, E. V.—Unless you know the married men quite well and they are friends of your parents, don't go boating and walking with them, even if there is another girl along. Married men have no right to flirt with girls, and they mean harm.

There, dears, your questions are answered, except those on other subjects I had to pass over to the other departments, and I am sure you will like most of the answers. Still, if you don't like them, they may be better for you than if you did. Now let us all get ready for the merry springtime which is close at hand. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

### Are You Tired of Doctors?

Try Vita-Ore and see what it will do for you. It has cured hundreds of people that the doctors could not help. You can get a package slowly by writing for it. Read the advertisement on last page.



## Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free a One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot **cost** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out**. It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It**. This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go**. My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and **cures quickly**.

**I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU**

If you will only let me do it: I will prove much **In One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

**A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!**

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be sent you **free**, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who send the 25 cents for charges.

Address, KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO

**AGENTS** Earn \$25 to \$50 weekly selling our Mexican drawn work waist patterns, Swiss embroidered waists, etc. Catalogue Free. NATIONAL IMPORTING CO., Dept. 23, 699 Broadway, New York

**MONEY IN PATENTS.** Inventors send for our free HINTS on how to get it. CLARK, DEEMER & CO., 235 Broadway, N. Y.

**FITS** I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. DR. S. PERKY, Dept. Park St., Chicago, Ill.

**How to Jolly Girls** is what every man wants to know. My "Book of Toasts" is the best girl jollier, 10 cts; 3 for 25 cts. A. KRAUS, 614 C. Delaware Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

**25 FLOWER POST CARDS 10c** Roses, Pansies, Daisies, Apple-Blossoms, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. MODEL CO., 72 S Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

**32 Highly Artistic POST CARDS 10c** Flowers, scenes, girls, etc. All richly colored. No plunder. Easily worth two for 5 cts. Money refunded if not satisfied. Bay State Art Co., 112 Broad St., Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.

**FREE** For selling 12 pieces of late style jewelry at 10 cents each, sending us the money, \$1.20, you get two beautiful gold laid rings; engraved band and brilliant flashing stone set. We trust 30 days. Address: THE CARTER CO., Providence, R. I.

## 25 HANDSOME HIGH GRADE POST CARDS for 10c

The grandest collection of beautiful Art Post Cards you ever saw at the price. **Silk Finished** Flowers, Rich Scenes, Birthday, Friendship, Greeting, Pretty Girls, Lovers, Scenery, Fruit, Animals, Motives, etc. All printed in rich colors on fine cardstock and every card strictly high class and entirely new. All for 10c to introduce wholesale and agents' offer. **NEW CARD CO., DEPT. 135, 325 Lawndale Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.**

**GOLD TINSELED POSTCARDS WITH YOUR NAME** 25 Cards for 12c. This assortment includes many cards that are retailing all over as high as 5 cts. each. They also include 5 beautiful embossed floral cards with your name gold tinselled, and many others. No comics. We are making this great offer to introduce our bargain catalogue which we send with the cards. We will also tell you how you can earn beautiful presents and cash commissions by taking orders for us. Write today as this offer will not last long. Address DAVIS BROS., Postcard Dept. F 52, CHICAGO, ILL.

## Fifty Cash Prizes for Children Only

EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD READ THIS

We shall distribute 50 Cash Prizes of One Dollar each among the boys and girls under fifteen years of age who enter and do their best to win a monthly cash prize in March but do not succeed in winning. We shall give these Fifty \$1.00 prizes to those whose enter-prise and diligence seems to us to be most worthy of reward.

Now boys and girls enter at once by sending in a club of two or more subscriptions, and then keep at it through the rest of the month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of the month will count on that month if the postmark on the envelope shows it.

When you enter, be sure to give your age, and every time you send in your subscriptions be sure to write us that they are to go on the Subscription Prize Contest.

Remember, also, that you have a right to all the nice club premiums which the subscriptions that you send in earn you, besides any cash prize you win or you are given by us. These regular club premiums will pay you well for your time.

Write for our latest premium catalogue sent you free on request.

Read on page 30 about this great prize contest.

We offered 50 consolation prizes of one dollar each for children for January, but we are sorry to say that among those who entered in January we could only find twenty who gave their ages as under 15 years. We have paid a prize of \$1.00 to each one of that twenty and we give their names as follows:

Master Gilbert Hund, Buffalo, N. Y. Annie M. Pogue, Thomasville, Ala. Master Leslie Ran, Prairie du Chien, Wis. Miss Ica M. Sands, Richmond, W. Va. Icie L. Hufford, Industrial, W. Va. Lucy McLaughlin, Ky. Hayward Hix, Ayden, N. C. Clara N. Hieatt, Kenton, Ky. Gustav Barthel, Sunshine, La. Theodore Du Cunneels, North Creek, N. Y.

So you see that every child who entered in January received a prize, and we had thirty children's prizes to spare for that month that we could not pay for lack of children.

Now children, don't let this happen in March. We want enough of you to enter in March so we can pay out the full fifty children's prizes that we offer for this month. But you must be sure to state your age when you enter, or we cannot enter you for the children's prizes and you lose the dollar.

### Letter of Thanks from Mother of a Child Prize Winner

SHERMAN, MISS., Jan. 27, 1909.

PUBLISHER OF COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE:

DEAR SIR.—I extend to you the sincere thanks of my little boy Joyce Ashley Richardson and myself for your kindness in sending the nice premiums for the small club of subscriptions sent in to COMFORT by him. But the most pleasant surprise in store for him was the newest one-dollar bill imaginable enclosed within the nicest, kindest letter, stating that he had won the bill for his very own in the prize contest.

He had not expected a prize and thinks the premiums more than paid him for his trouble. He did not have much trouble in getting those subscriptions because the people all know they are getting full value for their money in COMFORT, and it is a pleasure to give so much for the money when you solicit a subscription to COMFORT.

Joyce only had the Christmas holidays in which to get up his club, but he is so pleased with the treatment accorded him by the publisher of COMFORT that he says when vacation comes he is going to work for COMFORT again and everywhere he has an opportunity.

Again thanking you and wishing the greatest success and long life and to COMFORT and its editors and publisher as they so well deserve, I beg to remain,

Your friend,

L. C. CAMPBELL (JOYCE'S MOTHER.)



SOME OF THE COMFORT CHILDREN PRIZE WINNERS.





## INDIAN SUIT FREE!

"Navajo" Indian warrior suit. Made of buckskin colored khaki trimmed with bright fringe. Long "semit" trousers fringed just like a "big chief's." This suit may be slipped on over your regular clothes. Feather head-dress in true Indian style. We give this Indian suit complete for selling 24 packages Quaker Sheet Bluing at 10c. each. Send your name and address for bluing. When sold send us the \$2.40 and we send you full Indian suit.

**FRIEND SOAP CO.,**  
Dept. 201,  
Boston, Mass.



## 2 Pair Lace Curtains FREE

Large, beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains, 2 1/2 yards long, elegant patterns, wide borders, well-finished edge. Write for 24 packages of BLUINE to sell at 10c. a pkge. When sold return \$2.40 and we send you 2 PAIR of these handsome curtains. Address

**BLUINE MFG. CO.,**  
810 Mill St., Concord, Mass.

## RANGES-STOVES \$5.75 UP



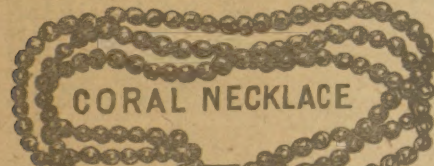
ALL KINDS OF STOVES for ALL PURPOSES. Best in the world. Full weight. Made of strongest, finest steel plate. Fitted together as closely as a watch case. Guaranteed not to warp or crack under greatest heat pressure. **30 DAYS FREE TRIAL** in your home at **OUR RISK.** SAFE delivery guaranteed. Steel range exactly like picture, \$17.85, cook stoves \$5.75, cast iron ranges \$17.55, base burners, oak heaters, hot blast and a right hookers, laundry stoves, cannon stoves, box stoves at equally low prices. Gasoline stoves \$1.90, oil stoves \$3.40, gas ranges \$12.95. Write today for our big free stove catalogue and see our wonderful wholesale prices and our marvelous 30 day free trial offer. **JOHN M. SMYTH CO.,** Madison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

## NECK CHAIN AND BRACELET SET GIVEN AWAY



There is hardly any precious stone that has the brilliant sparkle of the Egyptian Crystal Bead. TOGETHER with the elegant spar cross, lockets and bracelet, it makes a set which would delight any lady to wear. Nearly every customer who received it has written to us expressing her surprise at what handsome articles they are. You can not fail to be satisfied. Give free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 12 New Egyptian Crystal Beads which you can quickly dispose of on our special offer at 10 cents each. **GEORGE E. SPENCER,** Dept. 131 E. Kinzie St., 30, CHICAGO.

**4 Rings FREE**  
Send your name and address for 12 pieces of our jewelry to sell at 10c each. Remit \$1.20 when sold and we will send these four rings free. **COLUMBIA NOV. CO.,** Dept. 2 East Boston, Mass.



**CORAL NECKLACE**  
Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand, beautifully polished, delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of two yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## OUR BOY'S PRINTING OUTFIT

Make Money Printing Cards



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing OUTFIT a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pliers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks will make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer cannot be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, we will send you post-paid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Fatty, Svea, Minn.—The pain in the back of the foot is rheumatic, or possibly neuralgic. If you will use chloroform liniment, to be had at any drug-store, it will probably give you relief. Don't rub it on, but pour on flannel and hold tight over the pain. Be careful or it will blister. (2) Don't worry about your finger nails. If they don't grow long, you won't have to cut them, and they are easier to keep clean. (3) The dark rings may be caused by indigestion, and consequent poor circulation. Suppose you eat less greasy food, stop your coffee and tea, if you use them, and several times a day gently massage the flesh with your fingers, first having rubbed on a little vaseline. This will get the blood away from the parts where it now congests, and the dark rings disappear.

R. E. J., Toledo, O.—Such lumps on the back of the hand, and on other parts are not uncommon, and their causes are many. Yours may be from strain, as it comes and goes. If you will massage it thoroughly at frequent intervals you will no doubt be able to cause its absorption and disappearance. If it is of the venous variety, you should consult a physician. Haven't you a city hospital in Toledo? Let the doctors there see it. It won't cost you anything.

Subscriber, Sherburn, N. Y.—For thread worms in an adult, first look to the diet, and eat no uncooked fruit or vegetables. Use a mixture as follows: One and one half fluid drams oil of wormseed, three ounces of Castor oil, ten drops oil of anise, mix and add one fluid ounce aromatic syrup of rhubarb. Take table-spoonful night and morning. As an injection, if necessary, a teaspoonful of spirits turpentine in a gill of milk.

F. M., Cable, Ill.—If you had followed the advice of the physicians you saw about your coated tongue, you would now be cured of it. It is due to the condition of your stomach from poor digestion. Diet yourself and get your digestion to working right and you will not be troubled with it. Drink no coffee, tea, nor stimulants of any kind. Water and milk are wet enough for your case.

E. K. P., Bepton City, Mo.—The hearing is of such value that you should take no chances with it as young as you are, for with forty or fifty years of life before you, you should have your ears in good condition. The trouble may be remedied now, and you should go to a specialist, or to a hospital for the eye and ear, such as you will find at St. Louis.

M. G. N., Portland, Mo.—Rupture at your age, twenty-one, ought to be cured, but it can only be done by careful treatment. We can offer no advice except to consult a physician competent in such cases. You will find them in St. Louis if not in your own town. It may be expensive, but a cure is worth the money.

A. Y. C., Clinton, Iowa.—Boils are the result of malignant microbes in the blood. A bruise or rubbing on the skin gives them a start at that point to break through, so to speak, and the boil comes out. The best treatment is to go after the blood and get that into proper condition. The tonics containing iron to be had at drug-stores are good. Keep the boil under cover, and use any kind of salves that will soften the skin, so that it will come to a head soon. (2) Indigestion is not curable so long as you eat indiscriminately and give constant cause for its existence. It is a preventable rather than a curable disease.

Mark, Grayson, Ky.—For mild form of jaundice take a teaspoonful of pure phosphate of soda in a glass of hot water, night and morning.

**BEAUTIFUL EASTER COLOR PICTURE.**  
The IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, artistically lithographed on heavy paper, size 7x23, suitable for framing. This subject is delightfully pleasing and for the Easter season is especially appropriate. We have only a few thousand and although intended for a high price retail trade, to introduce our New Premium Catalogue will send one carefully wrapped in mailing tube upon receipt of SIX CENTS. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**One Dozen Easter Post Cards Free**  
Twelve assorted Cards, no two alike, emblematic of the Glorious Easter time. Printed in many colors, representing the Herald Angels, Lilies, the Beautiful Cross and many other subjects suitable for Easter. These Cards are gotten up in first-class manner, printed on good quality material, and we have only a limited quantity.  
**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of two six-months' trial 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send you one dozen Assorted Easter Cards, as described above. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## FREE!

The New External Prize Remedy.  
**WHAT OXEN POROUS PLASTERS WILL DO.**

THEY will, if used as directed, cure bodily pain as if by magic. They banish Backache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous and Sciatic Pains, Cold Coughs, Quinsy, Croup, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Fever, Soreness, Stiffness, Lameness, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, "Stitch in the Back," Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.



Although the price of Oxen Plasters is 25c. each, to the first seven hundred new friends who can prove they have never before used the Oxen Remedies, and will agree to test the powers of our Wonderful Discovery, and tell their friends if they find relief from their miseries, we will send a free Oxen Porous Plaster post free. Thousands in America have been cured by this Wonderful Remedy, and many European cures have already been made. Write at once—today—and we will also send sample box Oxen free.  
All communications to the **SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER** must be addressed to **THE OXEN PLASTER CO.,** 44 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.



# FIGHTING The Trust!

**The Smashing Anti-Trust Fight Now On!**  
**TRUST PRICES ECLIPSED AT LAST!**

An absolutely first-class high-grade watch at a price within the reach of the people—the Burlington Special No-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the BURLINGTON SPECIAL—now sold direct to the public at its rock-bottom, no-trust price [and besides without middlemen's profits.]

## MOST SWEEPING WATCH OFFER

**We do not care what it costs** we will uphold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

Some trusts are legal and some are not. We do not say that the watch trust is illegal; but we do say that the methods of the giant factories in making "contracts" with dealers to uphold double prices on watches are very unfair—unfair to us and unfair to you. Hence our direct offer in the Burlington at the very same price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

This is your opportunity—NOW while this great no-trust offer lasts—get the best watch made anywhere at one-third the price of other high-grade watches. Furthermore, to fight trust methods, we **\$2.50 a month** only \$2.50 per month on our finest watch—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom price, the identical price the Wholesale Jeweler must pay.

**Watch Book Free on Request.** Now do not miss this opportunity. At least we want you to know about trust and no-trust prices on watches. Write to-day.

**BE POSTED.** Send a postal or letter, saying—"Gentlemen: Send me your free watch book."

**BURLINGTON WATCH CO.,** Dept. 2073 Millard Station, Chicago, Ill.

**12 Easter Post Cards, Embossed, beautiful colors 10c.**  
A. KRAIS, 618 C. Delaware, Milwaukee, Wis.

**EARN \$8**  
ADVERTISING OUR WASHING FLUID in your town with 100 samples. SEND TO: FRANK and MORTIMER, A. W. SCOTT, CHICAGO, N.Y.

**Sporting Goods** Dice and Cards a Specialty. Catalog Free. Smythe Co., West, Mo.

**32 POST CARDS**, all different. Printed in rich colors, an extraordinary bargain. Winthrop Mfg. Co., Station 96, Dept. 34, Boston, Mass.

**84 Cards for 10c** 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards—The whole lot for only 10 cents postpaid. Send stamps or coin. Central Trading Co., McKinley Park, Dept. XX, Chicago, Ill.

**ASTHMA** Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

**25 Easter Post Cards 10c**  
Lilies, Violets, Roses, Forget-me-nots, Pansies, Daisies, Angels, etc. J. LEE, 73 C. Canal St. CHICAGO

**BED-WETTING CURED** A harmless home treatment. It is a DISKASE not a habit. Whipping only does harm. Don't neglect it, write today. Cure guaranteed. **FREE** DR. MAY CO. Box X 57, Bloomington, Ill.



## A Prize for Everyone Who Tries COMFORT'S Dissected Picture Puzzle

according to conditions stated below, makes it worth your while to try and cut out and fit the picture together.  
**DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLES NOW ARE ALL THE RAGE**  
Everybody, old and young, everywhere, is puzzling over putting them together. IT IS INTERESTING, AMUSING, LOTS OF FUN TRYING, and when you have succeeded it is satisfaction, a sense of triumph as in WINNING A GAME.

But there are two additional elements of interest in solving THIS PARTICULAR PICTURE PUZZLE. 1. Because when you have cut it out and put it together properly you WILL HAVE BEFORE YOU AN EXACT SMALL SCALE REPRODUCTION OF THE LARGE BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE TITLE PAGE OF THIS MARCH INAUGURATION "COMFORT."

2. BECAUSE WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING

**PRIZE OFFER**  
WE WILL GIVE, subject to conditions stated below, for the BEST and MOST NEATLY CUT OUT, FITTED TOGETHER and MOUNTED COMPLETE PICTURE formed of these disjointed fragments, a

First Prize of	\$5.00 cash	For fifth best a prize of	\$1.00 cash
For second best a prize of	3.00 "	For sixth best a prize of	1.00 "
For third best a prize of	2.00 "	For seventh best a prize of	1.00 "
For fourth best a prize of	1.00 "	For each of the 10 next best a prize of	.50 "

And to EVERY PERSON COMPETING FOR THESE PRIZES who FAILS TO WIN one of the above 17 CASH PRIZES, WE WILL GIVE A PACKAGE OF ONE DOZEN ELEGANT ASSORTED SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS comprising new EASTER, FLORAL, BIRTHDAY and OTHER SUBJECTS, delivered FREE.

**CONDITIONS.** Every person competing for these prizes must send in his or her answer to the puzzle on or before April 15th, that is, the answer must be mailed not later than April 15th, and must send with it A CLUB OF THREE 6-MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "COMFORT" AT 10 CENTS EACH, OR TWO 1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS AT 20 CENTS EACH, or his own 2-year renewal for 35 cents and two other subscriptions for six months or more at regular subscription rate.

**DIRECTIONS.** All the parts of the entire picture are printed above. It is in pieces, but all the pieces are there and WHEN PROPERLY CUT OUT WILL EXACTLY FIT TOGETHER and FORM A PERFECT PICTURE. Cut this entire puzzle out of COMFORT, then neatly paste it onto a nice smooth piece of heavy paper, then cut all the pieces out carefully; now fit them all together so as to be sure that you have them right; then match the pieces together and mount them so as to form the complete picture; then mail it to us with the required number of subscriptions. That is how you answer this puzzle.

These prizes are NOT substituted for the regular club premiums; you get your club premium whether you win a prize or not, so send in your answer with any sized club of two or more yearly subscriptions, or three or more 6-months' subs. IT IS LOTS OF FUN, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING and is SURE TO WIN A PRIZE.  
Address COMFORT March Picture Puzzle, Augusta, Maine.







# AWOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex  
Leads Her to Devote Her Life to  
Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering, let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 410 Fort Wayne, Indiana.

## CATARRH

### MEDICINE FREE

If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is affected, if Eyes ache, water or burn, or sight is falling, if you K'hook, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 32 days course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications.

We have cured many who have tried various so-called Catarrh cures with little or no benefit, and we make you this liberal offer to introduce our splendid treatment in your section.

REMEMBER send only your NAME, and address, NO MONEY - and without cost you will receive a 32 days course of medicine prescribed especially for you.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 704 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

## FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

American Movement Watch. Solid Gold Filled case warranted time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for selling 20 jewelry Novelties at 10c ea. Write for them. When sold, send us the \$2.00 and we send Gold Watch and Ring.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 477 East Boston, Mass.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

for the hair as they inevitably cause the hair to fall out. Washing the hair frequently does not hurt it, say every nine or ten days.

Mrs. May K.—Please do send me the baby's picture and thank you in advance. Butter milk will take off freckles.

Annie D.—I do not advise its use if you have a tender skin.

Honey Girl.—Yes, I think the Galega Tablets are harmless. Catarrh of the head certainly will cause circles under the eyes and pain over the eyebrows. Have it attended to, my dear.

G. L. C.—As you have been reading these columns you must have formula for Gowland's Lotion. Use that for freckles, but be careful as it is very strong. Massage your face every night to keep freckles from coming back.

Much Worried.—Don't worry. Lots of people are that way.

Glady.—To get rid of your pimples drink hot water, two glasses before each meal and before going to bed. Perhaps you are constipated. You should also try the old-fashioned cure, which is fine for pimply complexion. Your mother will tell you about it.

Dollie.—Use almond meal bleach for yellow neck. See Ugliness.

Queenie.—Use cool milk, not hot.

Mrs. Alice K., Washington.—Massage across wrinkles and as to crow's feet, massage delicately in a circle around the eye. Thank you.

Mrs. Bessie C. says, "I have tried peroxide of hydrogen and aqua ammonia with good results." A good tooth powder is made with two ounces each of powdered orris root and camphorated chalk. Mix, add twelve drops of eucalyptus oil and mix again. Keep in air tight tin.

Gypsy.—I agree with you. I wouldn't use the preparation.

An Anxious Reader.—Rub a slice of lemon over your lips once a day to make them red. Do not do this if your lips are cracked.

Irene.—Face cream is meant. Use only yellow vaseline for eyelashes.

Mrs. M. E. H.—See doctor at once. It probably isn't a cancer, but don't delay about seeing a good doctor. Should you wish the name of Chicago specialist, write me and I can give you the address.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

### Free to Fat People.

There are many fat people who wish to reduce weight but fear they must either take violent exercise, nearly starve themselves or swallow strong medicines that will hurt their stomachs.

Those who write to Dr. H. O. Bradford, 20 East 22nd St., New York, N. Y., the licensed physician, (whose advertisement is in this issue) need have no such fear, as he will send absolutely free, in plain sealed package, post-paid, his Proof Treatment and an interesting book which shows how fat may be reduced speedily, safely and without inconvenience.

Everybody can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 22.

## 25 Grand Easter Post Cards for 10c

Gold Embossed Angels, brightly colored Crosses and Flowers with Easter Greetings, Easter Chickens, Easter Rabbits, Easter Eggs, etc. All printed in three or more colors and guaranteed to please or money refunded. SILK CARD CO., Dept. 703, 1941 Harrison St., Chicago.

# FREE Dollar Bottle Vitoline

On Trial

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitoline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitoline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitoline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY.** Lost Vitality, Nervous Weakness, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES.** Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS.** Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

**CATARRH.** Hacking, Spitting, Noise Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES.** General Debility, Paleiness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitoline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you \$1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## MAKES STRENGTH AND HEALTH

Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you—that's all you have to do to receive a dollar bottle of Vitoline Tablets. We want nothing for them until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Pay us no money until you are satisfied and willing, and it's all left to your judgement and say-so, which we abide by—that's the understanding.

Vitoline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate the vital warmth and the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitoline tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act—Serial No. 3877—you have never had anything like them, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening power.

We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitoline.

## RUPTURE CURED WHILE YOU WORK

SAMPLE FREE TO ADVERTISE, SURE HOLD CO. WESTBROOK ME B 202

## DIAMOND RING FREE

Will not cost you one cent of money. Write for particulars.

USHMAN CO., Dept. D, 1 Springfield, Mass.

## PILES

If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this.

Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 73 Marshall, Mich.

These Two Rings FREE. Sell 20 Lamp Wicks, each one.

Send money and we will give you Rings or other presents. Cash Premiums if desired. Address MINERAL WICK CO., 73 PINE ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## BELT BUCKLE FREE

To introduce our large new jewelry catalog, we give a beautiful belt buckle, old gold finish and regular \$6 value, absolutely FREE.

Send ten cents coin or stamps to cover mailing charges. Only one buckle to each person.

Homer George Co., Dept. 206, Chicago, Ill.

## BED WETTING

Completely cured, all ages. Box Penic, full directions, FREE. MISSOURI REMEDY CO., Box 745K, St. Louis.

## OCEAN PEARL BROOCH FREE

and Lavallier Neck Chain FREE

Of all attractive jewels this is certainly the latest and most charming design. The long handsome, lovely gold plated neck chain is adorned with embossed gold chain.

Lilly Pendant, and three faceted stone set pendants attached. The beautiful Crescent Ocean Pearl Brooch with twisted gold laid initial is included in this Grand Premium. (Your own initial or any initial you want). Free for just a few minutes of your time. Write today for 12 brilliant Moonstone Pins which you can quickly dispose of on our special trial offer at 10 cents each.

Pin sent prepaid on receipt of your name and address. GEO. E. SPENCER, Dept. 304, 121 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

# Six Superb Rose Plants FREE

Of Radiant Beauty, Color and Odor

## WONDERFUL OFFER TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS

One of the oldest and largest Rose Growers in the world has repeated the arrangement to supply us with an unlimited quantity of STRONG, Vigorous Plants, ON THEIR OWN ROOTS, each assortment of SIX CAREFULLY PACKED TO BE MAILED AT OUR EXPENSE. FULLY GUARANTEED TRUE TO NAME and description below, and SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY to ordinary hothouse-grown plants. Read carefully the complete descriptions of each of the SIX ROSES IN THIS COLLECTION. Did you ever hear of anything SO GOOD and SO GENEROUS AS THIS OFFER. Hardy Roses ready to be transplanted in YOUR OWN GARDEN, there to thrive, GROW and BLOSSOM all in their radiant BEAUTY and SCENT.

### ETOILE DE FRANCE

Rich Velvety 'Crimson

This beautiful rose was recently introduced by a celebrated French rosarian, capturing numerous medals and prizes, well deserving them all. It is fine for either bedding or massing purposes, of a strong, vigorous growth, with handsome bronzy-green foliage, making an exquisite setting for the large double flowers of a clear, rich velvety crimson. The buds are of elegant formation, most delightfully fragrant, borne on long, stiff stems in the greatest abundance.

### MLLE. FRANCISCA KRUGER

Dark Rich Yellow

A peerless rose in every respect. It is distinct in habit of growth, thriving under very adverse conditions, and is fine for either single or massing planting. The flowers when in full bloom are of immense size and perfectly double, unequalled in beauty by any other rose of its color. It is one of the most liberal producers of exquisitely pointed buds, which are borne on long, stiff stems and open to handsomely formed flowers of a deep rich coppery yellow.

### CRIMSON RAMBLER

The most beautiful crimson climbing rose ever cultivated and a strong, rapid grower, quickly showing up canes of great length and sturdiness, which are covered with beautiful, peculiar shining foliage. The flowers are produced in immense clusters, of from thirty to fifty blossoms in each cluster, the color of which is a lovely bright crimson. This rose is valuable for decorative hedges, arches and screens for porches or unsightly places around the home.

### MAMAN COCHET

Clear Rich Pink

A rose to excite the envy of anyone. For outdoor planting this rose stands first as a strong vigorous grower, rapidly producing a large shapely bush, densely covered with deep, green foliage which is practically impregnable against attacks of insects. It is extremely hardy, thriving in any climate. Great masses of large, superb flowers, perfectly formed, delicately tinted a clear rich pink, are produced the entire growing season and are only rivalled by the exquisite buds, which are of elegant formation.

### COQUETTE DE LYON

Hardy as an Oak

No rose will give better satisfaction than this variety, filling a long-felt want in gardens where pure yellow roses are desired. In growth, it is hardy as an oak, quickly forming a well-rounded plant, the branches of which are covered from early Spring to late Fall, with large elegant buds, which develop into superb double flowers of a pure rich yellow.

### THE BRIDE

Purest Ivory White

This charming rose deserves recognition from all rose lovers and its beauty should grace all gardens. The bush is a strong rapid grower, distinct in form and growth thriving under very unfavorable conditions and proving hardy in nearly all sections. The foliage is an added beauty to this marvelous variety, being a dark, rich green, and densely covering the bright smooth stems, on which are borne the large superb buds. The flowers of the purest Ivory white are produced in abundance even during the hottest Summer months.

Arrangements for this Grand Rose Distribution have been under way for nearly a year. First we had to guarantee to use a certain tremendous quantity. Then the Rose Grower made his plans, devoting acre after acre of his Rose-growing lands to nothing but the six Roses we now offer you. By constant attention and care a most successful crop is the outcome and we are promised larger, stronger and better Rose plants than ever before, and they are centrally grown so that their development in any State or climate is assured. You need not hesitate on this point. The Roses we are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you love flowers, you like Roses best. There is nothing so beautiful in the garden, yet no plant is so hardy when properly cultivated from the first. You can through the benefits of this undertaking provide yourself with an immeasurable amount of pleasure from these Roses, and there are probably many friends of yours who would be interested in our offer, or who would be grateful for the roses for a sick room, or their flower-beds.

When you receive your Roses, place them in your flower-bed, if too early plant them in pots in the house until weather is seasonable, then put them outdoors, where they will bloom and remain full of blossoms until Autumn. We pack them with the roots placed in wet moss, and guarantee their safe arrival.

**Special Free Anniversary Club Offer.** For only three trial six months' subscriptions to COMFORT at Ten Cents each, we will send you the Roses free as a premium. Twelve roses sent for a club of six, six months' 10c. subscribers.

**Extra Special Anniversary Offer.** Send 25 cents for six months' trial subscription to COMFORT and we will forward, all charges paid, this collection of the Six above described Roses. We always pack and send at our expense, single, double or orders for larger quantities.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# We Show Coon Skins



## This Little Story

is about an old Arkansas hunter, who was in the habit of taking his dogs and gun out for a solitary coon hunt most every night and who also took himself to the cross-roads store each following morning, and to the neighbors assembled there, related miraculous stories of the still more miraculous numbers of coons he had shot the night before. These honest friends, with true Southern good nature, passively submitted to these wild tales from day to day, until the number grew to such magnitude as to surpass all belief, and then, rising in their righteous indignation, as one body, gave vent to their feelings in the following:

### "Look Here, Neighbor,

This talk of killing coons is all well and good. There are coons in the woods, and powder and shot can kill them, but if you want us to believe that you are such a mighty hunter, you have just got to show us those coon skins."

We want to show coon skins and ask only an opportunity to prove them before you. We don't ask you to believe, don't ask you to swallow our claims as true, don't ask you to spend any money, but just want you to INVESTIGATE AT OUR EXPENSE, BY SENDING FOR A PACKAGE OF VITAE-ORE ON 30-DAYS TRIAL. The coon skins we will show you will be THE IMPROVEMENT and BENEFIT in your own health and physical condition, coon skins you will quickly recognize as proving our claims. If you do not, it won't cost you a penny. We take all of the risk.

We make BIG CLAIMS for Vitae-Ore, for the work it has done, is doing and can do, but for every claim of a cure made, we produce the "coon skins," the actual breathing, walking, talking witness in the living, healthy body of the man or woman cured by Vitae-Ore. Medicines have come and gone, have sprung up in the night like mushrooms, have made broad claims and told of remarkable cures and the capture of remarkable numbers of "coons," but when the time came, they could not show the "coon skins," and were heard of no more.

Not so with Vitae-Ore! It has stood the test for 35 years as a mighty hunter, one that goes right to the disease, tracks it to its root, sticks to it, gets it on the run and wins the final triumphant victory. A 30-DAYS TRIAL PROVES ITS POWER.

## If You Are Sick and Ailing

If you need the help which Vitae-Ore offers, no matter what the trouble, no matter how long you have been ill, no matter what you have been told, you should send for it and give it a chance to show "coon skins" to prove that it is the right thing for your trouble, as it has proven to be right for the troubles of so many thousands of others. You have no excuse to hesitate, delay or refuse. One month's treatment will convince you. It will not cost a penny unless you are benefited. You are to be the Judge!

### SAVED HER LIFE

WALLACE, NEB.—Vitae-Ore was the means of saving my life and rescued me from an existence that was almost unbearable. I had been suffering for a long time with Nervous Prostration, Palpitation of the Heart and Smothering spells, Female Weakness, Catarrh of the Head, Throat and Stomach, Kidney and Bladder Trouble. In fact I do not believe I had a sound organ in my body. I was bedfast for seventeen weeks, when I was induced to give Vitae-Ore a trial. I think it was a God-send, as all my diseases began to yield immediately and I am now cured. I can do all my housework with pleasure and sleep like a child and have a very good appetite. I had taken Vitae-Ore for only two months when I gained 18 pounds.

MRS. J. O. PURBAUGH.

### Good For Children.

Anxious parents, worried over the children's ailments, have found in Vitae-Ore a most effective remedy for such disorders. Easy to take, containing no narcotic drugs, parents feel safe in giving it to the little ones. Vitae-Ore exercises the same curative, beneficial, strengthening and tonic effects in their small frames as in adults and is well adapted for them.

CROFTAW, OKLA.—It is with pleasure I write in regard to my daughter's treatment with Vitae-Ore. Little Katie, who is five years old, is the one who has been using it. Her Kidneys and Bladder troubled her. I gave her a well-known "root" kidney medicine and then doctored with our family doctor, but she grew no better. She had such pains after passing water I would have to apply hot cloths for a full half hour before she would get relief. After she had taken Vitae-Ore three days the spell began to break and in a week she was well again. It is now about two months and she has had no sign of the trouble returning, but is fine and well. MRS. LOTTIE EILER.

## Read Our Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chance. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitae-Ore is, and write for a package today.

## WHAT VITAE-ORE IS

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and maintenance of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the flowing springs.

## USE VITAE-ORE FOR

Rheumatism and Lumbago, Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, LaGrippe, Anemia, Bloodlessness, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation and Other Bowel Troubles, Impure Blood and Worn-Out, Debilitated Conditions. A 30-day trial will prove what it can do for you.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

## Had Stomach Trouble And Gall Stones.

GREENCASTLE, Mo.—I have been troubled with my Stomach for fifteen years and with the Yellow Jaundice and Gall Stones so bad I could hardly eat anything at all. I had been treated by three of the best doctors I could get and used all the patent medicines I heard of. All of this cost me several hundred dollars, but I got no relief from doctors or medicines; in fact, I kept getting worse all the time. At the time I commenced to use Vitae-Ore the doctors told me that I did not have long to live. Previous to my sickness I had weighed 184 pounds, but at the time I began to use Vitae-Ore I weighed only 130 pounds. After using it for eight weeks I gained to 157 pounds. I have a good appetite, don't feel any pains or trouble and am gaining in weight right along; in fact, I feel like a much younger man, although I am now 63 years old. Two packages of Vitae-Ore now all the doctors did. It has prolonged my life, and you may be sure that I will recommend it to all sufferers.



B. F. EBER.

## Nervous Prostration For Six Months.

COMO, TENN.—Vitae-Ore cured me after the doctors' medicines failed to do me any good. I was taken with Ohitis, which got my whole system and nerves wrecked. We had two doctors attending me, one of whom pronounced my trouble Constipation; the other said it was merely Nervous Prostration. The medicine they gave me did not do me any good at all. I was ill for six months and could not sleep night or day. I had something that seemed like Heart Trouble, with smothering spells. Sometimes I would have five or six spells a day and through the night. I was so weak I was almost helpless when some friends insisted that I should take Vitae-Ore and quit the doctors, as they were doing me no good, and I took their advice. My weight when I started to use Vitae-Ore was 90 pounds; I now weigh 123 pounds, more than I have ever weighed in my life. I could feel a benefit after taking Vitae-Ore two weeks. I feel that I owe my present health to God and the Theo. Noel Company's Vitae-Ore.



MINNIE OWEN.

## Kidney Trouble and Rheumatic Pains.

NEWARK, N. J.—I have been suffering from Kidney Trouble for over one year and had been trying all kinds of patent medicines without any results. I read an ad in one of my magazines offering a trial package of Vitae-Ore and sent for it. Before taking the whole package, I felt better, so I sent for three more packages. In the mornings when I would get up from bed I felt as tired in my legs as when I went to bed. I felt pain in my back and some times in my shoulders, as though I had Rheumatism. I lost so much in weight that everybody told me I was getting thin and looking bad. I also used to feel dizzy. Since using Vitae-Ore I weigh 16 pounds more and everybody says that I am looking good. I feel myself a new man again and give all the praise to Vitae-Ore.



HARRY WOLSEFFER, 104 Osborne Terrace.

## Use This Coupon

If You Don't Wish To Write A Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen:—I have read your advertisement in COMFORT and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R. Route \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# To the Readers of Comfort.

## No Offer Has Ever Been Made You

ment on these terms—no other medicine has ever been handed out to you in this manner. It is all in the medicine—its virtues, and merit allow us to so offer it. And it is not a new, untried medicine, seeking a reputation, that is being so offered, but a medicine that has been tried and not found wanting, a medicine which numbers its cures by the thousands, which has gained a reputation by its curative work over the entire length and breadth of this Nation, as well as in Canada and the British Isles. Send for a package today and try it. It will cost you nothing if it does not benefit you.

that can equal this Vitae-Ore 30-day-trial offer in its fairness, liberality and genuine benefit that may be obtained by old and young. No doctor has ever truthfully offered you treatment on these terms. It is all in the medicine—its virtues, and merit allow us to so offer it. And it is not a new, untried medicine, seeking a reputation, that is being so offered, but a medicine that has been tried and not found wanting, a medicine which numbers its cures by the thousands, which has gained a reputation by its curative work over the entire length and breadth of this Nation, as well as in Canada and the British Isles. Send for a package today and try it. It will cost you nothing if it does not benefit you.

**THEO. NOEL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLS.** COMFORT DEPT. VITAE-ORE BLDG.